# LE BEAU MONDE,

AND

# MONTHLY REGISTER,

JULY, 1809.

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2. GRECIAN COSTUMES, from a Drawing of Thomas Hope, Esq. engraven by Smith.
3. APPARATUS for making Carburetted Hydrogen Gas, for the purpose of employing it in domestic uses.
4. A Portrait of the GREAT MR. LAMBERT, engraven by Smith.
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# LE BEAU MONDE,

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# MONTHLY REGISTER,

FOR JULY, 1809.

THE FOURTH NUMBER.


## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

### PHYSICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MEN AND WOMEN.

Mr. Editor,

I HAVE been frequently puzzled by a circumstance that presents itself to our observation every day, and has led to some reflections, which may enable your fair readers to elucidate a subject, that deserves a better pen than mine to do it justice. I mean the very different effects which the same objects, the same reasoning, and even similar situations produce upon men and women. The physical constitution of the two sexes is probably the principal cause of these differences, which we cannot but observe, as well as of the natural virtues and natural vices, which belong to them respectively.

Woman, whose organization is weaker, and consequently more subtle than man's, should for this very reason, be more timid, and more ingenious than him. It is agreed by all naturalists, that timidity is the real daughter of weakness. This is evinced by the behaviour of children. Every metaphysician, who is acquainted with the mutual dependence between the soul and body, will readily acknowledge that the subtlety of the mind, is usually a consequence of the delicacy of the organs. In proportion as the nerves, the fibres, the veins, the tendons, the arteries have less capacity, the vital spirits which they contain, must necessarily be thinner, lighter, more penetrating, more active, and more easily put into motion. Whence it may be easily concluded, that the subject, which is animated by them, must be more inconstant and volatile, at the crisis of great passions.

From these first principles, which are founded upon experimental facts, may be deduced, that the differences between the natural spirit of a woman, and that of a man principally consist, in women, of address instead of courage, cunning instead of strength, delicacy instead of energy, sallies of pleasantry and epigrammatics turns instead of works of genius. Where man becomes more ferocious, woman contents herself with being mischievous: where man would tyrannize by violence, woman endeavours to rule by artifice: where man thinks energy requisite, woman substitutes delicacy: where man surprises by the elevation of his soul, woman charms and dazzles by the diversified graces of her wit. The one attacks his adversary sword in hand to overthrow him; the other is mostly studious of drawing him into a snare:—seduc-

tion is her object. Hence arises that giddiness of mind, the natural effect of women's constitutional instability, which often renders them very amiable, sometimes singular, but very seldom systematical. If it be true that the mind as well as the body hath its peculiar disorders, it must be agreed that man hath constantly a certain bent towards fury, and woman a disposition for folly. Wherefore in countries where women obtain more credit, more real or imaginary power, the manners must be more gentle, light, and frivolous. Laws, there, must have but moderate force, whilst momentary will must be absolute, and almost irresistable. The public administration will be there more moderate, but more variable; and perhaps, sometimes, less judicious. Wisdom will there be confounded with misanthropy and a garland of flowers will be worn in preference to a crown of laurels. These observations will be justified by the most cursory view of the pageantry of states, ancient as well as modern.

What women, comparative to men, seem to lose with regard to mental power, they may more than regain with respect to vehement affections. Born with passions which render them easily charmed, their imaginations immediately embrace the first object that flatters them. Their desires, more impetuous than the waves of the sea, scarce know any bounds. Sensibility, that happy weakness when properly regulated, seems to be the only motive that powerfully actuates their souls. This renders them constantly violent in their tastes. Men have only a certain degree of tenderness: this sensation is inexhaustible in women. Their heart is a kind of thermometer, whose degrees are infinite. In man, the mind often co-operates with the heart: this union is not rare. In woman, we may easily discover that the heart far outstrips the mind: the first is more alert, violent, and turbulent; so that where men simply love, women idolize. With man, reflexion may easily moderate the sallies of passion: on the contrary, with woman, reflection greatly increases the tumult. We might even assert that the slightest constraint serves only to keep her reason and senses at bay. To the singular flexibility of the physical temper of women, we have, therefore, reason to attribute those violent agitations in their tastes and desires. Feel their pulse, and you will judge of the affections of their soul. As they are in general more sanguine and bilious than men, the motions of their heart must be relatively fuller, stronger, and more convulsive. He, then, who should maintain that women have naturally a slight fever, would not, perhaps, advance an extravagant paradox, but a singular truth.

Be this as it may, the mechanism of the heart of woman, is in itself neither good nor bad, but becomes, by reason of circumstances, the productive principle of a numerous multitude of virtues and vices, pleasures and anxieties. For example: a woman has strong and violent passions:—she directs them towards heaven and she is a saint. Ninon L'Enclos is equally susceptible of great impressions: she turns them towards the world, and she is a woman of gallantry. They have, both, hearts violently passionate: they have, both, delicacy of sentiment; but they have not both the courage to look on the same object.

The heart being by nature blind, it is reserved for the mind to enlighten it. A great heart, and an enlightened mind, form the extraordinary man. A vigorous mind and cold affections may form a great man, and sometimes a singular man; but warm affections, and a mind more subtle than vigorous, may render the person who possesses them amiable, but very seldom happy. Now, it is this last physiological character which rules over the common order of women, who are born in a temperate climate. Thus, as they discern that their mind is not in general strong enough to controul the convulsive motions of their heart, they appear to be in continual apprehension of danger; and for this reason, in the converse of the passions, they are always mistrustful, and far more suspicious than men, who are more accustomed to impose upon them. Hence arise, like branches of the same tree, that natural disposition in the greater part of women towards jealousy, hypocrisy, revenge, curiosity, &c. From these reflections we may venture to conclude, that men are,

in general, better calculated for peaceable enjoyment than women; and, consequently, that felicity in women is scarcer, and more lively, as the means are more difficult to be compassed. The excess of their desires often exposes them to become martyrs for their gratification. With them, the partition is very narrow between esteem and friendship, the interval still more slender between friendship and love; and there is but a very shade between love and madness. Let us, therefore, readily believe, that a woman who bitterly complains, is often the sport of her own extravagant affections.

A temperate sky is the climate most particularly favourable to women, as they are there considered as making part of the political society, and can perform a conspicuous part. Elsewhere, they are in some measure, the slaves of the voluptuous caprices of most men with whom they are connected; their mind is engaged with nothing but the important care of pleasing their husbands. If in the northern regions women seem to enjoy more liberty than in the south, their condition is not usually thereby rendered either more agreeable or more happy. Being weaker than man they are too often subjected to the most unjust laws of servitude. So true it is, that where the charms of love are of but little efficacy, the women are wanting in credit and power. What jealousy operates against women in southern climes, indifference produces in northern countries. It is not, therefore, in extreme climates that the manners of women have any visible influence upon public manners. This advantage, or this misfortune, is reserved for the people of the middling region. It is in this considerable part of the universe, where men's passions being more gentle and flexible, more readily yield to the taste and will of the women. Can we be surprised in surveying history, that it should appear necessary to all legislatures, to attentively eye their steps; to put sometimes a pretty strong barrier to that ambitious and turbulent disposition, which makes them so carelessly undertake the commanding, changing, regulating, confusing, and reforming of every thing? If then we endeavour to fathom the principal character of a nation in a temperate region, it is necessary previously to study the general disposition of the women. If they breath modesty and candour, you may confide in the power and probity of the men. If you observe, that the women know how to respect themselves, you may assure yourself that the men pay them great deference: and hold it as an invariable maxim, that the virtue of the women is proportioned to the smallness of the men's authority. It is from a desire, more or less animated, which both sexes have of affording mutual pleasure, that the greatest part of the moral and physical causes of those secret revolutions are derived, which are afterwards manifested in fashions, manners, customs, and pretty frequently in the system of civil affairs.

## WILLIAM ROSCOE'S ADDRESS TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE BOTANIC GARDEN AT LIVERPOOL.

Mr. Editor,

THE address of William Roscoe, Esq. delivered before the Proprietors of the Botanic Garden, Liverpool, is so unaffected, graceful, and argumentative in its style, that, independent of the subject upon which it treats, it well deserves to be more generally known. Your paper on *Botanic Gardens, &c.* No. I. suggested to me the idea of presenting the principal features of this eloquent address. And this too with a view of farther extending a knowledge of the useful objects, which the philanthropic and amiable author had in view, than could be possibly done by a local pamphlet; the circulation of which was almost entirely con-

fined to the proprietors of the garden, to whom alone it is addressed. Your's,

A CONSTANT READER.

"THERE are probably few persons who have not at some time heard it said, that the study of Botany is a trifling employment, undeserving of the time and attention bestowed upon it. It may, however, be remarked, that the persons from whom this observation proceeds, are not in general distinguished by their proficiency in any other commendable pursuit; every laudable acquirement being considered by them as either above or below their ability. But can we for a moment conceive, that the works of God are unworthy the attention of man?—that those productions which bear such evident marks of the wisdom and power of the Creator, are too contemptible for the examination of his creatures?—Whoever has had the curiosity to crop the humblest flower of the field, and to observe the wonderful conformation of its parts, combining the united purposes of elegance and utility, will not hastily despise the study of nature. But when these observations are extended through the immense variety of productions which compose the vegetable kingdom; when the different offices of each particular part of the plant, every one essentially contributing towards its existence and propagation, are considered; when we advert to the variety of modes by which these ends are effected, and the infinite contrivance, if such an expression may be allowed, which is exhibited in their accomplishment, a wide field for instruction and admiration is opened before us. In some instances the operations necessary to the increase of the individual are carried on by an apparatus in the same flower; in others the parts requisite for that purpose are disposed in different flowers of the same tree; and other plants, by a nearer reference to animal life, are distinguished by a separation of sexes, and can only be increased by being planted in the vicinity of each other. If we consider the internal structure, our wonder will increase in proportion as our examination is the more minute. Inspect with a microscope a transverse section of the stem of a plant, and observe the numerous pores displayed in regular order; some destined, like the arteries of an animal, to convey nutrition to the remotest parts, and others to elaborate and concoct those endless varieties of resins, gums, salts, acids, caustics, and essences of different kinds, which it is the peculiar nature of the plant to produce. What human skill can construct a machine so wonderfully and beautifully arranged? Compare the most finished production of art with these works of nature, and see the infinite inferiority of its high attempt: but, even if the external resemblance could be rivalled, how absurd would be the endeavour to render this imitation capable of effectuating one single purpose which the simplest vegetable performs. What then is the result of this inquiry?—The establishment of the most important truth in nature—that if the utmost efforts of man can neither invent, nor even imitate these works, they are the product of superior intelligence and power; and, thus, by decisive and ocular demonstration, we have an irresistible and unanswerable proof of the existence, the wisdom, and the goodness of God.

Another remark, which has frequently been made to the prejudice of the study of Botany, is, that it is a mere nomenclature, tending only to burthen the memory with an immense list of names, without imparting to the student any degree of real and useful knowledge. But supposing we grant for a moment that the only object of this study is the acquisition of the names of plants, is it a small gratification, or of small importance, to be enabled to distinguish, at first sight, the productions of the vegetable kingdom, and to refer them to their proper classes, families, and stations? And must not this, in fact, precede every other study? The disadvantages resulting from the neglect of this study, are seldom more seriously felt than in the perusal of those narratives of voyages and travels, which are now so profusely published. In passing through countries which have seldom been visited by European curiosity, it is in the highest degree desirable, that the adventurer should be able to avail himself of the opportunities afforded him, so as to render his labours of substantial service to man-

kind: but how is this to be effected, unless he be previously furnished with sufficient knowledge to distinguish those natural productions which it may be thought worth while either to procure or describe? For want of this knowledge, which would enable him to acquaint us in two words with the name of every known plant, and to refer to its proper station every one which is unknown, we have endless descriptions of unknown and surprising vegetable productions, which either give us no precise idea, or by a long and circuitous track, enable us at length to recognize an old and familiar acquaintance. A striking instance of this may be found in the celebrated Kotzebue's narrative of his banishment to Siberia, in the course of which he discovered a plant which attracted in a high degree his admiration, and which he has described, at great length, as one of the most beautiful flowers he had ever met with. A very moderate acquaintance with botanical science would however have informed him, that this plant, if one may venture to form a judgment from his account of it, was already known to most parts of Europe by the name of *Cipripedium*, and the only doubt which remains is, as to the particular species of the plant, a doubt which his description does not after all enable us to clear up.

Nor are the advantages incidentally derived from these employments of slight account. Whoever has opened his mind to comprehend the extensive system of the vegetable kingdom, as arranged by that great father of the science, the immortal *Linnæus*, and has traced it through its various connections and relations, either descending from generals to particulars, or ascending by a gradual progress from individuals to classes, until it embrace the whole vegetable world, will, by the mere exercise of the faculties employed for this purpose, acquire a habit of arrangement, a perception of order, of distinction, and subordination, which it is not, perhaps, in the nature of any other study so effectually to bestow. In this view the examination of the vegetable kingdom seems peculiarly proper for youth, to whose unperverted minds the study of natural objects is always an interesting occupation, and who will not only find in this employment an innocent and healthful amusement, but will familiarize themselves to that regulated train of ideas, that perception of relation between parts and the whole, which is of use not only in every other department of natural knowledge, but in all the concerns of life. Independent too of the habits of order and arrangement, which will thus be established, it may justly be observed that the bodily senses are highly improved from that accuracy and observation which are necessary to discriminate the various objects that pass in review before them. This improvement may be carried to a degree, of which those who are inattentive to it, have no idea.

But if such be the advantages derived from the study of Botany as an abstract science, how much more important must it appear, when we consider that the whole subsistence of animal life is derived from, and entirely dependant on, the vegetable kingdom, and that the final cause, or proper use of plants, is to elaborate for animals that food which they can obtain by no other means. In such a point of view this study acquires a dignity and an importance, which leaves far behind it many of those occupations which are in general erroneously regarded with much superior approbation. As immediately connected with the subsistence and well-being of the human race; as the parent of agriculture and horticulture continually employed in providing and improving the great variety of healthful, pleasant, and useful productions, which contribute to the support and enjoyment of life, the importance of this study is self-evident, and will certainly justify us in devoting a few moments to its particular consideration.

If we were to indulge ourselves in a diffuse examination of the various purposes to which the productions of the vegetable kingdom are applicable, either in their native state, or the many forms and combinations, as well liquid as solid, in which they are employed, we should certainly mispend our time, and probably weary our attention; but a few general observations on the different departments in which the knowledge of plants is more immediately requisite,

cannot be thought foreign to our purpose. That among the medicines, now in general use, some of the most beneficial and powerful are derived from vegetables, is universally known; but it is highly probable, that among the different tribes of plants which are indigenous to different parts of the earth, many more remedies, perhaps equally or more beneficial, yet remain for future times to discover and convert to use. The importance of experiments on this subject will be evident when it is considered, that the useful ingredient frequently resides in some particular part or produce—in the root, the leaves, the flower, the seed, or the exsudation of the plant. In fact the discovery of such vegetable remedies as we already possess, is rather to be attributed to accident, than to the result of any scientific attempts to ascertain their efficacy; and the world has hitherto been more indebted to the rude example of barbarous nations, who have sought their medicines in the wild productions of the soil, than to the enlightened practitioner. Strange as it may seem it is by no means improbable, that those plants which are regarded with horror, and trampled under foot as poisonous, may under proper treatment, produce the most useful and efficacious remedies; and even those, which are too acid for internal use, would be found of the highest advantage when employed as external medicaments. Of the plants now known, a very small proportion have ever been subjected to investigation in the various forms in which it might be applied, and of those that are known, attempts at improvement, are very often frustrated through the mere ignorance of botanical science, insomuch that medicines of real efficacy may have lost their credit by the substitution of others, which resemble them in appearance, without possessing any of their properties.

That of the vegetable medicines imported into this country a great part might be cultivated here to perfection is undoubted. The amount of rhubarb alone brought into this kingdom, has been stated, though probably exaggerated, at the annual sum of 200,000*l.* Yet repeated experiments have shewn that the true *Rhæum palmatum*, will not only grow and perfect its seeds, in this country, but that it possesses similar qualities in every respect to the foreign rhubarb. In the same manner it is well ascertained, that good opium may be obtained from the *papaver somniferum*, and most probably assafœtida, from the *ferula assafœtida*, a plant which perfectly bears this climate, although it be yet almost exclusively confined to the precincts of the Botanic Garden at Edinburgh.

Another field, no less extensive and no less fertile, is opened to the diligent inquirer, in the application of vegetable production to the purposes of manufacture and the arts. From the *Cannabis sativa*, or hemp, the *Linum usitatissimum* or flax, and the *Gossiphium Herbaceum* or cotton, we derive a variety of productions of various texture, which contribute to the different objects of use or ornament, and the preparation of which has given these kingdoms a decided superiority over other parts of the globe. It is, however, highly probable that many other plants contain fibrous substances either in the bark, the stalks, or the leaves, which might by proper processes be converted into a similar use, and might produce a web not only of a different, but of a more beautiful texture than any hitherto known. The rude productions of the Southern Islands from the barks of plants, afford a sufficient indication of that which might be effected by the skill of modern ingenuity. In a plant, of which we have already made the acquisition, (the *Phormium tenax*) the fibrous quality is so remarkable, that from a single leaf may be collected an aggregate of threads upwards of three feet long, and nearly the thickness of a finger; the strength of which seems to be in every respect proportionate to its size. Nor, as we descend to the minuter specimens of the vegetable world, does their utility seem to decrease. The *Musci Algæ*, and probably the *Fungi* contain an infinite variety of dyes, which by proper processes may be extracted for the use of the manufacturer. From some of the *Lichens* important materials are already obtained, nor is it improbable that many others, if exposed to proper experiments, would be found equally useful. These qualities although so generally neglected, are frequently indicated in

a most striking manner. On breaking the *Boletus luteus*, a large fleshy production of the fungus kind, the part so broken discloses a fine yellow surface, which by the operation of the air, is in the space of one minute converted into a most beautiful blue.

With respect to the use of vegetables as food, it is notorious to all who have the slightest knowledge of the former state of this country, that scarcely a single article of those which compose the daily nourishment of the people, is indigenous to the island, but that almost every valuable production we possess, has been introduced by the useful labour, or laudable curiosity, of those, who have cultivated or encouraged botanical or agricultural science. The potatoe, at present the most valuable of esculent plants, is a tender exotic, which shrinks and frequently perishes in our climate. Its original introduction was probably as an article of curiosity, and, general as it is now become, it may possibly be yet superseded by some more nutritious aud healthful production. For the fruits which enrich our orchards and gardens, we are indebted to almost every different quarter of the earth, the plants of which have by degrees been accustomed to our climate, and repay our attention by an infinite variety of healthful, rich, and grateful productions. In all the more useful tribes of fruit-bearing plants, there is, indeed, a wonderful tendency to conform themselves to the accommodation and service of man. The infinite varieties of the apple, the pear, the cherry, and the plumb, as they now appear in our gardens, are almost as much the product of art as of nature, and are most of them wholly different in magnitude, flavour, colour, and salubrity, from the native stocks, from which they originally sprung. The same may be asserted with equal truth of most of our esculent vegetables, many of which in their unimproved state are useless or noxious productions, but cultivated in our gardens, acquire a sort of second nature, and not only lose their noxious qualities, but become useful and salutary articles of food. But can any one say that in this department no further hopes of acquisition remain? When the peach and the apricot are as common on our walls as the gooseberry in our borders, is it unreasonable to expect, that in countries yet imperfectly explored, many fruits may be found which may also be gradually inured to a more northern clime? And is it not probable that the improvement of esculent plants by artificial means is yet in its infancy; and, like every other science which investigates the operations of nature, may be carried to an indefinite degree of perfection? It would be trespassing on your patience, to dwell upon the various improvements which might be expected from the importation of new kinds of grain, or from the varieties which might arise from the impregnation of kinds already known, by processes in some degree similar to those observed in improving the breed of cattle. That the Indian corn (*Zea Mays*) may be cultivated with success in this country, so as to afford a most abundant nutriment, and in favourable situations to ripen its grain, is no longer a matter of doubt. The Egyptian wheat, the stem of which is solid, and bears five or six large ears of corn, is also perfectly suitable to our climate. In the growth of grasses now used in agriculture, a great improvement may also reasonably be expected, whenever these studies obtain that degree of public attention, which they intrinsically deserve.

It is not then from the mere gratification of a futile taste, or an idle curiosity, that we are thus associated together. We can, indeed, admire the works of nature in her vegetable productions, can observe with astonishment, the rapid action of the *Dionæa Muscipula*, which closes its spiny leaf, and stabs the wretched insect that alights upon it;—can regard with wonder the voluntary motion of the *Hedysarum gyrans*, the timid contraction of the *Mimosa pudica*, or the elastic spring in the stamina of the Barberry, which seem to indicate an animal sensibility. We can even, like the florist, contemplate with pleasure the infinite variety of forms and colours displayed by the vegetable world; but to those who wish to contribute to the general *stock of utility*, these are not the primary objects, although highly preferable to many of those amusements, which occupy an important rank in pursuits of mankind.

The intercourse to which it is to be hoped these establishments will give rise, and the free communication of every interesting discovery or improvement, cannot fail of diffusing a more general attention to studies of this nature, and eventually of contributing in a high degree to the welfare of the community at large.

## LETTER II. IN DEFENCE OF THE FINE ARTS,

### *FROM THE STRICTURES, CONTAINED IN A REVIEW OF MR. THOMAS HOPE'S COSTUME OF THE ANCIENTS.*

" Hence! Ye who snare and stupify the mind,
" Sophists! of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
" Greedy and fell, tho' impotent and blind,
" Who spread your filthy nets in ART's fair fane,
" Hence to dark Errors den!"—— BEATTIE.

MR. EDITOR.

WHEN I addressed you on the subject of certain unwise and unfounded strictures on the patronage of Fine Art, contained in a review of Mr. T. HOPE's *Costume of the Ancients*, which was printed in *The Satirist*, of June 1st, and when, in the course of that address, I praised the *love of Consistency*, which is professed in that publication, you may possibly suppose that I meant to be ironical, but I really had not anticipated that the Satirist of the succeeding month, would have held up to derision the *differences* between literary reviewers, and in the very next page, would have endeavoured to ridicule reviewers for their apparent *agreement*. I disclaim all pretensions to second sight: yet having lived long enough to know that men—aye, even those who take upon them to satirise the follies and vices of others—are occasionally prone to certain indiscretions, notwithstanding their professions of love—but stop!—of the very suspicious and indiscreet, not to say criminal, conversations of the Satirists, with the frail nymph INCONSISTENCY, we will talk at another time. For the present, I shall not turn aside from my original purpose, and shall, therefore, only suppose of the Editor, that having laid down the scourge from mere listlessness, as may well be supposed in this age of folly and vice, the easier ambition has presented itself to him, of shewing with what heroic grace he can apply the spear, with which Telephus was wounded, to the wounded reviewers.

To return to my vindication of art.—Having in my former letter, exposed the affectation and insidiousness of that deference for Mr. Hope's authority, which the Satirical critic professes to entertain; the coarseness of his assertions about "pictures of all sorts;" the *refinement* of his distinction between encouraging the art, and stimulating the genius of painting, (which is worthy of Mr. Britton himself,) and his egregious inadvertencies with respect to poetry and painting, and the comparative existing state of the public taste for those arts, I turn to the continuation of the reviewer's reasoning: or rather to that reverberated war-whoop by which the voice of reason has been attempted to be drowned.

" If painting (says he) stood at present in need of *as much national encouragement* as Mr. Hope would have us believe."—Now, Mr. Hope has no where mentioned *the quantum* of national encouragement, of which he conceived painting to stand in need—but, perhaps, the *Critic* who did not understand "*condign*," may think this synonimous, with saying *as much in need of national encouragement.* Let us, Mr. Editor, be charitable, and suppose that this is his meaning, and not suppose that he in-

tends in this place to misrepresent Mr. Hope: and in order not to lose an iota of observations so precious, and so profoundly political, as are those of this writer, let us begin the sentence again. From having perused my former letter, you bear in mind, Sir, I dare say, that my way when I have any thing to do with a posture master of words *(such as is now before me) is to foil him first at his own weapons, or disarm his flourishing and flippancy, and then offer to knock off the buttons. Men of words are, to a proverb, but feeble philosophers. Disarmed at foils they rarely accept a challenge at more pointed weapons:

> "bold at the council board,
> But cautious in the field, they shun the sword."

Such are our clamorous war-politicians, and most of our verbal critics: but to return to this redoubtable sentence.

If Painting stood at present *as much in need* "of national encouragement, as Mr. Hope would have us believe, we could not, much as we admire the arts," (puh!) "in conscience consent that from the millions this country gives, with a free and glorious spirit, to maintain her liberties and independance, *one shilling* should be *squandered* on a School of Painting, though every painter educated therein should prove a Michael Angelo. *If* peace should *ever* return again, when the Nation has had time to recruit her exhausted powers, then will be time enough to talk of these things."

What a "blown and exuffolate," sentence is here!—However, Sir, letting pass if you can the absurdity of a country whose powers, (*pecuniary* powers, are evidently what the reviewer means) are exhausted, giving annual millions with a free and glorious spirit; (which is mere pomp of words) and letting pass, if it were possible, the further absurdity that an exhausted country could continue thus to squander—pardon me, Mr. Critic—to *give*, annual millions with a free and glorious spirit, *if* peace should *never* return—both of which absurdities are involved in this critical sentence. I should be glad to know how we are to kindle again, the flame of genius in superior art, if discouragement should now extinguish it?

"Whip me such stoics, great Author of nature!"—but let not those whose rods would hardly whip a syllabub, attempt to wield the scourge of satire!

I know very well that this *philosopher* proceeds, as thousands of his sect have proceeded before him, on the supposition that money—otherwise called "*opulence*," otherwise called (by the politicians of the old school) "national *prosperity*," otherwise called (by the politicans of the new school) "*property*," and, "the sole basis of legitimate parliamentary representation,"—will create artists *of all sorts*, just as he talks of pictures of all sorts, and as I might talk of politicians of all sorts. But let him look at ancient Rome, or modern America, and prove it. Though he would be thought an advocate for poetry, he disregards its most valuable truths, and seems not to know, nor to apprehend, that what Goldsmith has said of princes, peers, and peasants *, is yet more true of politicians and artists: I, of course, mean that tribe of policitians who have mistaken war and wealth, for national happiness.

You have heard Mr. Editor, of King Henry's knock. Do you think it would be misapplied to the political critic who now stands at your bar? I mean more especially the particular knock which that monarch gave to those political courtiers, who attempted to undervalue Holbein in his Majesty's estimation: a sensible well known and powerful reproof, which I need not repeat, but with which, however, I do not intend abruptly to dismiss our philosopher. Those mistaken time-servers, who might be disposed to think with him, should first be told, that the state of things, to which his principles would lead, could only produce artists of one sort; and that is, the tasteless, trifling, tawdry, superficial sort, of which we have too many already: whose means are groveling flattery, and whose end is sordid gain; who of our print-shops have made

* The Editor has thought proper to add the lines from Goldsmith, to which he conceives his correspondent to allude.

> "Princes and peers may flourish or may fade:
> A breath can make them, as a breath has made.
> But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supply'd."

mere transparent-toy-shops; who would paint our monumental sculpture, as they have smeared and daubed our engravings; and who convert the sublimities of Michael Angelo, and Salvator Rosa, to the frivolous furniture of a baby-house. Who for the sake of a little present profit, are exerting themselves to lower and degrade the public taste; who are breaking down the perennial stamen of British art, in order to gather its fruit; and who, in short, are scarcely more respectable in themselves, or less injurious in their consequences to society, than the gamblers, jockies, and cock-feeders, who, *in Hogarth's time*, directed the taste, while they drained off so large a portion of the wealth of our young nobility—our Albemarle Berties, our Miss Cha—ys, and our exalted gentlemen of the whip.

With much more of this refined critical candour it cannot be necessary to trouble the readers of the Monthly Register. There is, in p. 615, a further "protest against the expenditure of a single shilling of the public money, in the present hour of peril and necessity, on any such account as that proposed," (by Mr. Hope) but there is not a syllable against creating a few more sinecures for those,

"Who neither plough nor sow, but yet who reap
The fat of all the land, and suck the poor."

And this is followed by the citation of a passage from Mr. Hope's book, wherein the grammar *is* defective, but which is obviously a mere error of the press *, such as is not uncommon in the Satirist, and such as is also too common, I am sorry to say—yet I *must* say it, and you must *allow* it—in the Monthly Register.

Of the censure he bestows on Mr. Hope's style of writing, which (with the Edinburgh Reviewer of Mr. Hope's former book) he calls *foppish*, I confess that I know less what to write, than of his irreverence to art and Michael Angelo. I cannot say that it is not somewhat prolix: but neither can I say that it ought to be otherwise; for though brevity be (as Hamlet declares) "the very soul of *wit*," yet every person of experience must have found that prolixity, and even tautology, is often necessary in cases of *instruction*; nay, the very soul of instruction not unfrequently resides in it. Now, Mr. Hope's Costume of the Ancients is a book of instruction: even the Reviewer before me confesses, that "his opinions *deserve* to be received with attention, for they are the result of deep and laborious research; they are the growth of many years devoted almost exclusively to this one particular object." If this be the case, and if the slow dignity of a didactic occasion, be not protracted far beyond its purpose, the candour of genuine criticism will easily pardon, what its austerity might find it difficult to condemn;—will look at the extent and variety of information with which Mr. Hope has presented the public, and regarding the wide range of study and of travel, and the delineative powers as an artist, which has enabled that gentleman to produce such a work, will see that he has set it at a price much below its real * value, on purpose that professional men may avail themselves easily of the information it contains; and will rather incline to overlook its literary defects, if such be discoverable, than to point the public attention toward them.

I remain, Sir,
A constant Reader of your Remarks on Art,
and your obedient humble Servant,

PHILOGRAPHICUS.

*July* 4, 1809.

We have this month presented our fair readers with a plate of head-dresses, worn by the ladies of Ancient Greece, which we have extracted from Mr. Hope's publica-

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* The passage is as follows, "The advantages derivable from these works, even where they are most accessible to artists, *is* neither so complete as *it* should be; nor scarcely reaped as *it* might be," &c. I think it clear that the Printer has added an *s* to the word advantage, and Mr. Hope in correcting the proof sheet, has over-looked it.

* The octavo edition was originally published at a guinea: but the booksellers, as I am informed, have bought up the edition and now sell it for a guinea and a half.

tion, whence we have also extracted his account of that important part of female attire.

"Whether we regard the Grecian attire of the head, or of the body, it is precisely that of the earliest and rudest periods, which exhibits in its arrangement the greatest degree of study, and, if I may so call it, foppishness. In those Grecian basso-relievos and statues, which either really are of very early workmanship, or which at least profess to imitate the style of work of the early ages (formerly mistaken for Etruscan) every lock of hair is divided into symmetrical curls or ringlets, and every fold of the garment into parallel plants; and not only the internal evidence of those monuments themselves, but the concurring testimony of authors, shews that in those remote ages heated irons were employed both to curl the hair and beard, and to plait the drapery. It was only in later times that the covering, as well of the head as of the body, was left to assume a more easy and uncontrouled flow.

At first, as appears both from ancient sculpture and paintings, men and women alike wore their hair descending partly before and partly behind, in a number of long separate locks, either of a flat and zig-zagged, or of a round and corkscrew shape. A little later it grew the fashion to collect the whole of the hair hanging down the back, by means of a ribband, into a single broad stream, and only to leave in front one, two, or three long narrow locks hanging down separately; and this is the head-dress which Minerva, a maiden affecting old fashions and formality, never seems to have quitted; and which Bacchus, though not originally quite so formal, when on his return from amongst the philosophers of India, he chose himself to adopt the beard and mien of a sage, thought proper to re-assume. Later still the queue depending down the back was taken up, and doubled into a club; and the side locks only continued to reach in front, as low down as the nipple. But these also gradually shrunk away into a greater number of small tufts or ringlets hanging down about the ears, and leaving the neck quite unconfined and bare. So neatly was the hair arranged in both sexes round the forehead, and in the males round the chin, as sometimes to resemble the cells of a bee-hive; and at others, waves and meanders executed in wire-work."—pp. 21, 22.

"Greatly diversified were, among the Grecian females, the coverings of both extremities. Ladies reckoned among the ornaments of the head the mitry or bushel-shaped crown, peculiarly affected by Ceres; the tiara, or crescent-formed diadem, worn by Juno and by Venus; and ribbands, rows of beads, wreaths of flowers, nettings, fillets, skewers, and gew-gaws innumerable."—p. 30.

"Ear-rings in various shapes, necklaces in numerous rows, bracelets in the forms of hoops or snakes, for the upper and lower arms, and various other trinkets, were in great request, and were kept in boxes, called *pyxis*, from the name of the wood of which they were originally made; and these caskets, as well as the small oval hand mirrors of metal, the indispensable insignia of courtesans; the umbrella, the fan formed of leaves or of feathers; the calathus, or basket of reeds to hold the work; and all the other utensils and appendages, intended to receive, to protect, or to set off whatever appertained to female dress and embellishment, are often represented on vases."—p. 31.

# LOVES OF THE ACIDS: A CHEMICAL POEM.

*EXTRACT AND SPECIMEN.*

Chemical as well as botanical subjects are highly susceptible of poetical ornament. Dr. Darwin has furnished abundant proof of the one, in his poem, the *Botanic Garden; or, Loves of the Plants.* Even mathematics are capable of moving gracefully in poetic attire: we need only mention *The Loves of the Triangles* as a proof of this. We have been favoured by an ingenious correspondent with the perusal of a poem not less elegant than the former, or scientific than the latter. We are happy in laying before our Readers an episodic *extract and specimen,* which may not be improperly designated,

*FLUORIA, OR THE FLUORIC ACID.*

" Long had the Nymph in cubic walls immur'd,
The loath'd embrace of rugged Lime endur'd;
Long had she sigh'd, and long implor'd in vain,
To clasp dear Silex to her breast again;
But he, seduc'd by Vitra's charms the while,
Hangs on her sparkling cheek and glist'ning smile,
His ancient Love forgot. One summer's day,
Vagrant Sulphuria bent her wanton way,
In quest of gallants new: the Calcar king,
Fann'd by the yellow beauties of her wing,
Fir'd with her glance, that spoke of love and joy,
Seiz'd the kind damsel, and releas'd the coy.
From chrystal bondage glad Fluoria flies,
And all her charms on truant Silex tries,
Nor tries in vain. Discarded Vitra now,
Tears the rich lustre from her fretted brow.
Silex, Fluoria, burn with equal flame,
And raise to *Schelle* a wreath of chrystal fame.

*NOTES.*

In this specimen the Nymph Fluoria is the Fluoric acid. Lime is the rugged swain. A cubic chrystal of the fluor spar consists of this acid united with lime.

Fluor spar is the cubic Derbyshire spar, so called from its more ready fusion with different ores than any other combination of lime. It is chiefly used for chimney ornaments, of which at Derby, Castleton, &c. many curious varieties are exhibited. It is remarkable, chemically, for containing the fluoric acid, which has the property of readily uniting with silex, and thus the most beautiful etchings on glass are now formed by means of this acid, as upon copper by aquafortis. Mr. Professor Wilson, of Glasgow, has pointed out the method of even taking impressions from these etchings, of which the ingenious author of the Chemical Catechism has availed himself. It is effected by bedding the plates of glass after they are etched, in a matrix of plaister of Paris, which readily sets, and is then capable of being passed, without danger, through the rolling-press. Nicholson's Journal may be consulted, which contains the Professor's communications on this subject.

A test of the presence of Silex is Fluoric Acid, for this acid has a much greater attraction towards silicious earth than towards lime. It is perfectly correct, therefore, in the poet to represent the nymph Fluoria as sighing for the embrace of Silex, although in the arms of another swain.

Silex or flint being the great constituent of glass or Vitra, is not improperly represented as

" seduced by Vitra's charms the while
Hangs on her sparkling cheek and glist'ning smile,
His ancient love forgot."

The sulphuric acid was long known as the *acetum vagum*:—hence we presume the epithet vagrant.

We think this *brimstone in quest of gal-*

*lants new*, perfectly characteristic, appropriate, and natural. The employment is something more than chemically accurate.

"Seized the kind damsel, and released the coy."

That is the Calcar king, or the lime of the cubic spar, having a greater tendency to unite with sulphuric than with fluoric acid, quits the fluoric, or coyer damsel, combines with the sulphuric, and forms Gypsum.

"From chrystal bondage glad Fluoria flies,
And all her charms on truant Silex tries;
Nor tries in vain."

Of course the fluoric acid, now set at liberty, is forced to unite with the Silex of glass. Here represented, not unpoetically, as her truant lover, though in reality more attached to her.

"Discarded Vitra now
Tears the rich lustre from her fretted brow."

The effect of the union of Silex and Fluoric Acid, is to fret or erode the surface of glass from which it disengages the Silex. Probably the rim of a wine-glass is here alluded to, upon which we may suppose the grateful poet has etched a wreath, in honour of the immortal *Schelle*, who was the inventor of the chemical process, by which the art of etching upon glass is effected; and to whom we are, properly speaking, indebted for the very important discovery of the art of bleaching, by means of the black oxide of Manganese. This mineral, *Schelle* was the first who accurately and ably analyzed.

## ON GAS LIGHTS; OR, THE PURIFIED COMBUSTIBLE PRODUCT OF PIT COAL.

———————*Ex fumo dare lucem,*
*Cogitat.*——————————*Horace.*

NOVELTY, and the successful address of quacks, too frequently deter the well disposed and competent from adopting new discoveries. We will not say that one or other of these causes has prevented the more general application of fossil or pit coal to the purposes of illumination of factories, streets, and even our residences, at a comparatively cheap rate, and by no means by troublesome methods. That the most perfect artificial light can be obtained, with even a moderate share of skill, attention, or practice, has been acknowledged, not by men of science alone, but by many others, who have no particular pretensions to superiority and is now generally admitted. It is not in this place to our purpose to inquire into the particulars of the discovery of the volatile combustible educts of coal or of other vegetable matter. Since the art of distillation was known, it must have been observed, and particularly in the innumerable and laborious experiments which have from time to time been instituted, on a large scale, upon the numerous objects of the vegetable kingdom. Is it to be imagined that the industrious *Rudolph Glauber* *, (who has written a whole book

* *Glauber*, in his treatise entitled *Miraculum Mundi*, published *at least a century and a half ago*, is exhibited in a copper-plate, as obtaining and condensing, upon a large scale, the products of green wood, but especially with the view of obtaining the pyrolignic acid (*vinegar of wood*) its unctious and alcaline matters. But we will hear this chemist in his own words.

"After one and the same manner, of wood, of little or no worth, I have shewed the making of salt-petre for soldiers, gardeners, vintners, and husbandmen, fit for the manuring of orchards,

on the products of wood when exposed to high temperatures, and when the air was cautiously excluded) could be ignorant of such an inflammable and volatile material.

The art of retaining the gaseous fluids in close vessels, or of hydro or hydrargyro pneumatically operating upon them, as at the present day, was unknown, and indeed valuable, visible, concrete, or tangible products, or residua, were alone sought after, and the properties of such as he discovered, *Rudolph* very diligently, and sometimes very successfully investigated. Indeed we consider the works of *Glauber*, as at this day, full of valuable hints. It was the fashion of his time, and a law among the alchemical writers, to be mysterious.

We cannot consider the principal, who was at the head of this *organ* in London, as by any means the inventor of the method of obtaining light from coal. The labours of *Le-Bon* many have seen with delight at Paris, years ago; who, by what he termed a thermo-lamp, illumined his house in a magnificent style. Mr. Boulton, at the *Soho*, had experiments made upon this subject, according to Mr. Murdoch, on a splendid scale, in 1798, and again in 1802.—Winsor's experiments were made in 1803 and 1804, and the period during which Pall-Mall was thus lighted, is, we believe, in the memory of all our readers.

None of the gentlemen named should lay claim to the discovery of a combustible gas as obtained from coal, though each may have been considerably original as to the adaptations of machinery, &c. for disposing of it, so as to burn commodiously. Dr. Clayton, in 1739, published a paper on this subject in the Philosophical Transactions, and pointed out the identity between it and the inflammable air of *mines*. And if we be not much mistaken, Dr. Rutherford (the discoverer of nitrogen or azotic gas) made use, at Whitehaven, of the natural carburetted hydrogen of the coal-mines there for a perpetual blow-pipe, if necessary. Columnar hydrostatic pressure was of course employed in this case. It is true, the different parties may not have communicated directly, but such is the actual state of chemical science, that little more is necessary than to learn that a thing has been accomplished, when, if worthy notice, it will be very readily done perhaps by other and even by better methods, when undertaken by different experimenters; just as we find the same query or problem answered from many quarters with equal justness and ingenuity, after its general proposal for solution. Probably the enormous savings announced by Winsor, have lessened his credit in the public estimation; and we are inclined to think that no calculation has yet been made as applicable to all cases that may occur. Without reference to the original invention, patents have been obtained for purifying the volatile combustible product; that of Mr. Heard was taken with a view to arrest any portion of sulphur (which all coal, in a greater or lesser degree, contains, by means of lime) so that a sulphuret being formed, the ele-

vineyards, fields, and meadows; of commodious baths for the sick; of a good vinegar for the chemists and apothecaries, necessary for all extractions. It now remains that I offer a gift to the owners of metallic mines. If they shall humect or moisten the *calx viva*, or lime made of stones, in the press, as we have taught, with the acetum or vinegar of wood, they shall obtain a cheap flux, by which those hard and untractable stones, digged out of metallic veins, may be easily melted. Nevertheless, this salt will be of greater emolument to husbandmen for the fattening of the fields. Physicians use the noble and efficacious juice of wood to their honour and profit. This vinegar of wood being exposed in hogsheads to the cold in winter, that it may be frozen to ice: the phlegm only freezeth; the sharp spirit with the oil is not turned into ice, but remaineth so sour that it corrodeth metals like aqua-fortis. It would not repent princes (who have much wood on the point of rotting in their domains, to turn it into vinegar of wood for salt-petre) of their labour, seeing the time is at hand in which salt-petre will be much wanted It is said that Hannibal made a passage through the Alps for himself and his army, softening the rocks by the benefit of vinegar; what vinegar that was history does not inform us; perhaps it was the vinegar of wine, but if he had had the vinegar of wood he had sooner attained his desire."

vation and combustion of the sulphur is prevented, and that piquante and peculiarly offensive scent hindered, which always attends the respiration of the slightest portion of this acid. But in consequence of very many experiments which we have made upon this subject, we have reason to believe that the whole of the sulphur is driven off, on a sufficient heat being applied to the coal to sublime it; this is known not only by a constant blue flame preceding the dense white one, proper to pure carburetted hydrogen, in the act of combustion, but also by the above concomitant scent, the necessary result of the low combustion of sulphur. Lime has doubtless its use in correcting to a certain extent this tendency, but as the coal employed varies very much in the quantum of sulphur it contains, and as some kinds contain but very little, so a select coal should be used; and it would be very easy to prepare coal for the purpose, previously ridding it of sulphur (by sublimation) in sufficiently closed vessels*.

* The author of *Sylva*, or a Treatise on Forest Trees, Sir *John Evelyn*, in a work, entitled *Fumifugium*, has a violent Philippic against various factories in which pit-coal is used in the metropolis. "*Conditur in tenebris altum caligine cœlum.* From the use of sea-coal in this great city, London, catarrhs, consumptions, phthisics, and coughs, rage more than on the whole earth besides. Lime-burners, brewers, dyers, salt and soap-boilers, one of whose spiracles alone does manifestly more infect the air than all the chimnies of London put together, and our senses decide it well: these belch forth torrents from their sooty jaws. The City of London resembles the face of Mount Etna, or rather the court of Vulcan at *Stramboli*, or the suburbs of Hell, than an assembly of rational creatures in the imperial seat of our incomparable monarch; for when in all other places the air is most serene and pure, it is here eclipsed with such a cloud of sulphur, as if the sun itself, which gives day to all the world besides, is hardly able to penetrate and impart it here; and the very traveller, at many miles distance, sooner scents than sees the city to which he repairs. They see that pernicious smoke which sullies all her glory, superinducing a sooty crust or fur on all it alights upon, spoiling the moveables, tarnishing of plate, gilding and furniture, and corroding the very iron bars and hardest stones, with those piercing and acrimonious spirits which accompany its sulphur, and executing more in one year, than could be effected by exposure to the pure air in the country in hundreds. *Piceâque gravatum fœdat nube diem.* It is this horrid smoke which obscures our churches, and makes our palaces look old, which fouls our clothes, and corrupts the waters, so as the very rain and refreshing dews which fall in the several seasons, precipitate this impure vapour, which by its black and tenacious qualities, spoils and contaminates whatever is exposed to it—*Calidoque involvitur undique fumo.*—It kills our bees and flowers abroad, and suffers nothing in our gardens to bud, disabling them all, so our anemonies or choicest flowers will no where blow in London or the precincts of it, unless they be raised in a hot-bed and attended with extraordinary artifice, to accelerate their springing; imparting a bitter and ungrateful taste to those few wretched fruits, which never arriving to their desired maturity, seem, like the apples of Sodom, to fall even to dust when they are but touched. Nor, therefore, is it to be forgotten, that which was by many observed, that when Newcastle was besieged and blocked up in our late wars, so as, through the great dearth and scarcity of coals, those famous works, or many of them, were left off, or spent but few coals in comparison to what they now use; divers gardens and orchards planted in the very heart of London, as in particular my Lord Harford's, were observed to bear such plentiful fruits as never before or since. All subterranean fuel hath a kind of virulent or arsenical vapour arising from it, which, as it speedily destroys those who dig in the mines, so does it, by little and little, those who use it here above them. The inhabitants of London find their spittle and other excretions which proceed from them, to be, for the most part, of a blackish and fuliginous colour; besides this acrimonious state renders them obnoxious to inflammation.—So corrosive is this smoke about the City, that if one would hang up gammons of bacon to fume and prepare them, in chimnies, it will so mummify, dry, waste, and burn them, that they consume and come to nothing. The remedy which I propose, is to remove such trades as are manifest nuisances. We shall easily see on a Sunday, by the clearness of the sky, and universal serenity of the air, that all the chimnies of London do not darken and poison it so much as one or two of those tunnels of smoke, and that because the most imperceptible transpirations which they send

ON GAS LIGHTS.

According to* Mr. Murdoch's calculation, who, as the engineer of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, has erected for Messrs. Phillips and Lee, of Salford, an apparatus to light their mills, it appears that the expence compared with that of candles will be as 650*l.* to 3000*l.* per annum. Want of sparks and soot give also their share of advantage when this method is employed. Nor are the tar, volatile oils, or ammoriacal salts, found in the condensers here taken into account.

On the value of the tar produced, the experiments of Lord Dundonald have been long notorious; and, it is very probable, that if freed from its other matters, an operation of much ease, its demand in the arts would be as much greater, as it is in reality superior to vegetable tar. Not to mention that eight or ten years ago, Mr. Oxley, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, had established a manufactory for obtaining empyreumatic volatile oils from tar, which was sold to the painters, and which, in most cases, answered all the purposes of the volatile product of the Norway mine; a desideratum of much magnitude at the present æra of embargo, as turpentines have been so enormously enhanced in price. The genius of Britain, properly cherished in its brave sons, will speedily profit of these anti-commercial decrees, and our inexhaustible products will hereafter torrent the very markets from which tar has been derived hitherto, and of which we are at present deprived. Nothing to this end is wanting but industry; and as we have conquered them in the fields of glory, let us once again pour out our inexhaustible stores, and conquer them in the fields of science.

*Dr. Warwick*, of Rotheram, has been some years in the habit of making iron liquor by the distillation of wood, with the double view of obtaining charcoal for the steel works of the Walkers, so respectfully known in that neighbourhood, and lignate or acetate of iron for the Manchester market, where it is sold to the calico-printers; and this ingenious chemist informed the writer of the present article that he had actually, and for a long time, lighted his works by carburretted hydrogen. It is true, his product of tar would be less in this case, and it would be requisite that he should have iron in his condenser for the pyrolignous acid, or lignic acid, as the calico-printers (perhaps with more propriety) style it, to act upon. This acid is indeed only the acetous, or rather acetic, in an impure state; and it should seem to be doubtful whether there be any actual difference between the acetous and acetic acid.

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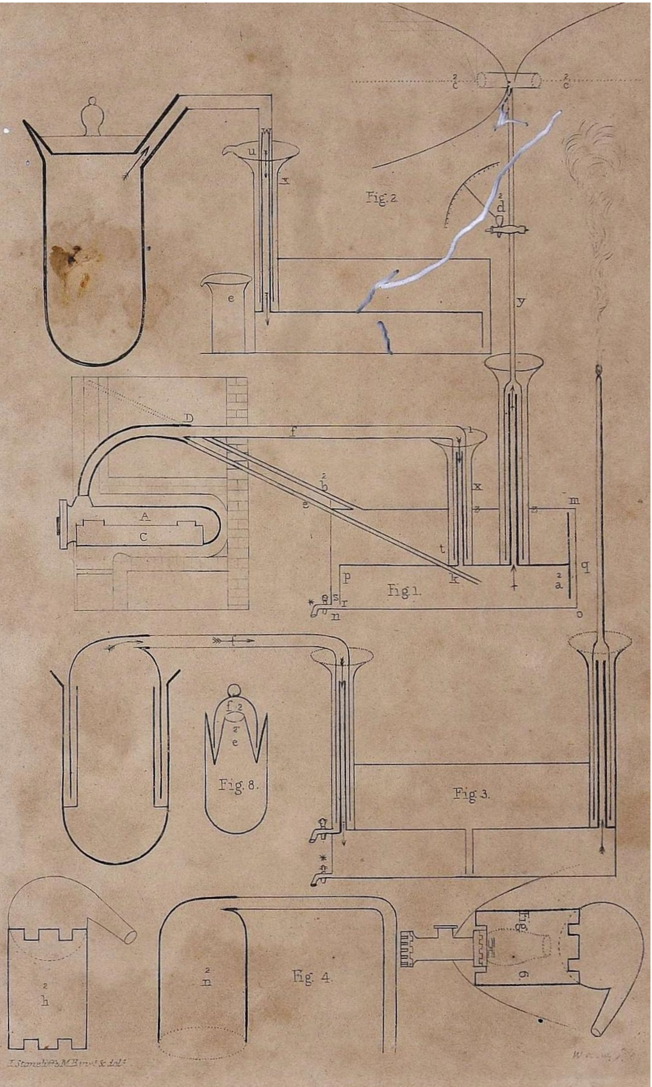
forth are ventilated and dispersed with the least breath which is stirring; whereas the vast clouds of smoke which are belched forth from the sooty throats of these works, are so thick and plentiful, that rushing out with great impetuosity, they are capable even to resist the fiercest winds, and being extremely surcharged with the fulginous body, fall down upon the City before they can be dissipated, as the more thin and weak is; thus it is whirled about the whole City, rendering it in a few moments like the picture of Troy sacked by the Greeks, or the approach of Mount Hecla."—Hear another more modern author on this subject:

" Ye who, amid the fev'rish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind,
Fly the rank City, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke,
And volatile corruption from the dead,
The dying and the living world exhaled,
To sully Heav'ns transparent dome
With dim mortality.
While yet you breathe away, the rural wilds
Invite, the mountains call you, and the vales
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever undulating sky."—ARMSTRONG, BOOK I.

* We are happy to learn that a gold medal has been adjudged to Mr. Murdoch, by the Royal Society, for his early labours on this interesting subject, of which we were altogether unacquainted until this article was just going to press.




I. Stancliffe M.B. inv.t & del.t

## ON GAS LIGHTS.

WITH all possible deference to former industrious labourers in this important field, we do not hesitate to pronounce that much has been left undone. To fill up in some measure, the chasm, and to devise a principle for this end, applicable, practicable, and within the reach of all, has been our chief aim. How far we may have, in these humble endeavours, succeeded, remains with the candid and well-informed to judge.

In this plate Fig. 1, represents the principle of the new or improved apparatus for obtaining carburetted hydrogen-gas from pit-coal, wood, &c. &c. for the purposes, of furnishing the combustible principle to the *Gas lights*, (as this process of illumination is popularly termed) and for the further purpose of yielding readily without danger or smell the condensible, volatile, products, such as the tar, saline, and other matters.

The first part of the apparatus represented by D A C is the same as that described in our last number, p. 233, and which has been successfully used by *Mr. Clegg* of *Manchester*. Its intent is to contain the coal, from which the volatile products, both condensible and gaseous, are to be extracted.

After disengagement from the coal, these are to be conducted into a suitable apparatus, in such manner as that the carburetted hydrogen may be perfectly purified, from all fuliginous, or other matter of a grosser nature, whether combustible or not. This is effected by a suitable apparatus, in which the whole product is first received, and which by being passed upon lime water, or through it, becomes divided into at least four portions: 1st tar, &c. (heavier, bulk for bulk, than water) and which therefore descends to the bottom; 2nd, saline matter, soluble, and consequently maintained by the water of condensation in solution, 3d, unctuous matter, and lastly, the carburetted (not carbonated) hydrogen gas, insoluble, and of lesser specific gravity than water, and which is therefore found floating upon its surface. These several products, where the apparatus is not in use, and after all has been at rest for a sufficient time, might be drawn off separately by placing cocks at different altitudes.—This part of the apparatus we name from its position, with respect to the rest, *the chest*. With its construction we shall become presently acquainted, by an attention to the plate.

As soon as a sufficient degree of heat has been excited in the furnace, the volatilization begins. The products may be conducted into the chest in two ways—first, directly, by the simple tube *e*, Fig. 1, as they pass the helm D of the recurved vessel A C D, or (a sort of) iron retort, or by attracting to the termination of the tube D, the *elbow* tube *f*. When the apparatus is small and portable the latter method of conducting the products into the chest will be found preferable, but where the machine is larger and permanently fixed we would recommend the former. Though both are represented in this figure on the same plate, yet it is not imagined, they will ever be used in conjunction: should it however be in any case desirable, there can be no objection.

If the products be conducted along *e*, into the chest or condensing vessel, then the principle is so far the same as in Mr. Clegg's apparatus; but if through the elbow tube *f*, recurved at right angles at *i*, in the direction of the ( + + ) arrows to *k*, where these products are delivered into such vessel, then an additional tube is necessary. This will be described by and bye.

*l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, the intermediate vessel or chest, consists of a cistern divided into two nearly equal compartments, *b*, *m*, *p*, *q*.—*p*, *q*, *n*, *o*, by a kind of floor in the middle, or about half an inch below the middle. This partition or floor has, attached to it, the different tubes through which the gas is received, and delivered for expenditure. These are

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the general principle of its action, will become obvious, on a reference to the plate itself, and a short elucidation.

As soon as the gas, whether by *f* or *e*, enters the lower compartment, or *p*, *q*, *n*, *o*, at *k*, (that portion of the recipient being full of lime water, or rather water with excess of lime) it will depress the surface of the water, which will be at the same moment forced up the tube *s*, into the upper compartment above the floor. This tube *s*, should be soldered into the floor, and descend within a quarter of an inch of the bottom of the lower compartment, as is seen in the figure, where *r* represents the point to which the tube *s* descends.—It need not be more than half an inch in diameter.

It must be very obvious, that so long as the water continues to rise in the open tube *s*, no air can possibly escape (for we have not supposed combustion has yet commenced at the pipe or pipes of exit or delivery). Also from an attention to the principle it will appear that whatever be the dimensions of the apparatus, the upper compartment must contain at least as much as the lower, and it had better have a provision for somewhat more, as has been already intimated.

Now as the elbow or recurved tube *f*, does not descend lower than to *t*, or if it did, is not made air-tight by solder to the bottom of the upper side of the shelf or partition between the two compartments of the intermediate vessel or chest, it may be asked why the fluids passed over do not escape in lieu of driving the water in the lower vessel up the tube *s*, into the upper compartment. On this circumstance hinges some valuable and new advantages of this apparatus. For as the bended (or elbow,) tube *f*, slips over a tube of smaller bore, (seen in the section of such apparatus in the plate) and within another of larger size, the larger one having a capsular or conical termination at top, there will be necessarily a cylindrical annular space between the interior or centre tube, and the exterior one; both of these are nicely attached by solder to the bottom of the partition or floor—so that we have a ready mean of communicating the volatile contents of the coal, by the tube *f*, to the intermediate vessel or chest, when any liquid, as water, is poured into the cylindrical annular space. This, if we may be allowed so to speak, would form our liquid *lute*, by means of which, all communication is cut off between the combustible contents of the lower compartment and atmosphere; a circumstance absolutely necessary; and besides this the *cementitious* matter of common luting is done away with, and it has other, and very decided advantages.

After this manner the gas may be permitted to accumulate, or be consumed as fast as it is furnished and purified, by letting it pass off at pleasure, by a different tube, which may be furnished with a stop-cock, capable of adjustment and graduation to the greatest nicety, and which, with the graduated lime attached is represented at $d^2$. As this air accumulates the water ascends through *s* into the upper vessel; it will be ready there, not only by its column or pressure to re-act (agreeably to a well known law in hydrostatics) but also such pressure will be found to have a very material effect in giving the confined combustible gas the means of depuration; as it rests on the surface of a certain portion of water which must of necessity, from the construction of the apparatus, remain at the base of the lower compartment, chest, or *gas-holder*.

This is rendered plainer and more intelligible by another tube *a*, which passes through the partition, being closely soldered, and in such manner, as not to come quite to the cover of the upper compartment, nor yet so near to the bottom of the lower one as the tube *s* does.—This construction will insure such a quantity of water or liquid to remain in the bottom as will allow the lower termination of the tube *s*, to be immersed in it, and thus when the lower case is nearly filled with gas, and the upper compartment with water, forced through *s*, by the *vis è tergo* of the fluent product of the coal, that unpleasant gurgling by the bubbling of the air itself through the water of the tube *s*, and that of the upper vessel, as well as the very disagreeable smell, (particularly in close-rooms) which would be consequent, are entirely prevented. Since this redundant gas (admitting it all along to be yielded faster

than it is consumed) will steal lambently and silently along $a^2$, through the tube of *safety* or rather of *reverse* into the upper division or compartment of the chest, and ultimately into the chimney of the furnace, as is seen passing through the tube $b^2$, by the *termination of the dotted lines.* But it is always desirable that more gas should be produced than is actually employed in combustion, for by these means lights are always to be had of a given or determinate intensity, and this too without any danger of nauseous smell, possibility of explosion, or inequality of light.

When the tube of waste $b^2$, is inserted just under the top of the upper compartment, the whole is to be completely covered in, with a closed top, soldered air tight, as in all other cases; at the same time leaving just room to receive the tubes of influx and afflux, $x$, and $y$. It is needless to remark that $y$ can be made to slip off the inner tube, over which it passes, at pleasure. In short, the principle of $y$ and its appendages is exactly the same as that of $x$, and its appendages. It is furnished with a stop-cock, which in cases where photometric nicety is wanted, may be attached to an index and graduated limb or arc, as represented in the plate. It follows, moreover, from the well known principles of hydrostatics that the pressure of fluids is not proportioned to their bulk, but to their columnar altitude, in an inverse duplicate ratio; it is hence obvious that the depth or altitude of the annular cylindric space, containing the *liquid in lieu of luting*, must be taller than half the depth of the whole chest—how much taller is immaterial, but somewhat taller it ought to be, with the conical or funnel-like, capsular addition in case of expansion or increased pressure within, which will thus prevent all possibility of waste.

Other means might be readily devised for the purpose of giving the burners an opportunity of consuming the whole of the gas yielded, such as the application of the hydrostatic ball; but in this case the flame would be eternally vaccillating, the same quantity of gas being scarcely ever furnished in equal successive spaces of time. Other inconveniencies of this ball might be pointed out, which would indicate any thing but the employment here of this elegant, useful, and simple devise.

When the appendages of the intermediate vessel are closed up by its air tight cover, it is manifest that there would be great danger of rupture, unless, as the water attempted to rise through the tube $s$, on being urged by the gas, (as fast as it streams from the heated coal recipient); there, where the tubes of waste before described $b^2$ which carries away into the flue all noxious redundancies: admitting no explosion occurred, the pressure on the surface of the water of the luting in the interior cylindric annular portion would be depressed, and the exterior water forcibly thrown over, when a disagreeable smell from the gas, would instantly assail us.

It has been intimated already that if the whole of the air at the burner or burners be not consumed, any residual portion (be the same more or less) will steal away through the tube of waste $b^2$. Hence it is obvious that a light of any intensity may be produced, from that which does not equal the faint nocturnal torch of the glow-worm; or that, of the stimulus of which the optic nerve is not competent to convey to the sensorium an idea; up to that which the visual organs cannot endure. An advantage simply obtained, and which has not, we believe, been yet by any other apparatus adequately accomplished.

The delivery tube or tubes of efflux $y$ may have perforated terminations or nozzles, or when it has tubes at proper angles attached to it, the gas lamps (of the last number in the plate already there referred to) may be here adapted with their burners, glass chimneys, &c. or various devices may be exhibited after the elegant manner of Mr. Cartwright, so well known for his skill in managing the harmonious sounds of the musical glasses. These effects were exhibited so far as the devices to which we allude go, formerly by Count Dillon—who as well as Mr. Cartwright gave pleasing varieties of coloured flame, by employing hydrogen gas, holding different combustible bodies, as metallic oxides, or metals, in solution.

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hydrogen gas is an eminent solvent of most other substances that can combine with oxygen—but it gives with carbon, only, when in solution, that intense white flame for which gas lights are so much admired, and which, as it were, sheds the most grateful gleams upon the eye: a light with which no other, yielded by any combustible body, can possibly compare, and perfectly free from any fuliginous matter when the apertures of the burners are in sufficient number.

Should the tube of efflux *y* be slipped out of its liquid luting, any other tube may be made immediately to supply its place, the devices of which are not only pleasing but important, as for instance when used for *signals*, which application it is not impossible but we may live to see. The following figures with apertures at equal distances, and proper sizes, of which we shall give a drawing in the next number of *Le Beau Monde and Monthly Register*, are the Obelisk —Lyre—Anchor—Serpent—Caduceus &c.

In cotton and other mills, and in many situations where it is desirable to have the advantage of vivid light in a particular direction, while the eye should not be dazzled by its glare, it will be found very advantageous to have the perforated terminations of the tube of efflux, in the foci of parabolic reflectors, made of this shape from the known property of that curve, which allows all the rays reflected to proceed in a direction parallel to the axis of the paraboloid. Thus giving us an opportunity of illumining a given space, without our even having any loss of light, which we should have, were the rays to emanate in all directions, from the foci or luminous centers: $c^2$, $c^2$, in our plate, represent the two *foci* of paraboloid reflectors. And the direction of the reflected rays of light from the luminous *foci*, is represented by the horizontal lines. In some cases, perhaps, a semi-parabolic preventive of the rays passing upward, or which might arrest them in their progress, in that direction, would be found useful This form the writer has not tried, but it was suggested by a friend who had approved of every other part, and who hesitated not to believe that this, in particular instances, would not be found without its use.

By such method (almost without waste) the whole of the light is thrown at pleasure, and in any direction, in a very vivid, and nearly cylindric body—wherever you may wish. The efflux may be made to turn round with any degree of velocity, so as to throw the light upon any part of the room, or by very obvious and simple additional mechanism, to gradually ascend, descend, and also revolve: so as to be in every portion at different points of a space, bounded by two parallel planes concentric, and at a distance from each other equal to the length of the line of descent or ascent.

Should this simple principle of revolving Gas Lights, be ever applied to light-houses and to beacons, which are both at present very deficient in the accomplishment of this part of their aim, we would advise the lamp-like burners before named to be attached to the arms $c^2c_2$, which may be very easily effected, and the number of these need not be limited, four will revolve as well as two; but if they be more numerous, confusion might be created or the effect of revolution destroyed; unless indeed shades of different colours were used as chimnies to the lamps.

It is not usually considered (except perhaps in light-houses) that light or a luminous point is in some cases almost opaque. But pure hydrogen gas is far from luminous, rather it is faint, dim, and almost invisible when burning, especially if denser light be present, whereas the carburetted hydrogen gas is dense, white, visible, and not even diaphonous. This renders it of all others, the fittest for telegraphic operations by night. These operations may be accomplished either by revolution—change of the order of coloured shade, or by various other means, which obviously present themselves.—There could be no difficulty whatever, where the apparatus was fixed, as here is must be,—and we may conclude from what has been advanced, that even a portable apparatus for signals at sea, previously agreed upon, and which might be as readily changed as we change the tune in playing upon an instrument, and which moreover are competent to an infinite variety of permutations, is presented by such employment of this principle.

From the present manner in which the combustible materials are to be employed at the summits of the loftiest mountains, **as beacons*, in case of the descent of an enemy upon our coasts, very little comparative advantage can be derived, as it is necessary to the perfect combustion of any such substances, that they should never be volatized in greater quantity than there is atmospheric air presented for the purpose of maintaining combustion. This is made obvious by a very familiar experiment; immerse under water, in a basin, the *spiracula* or air holes at the foot of an argand-lamp, or any lamp with a ribband wick, the clear flame is immediately elongated, until like a candle, it terminates in an *apex*, from which issues a torrent of smoke, furnished by the half consumed or oxidated oil, the tarry matter and volatized oily vapour itself, when for want of the "lungs within" the air of the interior cannot be supplied with the oxygenizing principle, and cannot therefore enter into a state of perfect combustion.—The loss in ordinary lamps—with thick capillary wicks—in candles where the interior illuminous vapour creeps through successive *apices* as they are formed, and kindles in part, yet still by far too much passes off without any combustion whatever, to the great annoyance of those who are obliged to breathe atmospheres saturated with the fæces or dregs of imperfect combustions.—It is better with wax, and only so in a certain degree, for tar may be obtained as well as several of the other volatile products of ordinary coal from the distillation of the purest ceracious matter.

The utility of the gas passing through a number of apertures may be pretty well gathered from what has been already said, and from the convincing experiment with the lamp of Argand. Indeed in Fig. 3, we have another demonstration of the truth of this doctrine; for here the smoke flows in torrents even from the pure carburretted hydrogen, because it wants the *pabulum flammæ*, the nutriment of flame, the breath of life, if I may indulge the metaphor.—Let the lamp (Fig. 4,) be attached to it; at once these clouds disperse, and again we are visited by lively, ardent, but artificial bay. In this figure, a wide copper shade, or chimney, surrounds the gas lamp, which is indented so as to admit the air freely; thus it may be used for the various purposes of a lamp furnace, so very superior in all respects to the ordinary, and even best, lamps of Argand, or improved patent lamps; nay, particularly calculated for chemical purposes, when we would operate upon glass by the naked heat of a lamp furnace. In Birmingham and Sheffield it is usual with many artists, jewellers, bead-blowers, toy-makers, &c. &c. to use such flame in lieu of the ordinary method for the blow-pipe. Perfect freedom from smoke is an incalculable advantage.

What then constitutes the difference between the flame of our open coal, or culinary fires, and the light yielded when the same coal is introduced into close vessels, and treated as above? it is simply this—the flame in open fires is very heterogeneous, consisting of carburetted hydrogen, which burns of that yellow tawny hue; in consequence the elevation of soot, tar, and other fuliginous matter yielded by the coal, and which matters are left condensed in the chest according to our mode of treatment. What is lost of our combustible matter actually unburned, and that too the purest portion, has been vaguely calculated; it is of course very considerable; and it ought to be recollected that *not* a particle of combustible matter is carried off by sublimation without combustion, but it is worse than lost; for it knits itself to a portion of liberated heat, of which we ought to have had the benefit, and which thus becomes again latent, as it changes the state of aggregation of the liquid or concrete matter which it thus volatilizes.

When flames of the same magnitude, derived from carburetted hydrogen, spermacetti, wax, oil, tallow, &c. are the ob-

* It might be asked by the readers, whether one chest, (and when even the gas does not enter the water,) will be sufficient for perfect depuration of the gas, from the condensible matter. We answer, in most cases it will, but any number of chests may be made, and these connected; but the first experiments under all the circumstances, are far beyond expectation.

jects of comparison by the photometer, the intensity of the light from coal, fitly purified, has a marked superiority. All of these substances yield the dregs and objectionable matters as far as they regard combustion, of which we have already spoken. The light itself from these may not be so much more injurious than the light of day or its cheering beams, as the atmosphere so much tainted, in which such combustions are continued. This may be the cause of that *pallor* alluded to, both in ancient and modern times, as the attendant of nocturnal studies.

——— Has thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil ? &c.

How different the complexions of children in manufactories differently managed in this respect ! In those factories where the whole of the combustible matter is nearly consumed, they have visibly a better complexion, and more the appearance of health.—After visiting the various manufactories of cotton in Manchester and its vicinity, we were struck with the remarkable appearance in *one*, in the Vale of Todmorden, belonging to a Mr. Currer, and produced by the simple means of healing at a small angle a candle of about twenty to the pound—the snuff projected through the flame, and snuffing of course was unnecessary. This method, which a *Mr. Walker*, of *Lynn*, has made many comparative experiments upon, deserves attention, where children are obliged to work by night (at best a bad practice), in the midst of numerous blazes, and perpetually breathing the decrementitious matter of the candles, in addition to their own noxious exhalations. But we must not digr ess; neither is the subject inviting.

Fig. II. represents a thick iron pan rather deep, so contrived that the heavy level iron lid, ground air tight at least one inch and three quarters, and fitted with a stapl to lift it off by the help of a hook when hot ; this is supposed to be set in a furn  eas in the iron retort in No. 1. and attached to tubes which conduct the volatile products as before.

There is another peculiarity in this apparatus: the interior tube *w.* down which, in the former instance, descends the volatile products of the coal, in this case comes up higher than the exterior one *x.*; the consequence of which arrangement is, that the tar will be deposited in the annular space and supply the place of the liquid lute: when it is full it will run over considerably pure as from the spout into any recipient, as that placed at *e.* This tar from *candle-coal, as Mr. Keer properly terms it*, when washed, is free from smell, and becomes very hard and shining on exposure to the air. In fig. 1. where the tube *w.* is lower, the tar runs within the vessel, and is of course to be drawn off by a cock from the bottom; these cocks are marked in figs. 1, and 3. by **.

Another variety of coal recipient, supposed to be fixed in a suitable furnace, is represented in the section fig. 3. This is so constructed as to form an annular cylindric space in the iron, and to allow of the descent of the bill-shaped cover with its attachments at the same time, both into the grove of the cast iron vessel and the annular space, &c. Here if water were used as a liquid lute, we should speedily find it pass off by the heat of the furnace in vapour —but lead or bismuth, when melted, answers the purpose well : these must therefore be substituted for water.—The vessel must be strong cast iron—and luted externally with fire-clay, bullock's blood, and iron filings, simply to guard the outer surfance from oxidation.

Fig. IV. simply exhibits this double hood which can be readily detached, the coak removed, and the vessel recharged.—Many advantages attend the doing away with luting.—Much more is to be said upon this important subject to which we shall again crave the attention of our readers in the next number.

# ON GALVANISM.

*Continued from page 212.*

———*Res semper aliquid apportet novi.*—TER.

Nothing more powerfully calls our attention to the consideration of this subject, and to the History of the progress of Galvanism, as we have elsewhere announced, than the promise it gives of permitting our approach to the inmost retreats of the ultimate and constituent molecules of matter. For even many bodies held heretofore as simple, are now found to be compound. Or, to use the just language of the excellent operator *Hume*, "Controversy cannot be very lasting since so much has lately been accomplished through the wonderful and omnipotent efficacy of Voltaic electricity. The earths, alcalies, and other bodies have submitted, and unfolded their secret connections, and the door seems to be opening to the most inward recesses of nature." The language of Fourcroy too would have better suited the present time than the period at which he wrote, though recent; so rapidly have chemical facts, or rather chemico-electrical facts been multiplied:—"*Placée pour toujours à ce rang elevé, riche de toutes ses nouvelles conquêtes, ni connoissant plus d'obstacles, ni de difficultés, dans ses recherches, elle est devenue en même temps, la science la plus propre aux speculations sublimes de la philosophie, et la plus utile à la perfection de toutes les pratiques des arts.*"

Having in our last paper described the galvanic pile, it remains for us to point out its effects, but as these are now usually, and far more commodiously, produced by troughs or batteries, we shall proceed to detail the effects thereby produced, not merely experimentally, upon animals, but on inanimate bodies, and which are usually exhibited to demonstrate in part, at least, the powers of this influence.

When the lower extremities of a frog are placed on a rod of zinc supported by a stand, and touched by connecting the extremities with a silver probe, violent contractions are excited.

The more recent the amputation the more powerful is the muscular action induced. The top of the zinc rod or wire may be pointed, and the skin of the frog stript off; this shews the experiment to greater advantage.

Suppose a frog's feet, prepared after the manner of the last experiment, to be laid on a disc of silver, as a crown piece, and the sciatic nerve, with part of the vertebræ, to be brought into contract with zinc: when the zinc and silver, so disposed with respect to the frog, are also made to come in contact with each other, or are rather connected by a conductor, similar contractions to the former are induced.

Galvani found that by touching a nerve of a frog, while sparks were drawn from an electrical machine, similar convulsive action was induced.

All of these actions are much more obvious when wires communicating with the top and base of the pile, are brought into contact successively with the zinc and silver, previously connected with the sciatic nerve and muscles of the feet of the frog.

To the valuable experiments already detailed in page 98, No. 2. we shall add, that if a number of fresh live shrimps be put in a bason of salt water, at least as saline as their natural element, on bringing a conductor from the bottom of the pile to the basin which contains them, and another conductor (gold wires are best, but any will answer) from the top to the opposite side of the basin a sort of shower of shrimps will be seen, for appears that they are more excellent conductors of the influence (indeed all living animals are) than water. This experiment is little known but is very entertaining.

Experiments made upon horses or bullocks with any considerable galvanic power, are dangerous to the bye-standers. We have seen the effects of a large trough connected

with the lip and hind feet of a horse; which were tremendous; his alarm could not be described.

Living rabbits make a very pitiful noise when treated in the same way.

It seems that in every instance the firmer and stronger the muscular fibre, the more energetic the action *cæteris paribus*; and this observation equally applies to the amputated parts of animals after death.

When the head of an ox is a portion of the animal arch after interruption of contact of the conductors, on again restoring it, violent action is induced; all the features of the face seem convulsed, and every function, analogous to what can be effected, at the instance of the will, is performed. The eyes open, the lips move, the ears are pricked up, and the act of swallowing is apparently induced—snorting, and an attempt to bleat, and other expressions are often perceived. The jaws are so powerfully acted upon as to contract with incredible violence.

These experiments may be as well exhibited upon smaller subjects, as the recent head of a sheep—the warmer the better. Live fish of any kind, and especially the amphibious tribes. The effect upon a living frog is truly surprising.

It is needless perhaps to add, that the conducting wires must always communicate with a muscle and a nerve; and the operation succeeds better if the parts are moistened.

Thus if the living principle be existent in the minutest degree in any animal, or any part of it, a sufficient galvanic apparatus betrays its presence, when the means above alluded to are employed:—that is, when made to act on a nerve and its attached muscle, so that from the involuntary muscular contraction, thus uniformly produced, is seen the propriety of applying this apparent modification of ordinary electricity, as a powerful appendage to the other known medicinal agencies.

By properly arming certain nerves and muscles, any operation which could have been produced at the instance of the will in the living body, may be also produced after death. The experiments made by *Professor Aldini*, on certain *criminals*, who had been executed, is a satisfactory proof of this assertion. The subject is very curious, and deserves every attention, but we have not room to insert his numerous experiments in this place; we shall, however, take a future opportunity of mentioning other curious facts, which shew the connection this subject has with physiology and the art of healing.

When a wire passes from the base of the pile, or from one pole or termination of a small battery to the rectilinear-muscle of the eye, or even to the olfactory nerve, while another conductor, connects the mouth with the other end of the pile or trough, a vivid and sudden flash is very perceptible, but can be seen by the experimenter only.—This is the galvanic *aura*, and cannot be perceived, when, by paralysis or otherwise, the nerves of vision have been destroyed by complete amaurosis or other diseases.

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Note. When a body containing electricity is acted upon by chemical or mechanical agency so as no longer to retain the whole, surrounding bodies secure the redundance; if not accumulated by artificial means, while yielding it, it is said to be positive, when restored to its original state it attracts the quantity it had absorbed, and when bodies are in the act of receiving electricity from surrounding bodies, they are said to be negative.

Note. The pile acts much more powerfully when the sippets are steeped in a solution of nitric acid instead of common water, or aline water. From 1-30 to 1-15 of acid may be used according to the degree of concentration of the acid.

*(To be continued in our next.)*

# ALPHONSO: OR, THE NATURAL SON.

*FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE GENLIS.*

## CHAPTER I.

THE most elegant society of the town of Besançon was one evening assembled at the house of the Marchioness of * * * *, a rich dowager of forty, and one of the most considerable persons in Franche Comté. Her house was magnificent and delightfully situated. Her only daughter, who was about twenty, had been educated at Paris, and had recently quitted the convent of Panthemont. Every second year the Marchioness visited Paris, and returned with a variety of information, such as always excites universal admiration in the country,—the latest fashions, anecdotes of the court and city, new phrases, and modes of expression: these were soon adopted by all the polite societies of the neighbourhood, and continued fashionable until another journey supplied fresh materials. As the Marchioness was extremely vain of her birth, her fortune, her daughter, her visits to the capital, and was besides naturally envious and malignant; she was not beloved by any one. She was the model of fashion for the whole neighbourhood, and many women, infinitely more amiable than herself, spoiled their own, by endeavouring to imitate the freedom of her, manner, and the piquant sallies of her conversation. About eight days after her return from Paris, she usually had her first assembly, which was always attended by a numerous circle. Upon this occasion a general discontent prevailed among the ladies, who discovered that they were at least two years behind the modes and fashions of the day. How wretchedly do they believe themselves dressed in comparison with these finished representations of the stilish belles of Versailles. How do they admire those beautiful head-dresses, crowned with three waving plumes, which by the slightest motion of the head, brush against the sparkling lustres! How do they envy their long slender waists, their bouquets suspended by a string at each side, and their beautiful robes supported on large hoops, and adorned with flowers. These ornaments appear to be directed by a taste so correct, that they are persuaded fashion has at length become fixed, and human ingenuity can invent nothing more tasteful and elegant. The Marchioness, though she had no pretensions to beauty, thought she possessed an interesting figure. This is the usual illusion of coquets who with black eyes, coarse features, and affected wit, have out-grown their beauty. On this evening the Marchioness shone unrivalled, and all the party were occupied in admiring, listening to, and attentively observing her; for every one was by far too provincial to presume to contend with her for superior attraction. Aurora, her daughter, was very thin, and of a pale sallow complexion: her indolence and apathy concealed in some measure her natural insolence, while her proud disdain, and want of politeness, had the appearance of absence of mind and insensibility. She never forgot she had had the honour of being educated in the most celebrated convent of Paris, where none were admitted but the daughters of families of the first rank at court: the constant recollection of this inspired her with the utmost contempt for all the young ladies by whom she was then surrounded, and who had been brought up in the provincial convent of the Ursulines!

Music and dancing were introduced; for the Marchioness was anxious that her daughter should distinguish herself,since she was the pupil of Balbatre* and Vestris. Notwithstanding the celebrity of her master, Aurora did not excel at the harpsichord; she played without taste or judgment, and to the great satisfaction of the company she was totally eclipsed by a modest, diffident, young pupil of the provincial organist. This was a triumph for the ladies of the place, who concluded, of course, that the organists of Besançon must be superior to those of Paris. But in dancing Aurora had complete revenge; her secret vexation gave her more animation than she naturally exhibited, and resuming an air of superiority, she intimidated all the other dancers. But how great was the general confusion when the musicians (instructed by Aurora the evening before) began to play a dance unknown to the whole party! They all

* A celebrated organist of that period.

stood still except Aurora, who, springing forward, was followed by her partner, unconscious what to do. Aurora stops—looks around her with affected surprise;—the dancers are all obliged to acknowledge their ignorance both of the figure and air of the dance, when the Marchioness exultingly exclaims that nothing else had been danced at Paris for at least six months!

What consternation, what confusion did this terrible sentence produce! a smile of pity interchanged between the Marchioness and her daughter, completed their humiliation. The guests were however so anxious to be acquainted with this fashionable dance, that they earnestly entreated Aurora to instruct them in the figure; but she gravely replied it was too difficult, and proposed two or three others, with which they were equally unacquainted. She affected to be quite out of heart since it was necessary for her to condescend to dance the *Madelon Friquet*, the *Visites*, *Petits Paniers*, &c. Unwilling to exert herself, or to display all her powers in such gothic country dances, Aurora walked the figure with a most careless and haughty countenance. But notwithstanding her affected negligence, she still preserved, in her air of superiority and loftiness, an easiness of manner which appeared to be inimitable; and occasionally introduced some new steps, the elegance of which they could not, in spite of themselves, but secretly admire. The other young ladies danced with so little hope of success, were so ashamed of knowing only the dances that were forgotten at Paris, and were so much afraid of the critical glance and ridicule of Aurora and the Marchioness, that it was impossible to make up another country dance. The ball of course concluded, and the parties were arranged for play. The Marchioness did not join them; she remained at the fire side with some other ladies. A particular disappointment had preyed upon her mind—some one was wanting to the party:—It was Count Melvil. He had been invited, but was absent.

Melvil was at this period about thirty-four, of an agreeable figure, an excellent character, and the richest man in the province. After having passed the earlier part of his youth at Paris, in a course of dissipation which had materially injured his health, he at once became disgusted with the world and its busy scenes of pleasure. The inheritance of a beautiful domain in Franche Comté, and the advice of his physicians who recommended quiet and country air, determined him to quit Paris and retire to his estate. In society, his manners were fascinating, and his departure, or rather his flight, when announced without a probability of his return, produced a lively sensation among his friends. The ladies attribute it to an unfortunate passion, the men to disappointed ambition, and some consider it as a sacrifice to philosophy. But the truth is, Melvil was jaded and harrassed, his mind and body required tranquillity, repose, and asses' milk. These inducements were certainly not without reason, but the generality of the world who form so many false conjectures, because they will not credit what is simple, and never aid conversation, cudgell their brains to discover why Melvil should prefer his Chateau to his elegant mansion at Paris; each, according to his own particular ideas, mentions some reason or other. After being the subject of much conversation, and of much invention for several days, Melvil was quite forgot. He recovered his health in the country, and with it a prospect of happiness he had never before conceived. He had been eighteen months in the country, when the Marchioness set off for Paris, where she remained eight months. The Marchioness neglected nothing that might attract him to her family: Melvil had always received her advances with that amiable politeness, which is easily mistaken for friendship. The heart is sometimes deceived by it—vanity is always its dupe. The Marchioness, believing that Melvil's affections were disengaged, entertained the idea of effecting his marriage with her daughter. It was the best match for her in the whole province. She spoke to him of Aurora, of her education, talents, and fortune. Melvil listened to her with an appearance of interest, which is nothing more than what politeness requires, when the confidence of a mother is received upon such a subject. The Marchioness no longer doubted, that Melvil entered into her views, and from that instant hope became certainty. She hastened to her daughter, but business detained her in Paris eight months. She wrote frequently to Melvil, and his replies of courtesy satisfied her that he entertained similar feelings; yet the little eagerness he discovered gave her some uneasiness.

As we said before, she did not sit down to play, several persons remained in conversation with her: among others, was the Lady of the President of *** who, after the Marchioness, was the most wealthy, and of the most siderable rank in the place. As these two ladies had been rivals from their youth, they hated each other at heart, but in order to enjoy the "*agrémens*" of each other's houses, they had always

in appearance been friendly. They visited, behaved to each other with politeness, and conversed in a tone of the most intimate familiarity: while a concealed malice, a poignant irony and a malignant spirit, were interwoven with their conversations, however short. Neither party ever openly expressed the least displeasure, both having determined not to come to a rupture; but they contented themselves with traducing and ridiculing each other on every occasion. It was conjectured upon one occasion, that the two rivals were approaching towards a perfect reconciliation. The president had an only son, and his mother ardently wished him to receive the hand of Aurora. The Marchioness did not reject her indirect proposal, but the arrival of Melvil suddenly changed her resolution and determined all her future projects. Her new scheme was obvious to every body, and it was even believed that the affair was concluded: she was even indiscreet enough to mention it publicly, which greatly incensed the President's Lady, whose hatred now became irreconcileable. Burning for revenge she excused herself from the card party in order to seize the opportunity of tormenting and humbling the Marchioness. After a few minutes conversation, 'Well,' said she, "I suppose you have not forgot to invite Count Melvil!" "He is not in the neighbourhood," replied the Marchioness. "Not in the neighbourhood," said she with a sneer! "I see you know nothing of the matter: but as you bring us all the news of the court, it is but right that we should inform you of what passes in the country. It will not however, create in you an interest equal to that which is inspired by your own narrations; but I will acquit myself to the best of my abilities." Such a beginning quite discomposed the Marchioness. Every one conjectured what was coming, and as they all hated as much as they envied her, each secretly determined to assist the charitable intentions of the President's Lady, "You must know," continued she, drawing her chair a little nearer, "that the wise Philosopher Melvil is passionately in love." "In love!" exclaimed the Marchioness with an affected smile, "and with whom, pray?—"Why, with the young Creolian who has resided these two years in the neighbourhood." "What? the neice of that illiterate clown, who lives in a small house at the distance of about six leagues?" "Precisely." —"And so Melvil has taken a fancy for that girl?"—"Oh no, not merely a fancy, a violent affection;—and she is truly a very interesting figure."—"Many who have seen her tell me she is tolerably pretty, but divested of every other attraction."—"Perhaps they had some secret jealousy." Here several of the company exclaimed that Melania was inexpressibly beautiful.—"Well I grant it," said the Marchioness, a little out of temper, "and how old is she?" "About twenty-one." "What! without talents, education, or knowledge of the world —it is impossible Melvil can be in love with such a person?—Heavens! some women of talents may be very disagreeable, and others very charming without obtaining such brilliant advantages." "But so it is, Melvil's head is turned, and every one is persuaded that he will marry her."—"What an idea!—How?—Without a name!"—"Oh he will present her with his." "Without fortune!"—"He has sufficient for both!" "An adventurer too, for no one knows whence she comes."—"Pardon me, she comes from St. Domingo."—"Of mysterious and of course suspicious birth."—"What is so charming a mystery, it awakens curiosity, and affords room for the most marvellous conjectures." The uncle was unsociable and the niece timid." "Melvil was anxious to see and know them: he has found means to penetrate into their retirement."—"If I recollect rightly, it is said, there is in the family a youth—a natural son." —"Yes, a natural son of the uncle." "And this child always resides with his father and cousin?—Very decent truly!"—"Pray what kind of youth is he?"—"He is very handsome."—"And Melvil not jealous of him?"— "Not at all."—"Alphonso is not yet fifteen. —So you will agree that hitherto this intimacy has been irreproachable."—"It will not be long so!"—"Well! Melvil will certainly marry her very soon."—This conversation agitated the Marchioness with the most violent indignation and resentment: we shall see the effects of it.

## CHAPTER II.

Melania, the cause of so much envy and chagrin, lived peaceably in profound solitude, although in the neighbourhood of a large city. Dormeuil her uncle ruined by misfortunes, to which his own conduct had not contributed, had left his native country St. Domingo, more than fourteen years. He had passed ten of these in the southern provinces of France, and had at last taken up his residence in Franche Comté, where he lived happily in a small neat cottage with his niece and young Alphonso. In the person of Melania the most perfect and enchanting beauty was united with Creolian grace, in a most elegant and slender form: bashful and pensive, she appeared on the first acquaintance to be timid and unhappy, which,

notwithstanding her youth and gentleness, inspired reserve; but the charm of her innocent simplicity or *naïveté*, caught the affections of all who knew her. Melania relieved, as far as she was able, the cares of her uncle in the education of Alphonso; and entertained a most tender attachment for the youth, who, full of spirit and vivacity,—naturally impatient, and lofty, occasioned an uneasiness to Dormeuil, by the impetuosity of his character: in this uneasiness Melania did not participate; for women rely too much upon their influence, and upon the tenderness shewn them. They are always prepared to anticipate the reformation of those they love, and though it does not immediately happen they expect it with undiminished confidence. Strong attachments may easily produce noble actions; but they do not alter the natural character: reason alone determines the general behaviour.

The violent passions of youth are only corrected by time and experience. Alphonso loved Melania to adoration. Without inquiring the cause of this sentiment, without even giving it a name, he delivered himself up to its influence with all the vehemence of a mind at once ardent and pure. Melania in this affection saw nothing more than a habit contracted in childhood and strengthened by gratitude: a word from her was always sufficient to calm Alphonso, to secure his attention, or even the sacrifice of an unreasonable wish: she never failed to possess this momentary influence over him; but Alphonso, anxious to please her, yielded without steadiness or reflection, and again relapsed into his former errors. Melvil, whose Chateau was a league from Dormeuil's cottage, was at first desirous to become acquainted with him from motives of curiosity only. Persons who withdraw themselves from society, create a sort of lively interest, especially when the world is unacquainted with their history, and nothing certain is known respecting them: we are then at liberty to indulge in romantic speculations, and the hope of being admitted into the secret of their solitude, presents the idea of a sort of triumph, which is flattering to self-love. Melvil, having in the course of his rambles frequently met the black servant of Dormeuil, and Melania's maid, the faithful Zama, who had been attached to her service from infancy, learned from them that young Alphonso was fond of hunting, and therefore invited him to hunt upon his estate. Alphonso did not fail to take advantage of this kindness, and his gratitude at length occasioned the introduction of Melvil into the house of Dormeuil. Melvil saw Melania, and became violently in love with her, but disheartened by her indifference and reserve, he had not the courage to declare his attachment. When the Marchioness returned from Paris, affairs were thus situated, though it was generally believed they were more advanced; for it was not even conjectured that the richest man in the province, of so much real merit, and so accomplished, in the prime of life too, could possibly be refused by a girl without any fortune at all; but in love the only thing which can inspire confidence is the hope of being beloved, and Melvil did not entertain this hope. Melania did not appear even to suspect his sentiments, she received his attentions with politeness, but with a most discouraging simplicity, as if she had been quite ignorant of the name of love, and even of its existence, yet every emotion discovered great sensibility, a strong attachment to her uncle, a regard for Alphonso, and exquisite feeling for the misfortunes of others. Melvil found something mysterious and inexplicable in her character, and in the habitual pensiveness of her manner which he wished to fathom, before he ventured to make his declaration.

## CHAPTER III.

The whole winter passed without Melvil's daring to break silence, but he became every day more particular in his attentions. Melania, always the same, remarked neither his anxiety, nor his agitation; Melvil discovered in her so much modesty and ingenuousness—she had always lived in a manner so retired, that Melvil had persuaded himself that love had never once entered her imagination. In effect she read only serious subjects, and it was easy to discover by her conversation that she had never perused a single romance; it was impossible to observe in her the least appearance of coquetry, or even a desire to please. She received a compliment on her beauty in the same manner as if it had been paid to her dress; gallantry with her was nothing more than politeness, and love was only benevolence. At an age when every woman has, in these matters, so much penetration and even art, this insensibility, blended with so much spirit, gave Melania an air of originality, without warmth; upon occasions on which other women blush, are confused, or at least embarrassed, she coldly expressed her acknowledgements, or with perfect benevolence assumed the most perfect simplicity. Melvil did not wish to address himself to Dormeuil before he had obtained the consent of Melania; he could not even confide in Alphonso, for he perceived that this youth

was himself in love with Melania. This sentiment gave him no uneasiness, he was satisfied that Melania, seven years older than Alphonso, would never participate in it. She had the most tender affection for Alphonso, but the nature of this attachment would preserve her from love: having known Alphonso from his cradle, and having been the sole mistress of his education from six years of age, the affection which she felt perfectly resembled maternal love; and judging according to her own feelings, Melania had not the least suspicion of a sentiment, the violence of which every instant increased, she regarded him only as an affectionate and grateful *élève*. However, he had now attained his sixteenth year, and no longer enjoyed the same vivacity; he was often absent and thoughtful, and so far from possessing that warm friendship for Melvil which he had before discovered, conducted himself towards him in a peevish, captious, and disobliging manner. Melvil, penetrating the cause of this sudden change, considered the rivalship as perfectly childish; he concluded that Alphonso was too young to feel a real passion, but that in order to prevent the progress of this increasing affection, it was necessary to deprive him, as early as possible, of all hope. Melvil, therefore, determined to declare his sentiments to Melania: he knew she walked every morning in a small wood which enclosed their dwelling; he went an hour after sun-rise —Melania was already there— Melvil perceived her at a distance, sitting at the foot of a tree; she was reading with so much attention, that she did not observe Melvil until he had approached her—she was astonished, and startled. Alphonso and Dormeuil were hunting. Her first idea was that some accident had happened to them. Melvil removed her fears:—after a momentary pause, he began without any preamble, and declared his sentiments. Whilst he was speaking, Melania regarded him with surprise, and with a kind of horror; and when he solicited her hand she turned pale, exclaiming, " Do you wish to deceive me?"—" Oh heavens!" cried Melvil, " I deceive you!"—" Is it possible," replied Melania, " that you love me?" As she spoke her eyes overflowed with tears. Melvil seized her hand with transport; her emotion inspired him with the fondest hopes. " Alas! I pity you!" continued she,—" How?"—" I can never return your affection."—" What do you tell me?—Are you engaged?"—" No."— " Is your heart no longer free?"—" I can never love?" —" Have you then already known love?"—" I have only known misfortune! love never occupied my thoughts."—" Is it possible, that with so much sensibility, you cannot share a passion at once pure and honourable?—" I do not tell you all, but all that I do tell you is true." " Do you cherish in secret an unfortunate passion?" " No; I never have loved, and I never shall,"—" Well! your friendship is all that my happiness requires. Be then my friend and accept me for your husband, I shall be but too happy!"—" No, no, I cannot marry."—" Why?"—" There is the mystery!"—" You drive me to despair—and shall I never know this strange mystery?" "All confidence is forbidden me."—"In what a cruel situation am I placed!—But you will leave me the hope of obtaining your friendship?" " From this moment you have it!" As she spake the words, Melania offered him her hand, with an angelic expression of sweetness and sensibility; Melvil with great emotion pressed her hand between his; too much affected to make any answer he remained a moment with his eyes fixed upon her; then arose, and tearing himself from her, he left the wood precipitately, and retired in his chamber. This conversation, by exciting his curiosity respecting Melania, added the most tender esteem to the passion he entertained. It is not very difficult to conjecture the secrets of a young and beautiful woman, who suffers the discovery of an unfortunate passion to escape her, but Melania, candour itself, Melania, incapable of falshood, had just protested that she had never loved! What then was this incomprehensible secret which she could not reveal, and which removed from her all thoughts of matrimony? Melvil lost in his conjectures, after a thousand useless reflexions, discovered no more than this—that the mystery was impenetrable.

### CHAPTER IV.

Alphonso learned that Melania had refused the hand of Melvil, which afforded him the liveliest transports. " I will hate him no longer," said he, " I will no longer provoke him." " Why," said Melania, " should you, Alphonso, hate the person I marry?" " Because a husband," said Alphonso, " is beloved in preference to every body." Melania smiled: she saw nothing in this reply, but the infantine expression of a lively friendship which she had so well merited by her tenderness. However, after many fruitless attempts to persuade Melania, Melvil resolved to quit her for sometime, and set out suddenly for Paris. This unexpected departure created a great sensation in the town of Besançon, the President's Lady confidently asserted that Melvil had himself declared, that Melania refused to marry him,

and that nevertheless he still preserved the warmest attachment for her.—At this observation the Marchioness shrugged her shoulders, insinuating that she knew better; and many injurious stories respecting Melania were circulated in the neighbourhood and affected her reputation, notwithstanding the absurdity that were attached to them. Ill-nature possesses the talent of reconciling every contradiction that she may have an excuse for believing whatever can lessen the fame of others. It could not be denied, that Melania had a taste for retirement, and that Melvil had great difficulty to introduce himself into Dormeuil's family; but Dormeuil did not on that account escape the charge of intriguing in this business, and Melania was accused as an artful hussey, and as a proficient in deceit and imposture. Melvil said, that Melania did not wish to marry. It certainly is very generous in him to say so; but that will impose upon no body. No one doubted his having discovered something in the character Melania. It is thus, that even the most secluded retirement, the most humble pretentions and the most unoffending ambition are not sufficient to defend us from calumny. As Melania seldom saw any one except the curate of the Parish, she was entirely ignorant of these ill-natured reports. The conduct of Alphonso at this time occupied her whole attention. He resumed a violence and loftiness which were never displayed in the presence of Melania; but when he was away from her they became insupportable. Dormeuil resolved to have a serious conversation with him upon this subject: he sent for him one morning into his room, and after having laid before him several instances of the impropriety of his conduct; "My dear Alphonso," continued he, "you are now sixteen—you are no longer a child, it is time to speak seriously to you respecting your situation, and I shall not be able without some degree of embarrassment to make you acquainted with all the misfortune attached to it."—"The misfortune!"—"Yes, your birth is a misfortune."—"Are you not my father?"—"But your mother was not my wife—I have never been married!"—"Then I am an illegitimate child!—I must then be ashamed of my birth!—Ah! why did you give me life!"—"It was an error which I have had reason to lament; but I hope, my son, that your virtues will repay me!"—"What is become of my unfortunate mother!"—"She is no more!—I have no fortune to leave you. But, my son, you may by integrity secure to yourself an honourable existence—you must be aware how much haughtiness, censurable in every situation, is particularly so in yours."—"Fate strives in vain to debase me, it shall never compel me to humble myself; on the contrary its severity rouses my feelings, and I shall know how to oppose it. If it had placed me in an honourable rank, I should without much effort have been patient and unassuming; but if loftiness of soul be wrong, and perhaps ridiculous, I feel, and I am well persuaded that it will at least preserve me from contempt."—"You will stand in need of every man's friendship."—"I am determined not to court it from any one. I will embrace a military life."—The misfortune of your birth is an insurmountable obstacle *!"—"What! do the faults of my parents deprive me of the right to shed my blood for my country, or to defend it in the hour of danger?" "In this case every man is armed by nature as well as honour; but then he fights as a citizen and not as a soldier?" "But will they acknowledge me as a citizen?" In any other profession you will not be under the same necessity of declaring the secret of your birth."—"I promise you application and assiduity in all the duties of my profession—I wish to obtain promotion by my conduct and talents."—"But friends are necessary!—"It is in order to do without them, that I engage to labour without intermission." "So, then Alphonso you reject my advice?" —"No, I do not; but I cannot make false professions—I would rather appear untractable than deceive you." We will talk about that at another time;" said Dormeuil, "in the mean time reflect, and be persuaded, that without amiable manners, talents will seldom lead to promotion. Alphonso flew to Melania and confided his miseries to her bosom. "Until this moment," said he, "I always considered myself to be the offspring of a clandestine marriage, which my father was afraid to acknowledge, and of which he avoided speaking because he was ashamed of a choice disapproved of by his parents; but he has never been married! My mother was doubtless one of those abandoned creatures who are a disgrace to their sex." "No, Alphonso," interrupted Melania "I know that this unfortunate woman was not deserving of contempt." "Was my father a seducer then? Ah! Melania this dread-

* Before the revolution those who were illegitimate, were not admitted in the army to the rank of an officer, unless by particular favour.

ful explanation has destroyed all affection!—nay, more, all respect for my father. Henceforth I can never bestow on him that sacred title without shame, nor can he ever hear it without recollection of that guilt, which was the stain of his youth, and is the destruction of mine?" "Dear Alphonso do not condemn him."—"He has condemned himself in drawing aside the veil that concealed from me the secret of my disgraceful birth." "Recollect that you are his son." "Oh that I could forget I am also his victim!"—"You have a mind of so much sensibility, Alphonso—Oh! pity those to whom you owe your existence!"—"I do pity my unfortunate mother, misery no doubt shortened her days."—"Ah—can you regret her?"—"Yes, I feel that I should have loved her." —"Can I not supply her place?"—"Of a mother! you, Melania!—Ah! you are too young, and"—here Alphonso blushed and hesitated. "My child," replied Melania, "be assured that I am old enough to love you as a mother." At these words Alphonso raised his hands to his eyes to conceal his emotion, and the tears which escaped in spite of him. Melania was affected. "At least," said Alphonso, "may I hope you will not be influenced by that unnatural prejudice, which confounds the innocent with the guilty! do not you despise the unfortunate offspring of an illegitimate connection!" "I despise you Alphonso," exclaimed Melania, "are you not better acquainted with the heart of your friend!"—"Oh! that you could read mine!" replied Alphonso, "with a voice almost stifled by his emotion: then rising with haste he left her abruptly.

CHAPTER V.

What an important a secret is first love! What embarrassment! What apprehensions attend the avowal of it even to friendship! Alphonso felt that he was too young to declare his affection to Melania. He remarked with as much anger as chagrin, that she always treated him as a child. In order to remove this idea, he affected to despise puerile amusements. He no longer played at any games but chess or drafts; it required no effort to conceal his natural vivacity, for he had lost it; but in assuming a gravity beyond his years, he often fell into pedantry of manners, which the amiable simplicity natural to him rendered the more ridiculous.

After an absence of six months Melvil returned, about the end of the spring, confirmed by his travels in the conviction that he should never be able to detach himself from Melania. He saw her again and found her unaltered state of mind the same; melancholy, thoughtful, and absent: yet she discovered a friendship for him, and Melvil sometimes cherished hope, in spite of reason. One day finding himself alone with her, he told her that his friends wished him to marry a beautiful girl, heiress to a large fortune: "Several obstacles, continued he, present themselves to this marriage, she is destined for the son of her guardian, Count d'Olmène: but it is said, that she is determined this union shall not take place, and I am likewise assured that my addresses would not be disagreeable to her; however—gracious God! what is the matter?" cried Melvil, interrupting his narrative, "why do you look so pale!"—"I am unwell," replied Melania, pray call Zama." As she spake her eyes closed and her senses fled. The terrified Melvil rings with violence, Zama enters immediately, and by her assistance Melania is soon restored to her senses, but she left Melvil and retired to her chamber.

Alphonso having resumed his friendship for Melvil, soon determined to open his mind to him. The disclosure of his affection for Melania did not surprise Melvil, he had discovered this secret passion, but regarded it only as a boyish folly which time would remove. He took great pains to convince him that the disproportion in age alone would prevent Melania from returning his affection." "But, why!" replied Alphonso, "she is only six years older than I am." "She is undoubtedly too young to look upon you as her son; but she cannot cease to remember that she has watched over you with a mother's care, whilst you were fondled in her lap. She has conceived a maternal regard for you, but will not participate in a love like yours." These reasons, and many others were insufficient to shake the resolution of Alphonso, he thought that his friend might still be his rival. He requested secrecy, which Melvil promised, and kept.

Two months afterwards Alphonso one morning said to Melvil: "This very day I am seventeen, and I am determined to declare my sentiments to her. My father is going a short journey, he will not be here to sermonize me. Melania and I are to pass several days together: the opportunity will be favourable, and I will seize it." "When will you make your declaration?"—"To-morrow, morning at the hour Melania usually walks in the wood—perhaps this evening, but certainly before my father's return."

CHAPTER VI.

The next morning Alphonso repaired to the wood, at the hour Melania was accustomed to walk. She was alone; Alphonso accosts her,

trembling, offers her his arm, and continues walking with her for more than half an hour, without daring to mention the subject: at length Melania seats herself upon the grass. Alphonso places himself at her feet: Melania invites him to sit down at her side. "No, no, said Alphonso, here I will remain; in this situation I should open my heart to you." At these words he throws himself at her feet. "Heavens!" interrupted Melania, with the most lively uneasiness, "what have you to tell me?" Alphonso seizes, with eagerness, the opportunity which this question affords, and declares his love in the most animated language. Melania cannot sustain the shock—she rises, pale and distressed and endeavours to fly. Alphonso holds her forcibly by the gown, protesting with a terrific energy that neither her disdain, her cruelty, nor even her hatred shall tear that sentiment from his soul which he has cherished in secret for two years, and which he will preserve to the last hour of his existence.

"Alphonso," said Melania, "know your own heart better, recal your reason." "I know," interrupted he, "all that you would tell me, that trifling difference in our ages"—"You know not what that difference is, learn that important reasons have compelled me to conceal my age in a country where we are unknown: I am one-and-thirty." "Were you forty I could love no other."—"A secret and powerful instinct misleads you—Oh! do not give a detestable name to the affection with which I inspire you." "Detestable! what the love I—" "That word from your mouth is horrible when addressed to me." "How?" "Dormeuil is not your father; he has only assumed that title in order to conceal my shame." "Great God! what am I then?"—"Oh! my son," cried Melania, bursting into tears, "my son, I am thy unfortunate mother." At these unexpected words, Alphonso, as if he had been struck with a thunderbolt, fell lifeless on the grass. Melania endeavours to seize his hand—he repulses her with horror. "I have profaned," said he, "the purest of all sentiments; fly, abandon a wretch devoted to shame before he was born, and nurtured for guilt. Ah! why have you concealed this dreadful secret from me? Listen," continued he in the accents of the most furious anguish, "you can afford me one consolation, tell me the barbarian who seduced and abandoned you: I will pierce him to the heart. "He is no more!"—"May the memory of him perish for ever!" "Oh! let his ashes rest in peace." "I must curse him." "My son!" "Forget me, farewell."—"Oh! where are you going?"—"To terminate an existence that I abhor." At these words the wretched Melania fell on the neck of her son, with horror he finds himself in her arms, he struggles; Melania holds him with more than her natural strength, but at length he tears himself from her. Melania, almost desperate, makes the wood resound with her shrieks; at this moment she observes Melvil coming towards her; "Oh! Melvil, he is my son, he is my son, follow him, stop him, save him, he is my son." Melvil, almost frantic, pursues Alphonso, comes up with him, seizes him, and in spite of his resistance, forces him out of the wood. Melania following them at a distance, sees them together, and, her terror subsiding, she has no longer strength to support herself, and falls at the foot of a tree. In a few minutes the faithful Zama discovers her in this situation, wholly insensible; she raises her in her arms, and carries her to the house:—Melania revives, and her first words are, "Where is Alphonso?" He is every where sought with eagerness, until information is obtained that he was seen getting into Melvil's carriage, and that they both set off together. Melania breathes again; an hour after she receives a letter from Melvil, which contains these words:—

"He is at my house, and already more composed; tenderness has succeeded frenzy. Banish from your mind all uneasiness, he weeps, and my tears flow with his; he remains with me, and I will not quit him only to see you tomorrow. Oh! Melania, I will render myself worthy of your confidence, repose in my heart the dearest interests of your own."

This letter calmed the bitter anguish of Melania, but not expecting a moment's repose, she did not retire to her chamber: a part of the night was passed in writing to Alphonso and Melvil, she sent off the letters at the break of day, that to Alphonso was as follows:—

"Call not that a crime which was merely an impulse of nature misunderstood by your ignorance of your birth. I did not unveil this fatal mystery to you, because my uncle, my benefactor and yours, had prohibited me, but I can say that I am more sinned against than sinning. When I became a mother, I had not yet tained my fourteenth year. It was not a foolish amour which plunged me into this abyss, inexperience and credulity were the sole causes of my misfortune. But I repeat your father is no more. Alphonso I have suffered! and ever since I was seventeen, I have lived for you alone! I have no other object in view, I have no other destiny than yours! It has been no-

cessary to conceal this maternal feeling. Ah! believe me, Alphonso, that even you have never discovered it! The tenderness of a mother has supplied my want of experience, it has prematurely formed my mind and developed my sensibility; it is that which made me rise at once from infancy to the feelings of maturer age. I beheld my existence stained by an irreparable misfortune, and my lot irrevocably fixed, every affection but one was denied—you were the only object of my fears, my prayers, and my hopes; my thoughts are so constantly occupied about you, that without effort I forgot myself.—You have preserved me from all the illusions of youth. In order to affect your heart I will not remind you that I am your mother, I will only say that I love you, I have never loved any other. I am sensible that I have not the right to controul you; but you are generous and I may at least with confidence implore you. Recollect that nothing can dissolve the tie which unites us, the only pleasure I am capable of feeling, will arise out of your good conduct! recollect that you alone can render me either happy or miserable, and that you are the only source of my comfort or even of my existence."

Melania waited for Alphonso's reply with as much uneasiness as impatience. In two hours after a messenger arrived, in haste, with letters from Melvil and Alphonso; trembling, she opened that of her son, she found in it as follows:—

"Was it necessary to say to me, *I am not culpable!* Ah! do I not I know that it is impossible for a child of thirteen, and in particular for Melania to be so!..You appear to me an affecting interesting victim! But for the dreadful mistake which my ignorance occasioned, I should have been proud that my existence was derived from you.—Yes, in spite of the fate which oppresses us, I cannot feel ashamed that my destiny is for ever united to yours.—Do not believe that a heart formed by you can feel regret at the dear and sacred name of parent; for my own conduct alone, no remorse produced my dispair; he who had advowed an incestuous amour had no longer the right of throwing himself into your arms; but the instant you revealed every thing to me, this heart, which had only been in error, was purified by filial tenderness.—Oh! my mother! Will not the love I bear you be sufficient to my happiness? This sacred affection is the most permanent: it commences with life and continues pure and tender till the last moment of existence. Ah! I thank God who destined me to love you thus; he has formed my heart to obey him. Divine and supreme goodness, who consecrates the most natural feelings! All the past years of life are lost, I have lived without knowing the duty, attachment, respect, and gratitude I owed you—and yet I must leave you! It is a duty that I should be fearful lest in the first transports of our meeting a hateful recollection should lead you to mistake the nature of my affection. Alas, it is necessary that a long absence, and my own conduct should re-entitle me to my natural claims upon you. Point out to me the place of my voluntary exile, but let our separation give you no uneasiness, during so painful an absence, my only consolation will be to recal your counsels to my recollection, and to obey them. You say I have preserved you from the errors of youth; and is it possible that I can disgrace the future in which you have placed all your hopes! My mother! be no longer uneasy about a fate that you direct: intrusting your happiness to me, you have fixed me for ever in the path of virtue, because I cannot deviate from it without rendering you unhappy, and tearing myself from you."

"Oh! consoling language of love and gratitude, how great is thy supreme power!" exclaimed Melania after having read this letter, "my anxiety, my regrets, my fears, my confusion, all are vanished, all is repaid by such dear promises! Melania resumed all her courage, for for the first time she looked forward with certainty to future happiness; Alphonso had promised it to her! and in what do we appear less likely to be deceived than in the first promise of the object we love!

About noon Melvil came alone as he had promised, the trouble and embarrassment of Melania was extreme, on seeing again the confident of her misfortunes; she covered her face with her hands, and wept. "Why," said Melvil with emotion, "should you fear to see the man whom you have honoured with such noble and affecting confidence?" "Ah!" replied Melania, "it is terrible to blush in the presence of those we esteem!" "You blush!" cried Melvil, "is not your age a sufficient justification?" "I will not conceal any thing from the protector of my Alphonso," said Melania, "you shall be acquainted with my sad history, and you will see how my innocence and simplicity have been abused. At present we will speak only of Alphonso." "Alphonso," replied Melvil, "is worthy of all your tenderness, I have discovered in him a sensibility, a delicacy, an elevation of mind

which will always attach me to him.—Alphonso is now my son.—Delegate your rights to me—let me direct his fate.—I will take him to Paris—I will complete his education—I will introduce him into the world, and guide his first steps:—in two years I will restore him to you, we will then determine upon his future prospects."—" But Alphonso has no fortune: my uncle possesses only this inconsiderable fief, and an income during his life." "That is of no consequence, I am rich!" " At these words the eyes of Melania were suffused with tears. " Ah! Melvil," said she, " I trust you read my heart and see all the gratitude with which I am penetrated; but I ought to refuse such obligations." " What do you say?—Heavens! may I not rely then upon the friendship you have promised?" If you possessed an attachment for me similar to that which I feel, I would without hesitation accept your generous offers: I could be obliged to a friend, my heart would acquit me, but I cannot suffer a lover to become a benefactor." " I am very unfortunate," said Melvil, with an impression of profound grief, " there would be some reason for your cruel delicacy if I solicited you to permit me to entertain hope; I do not"—" Listen Melvil," interrupted Melania, " I will speak to you with all the openness of friendship; the event which has stained my life was not the seduction of love, and when you are acquainted with my history, you will perceive that notwithstanding this indelible disgrace I am not unworthy your esteem; and my confidence, far from eradicating an unfortunate passion, cannot but render it more tender by superadding to love all the interest of deserved compassion; I am not despicable, but I am dishonoured, and you could not without degrading yourself, confer the title of wife on the mother of Alphonso: yet when you are acquainted with all the circumstances of my blameless conduct, it is possible that the sense of honour which separates us may appear to you a cruel prejudice, you would perhaps encourage a hope which I do not wish to authorise, by yielding to you the rights of a father over my son; incapable of returning your love, irrevocably determined never to marry, I desire not to owe the prospeity of my son to sentiments in which I can never participate. I would not inspire my friend with false hopes, nor expose myself to the pain of refusing the hand of my benefactor, and of Alphonso's adoptive father. I hope," continued she, " you esteem me sufficiently to believe that to attempt to induce me to change a resolution, founded on the principles of probity, would be vain."

" Enough," interrupted Melvil, " you have removed from me all hopes of future felicity. Be satisfied. But do you forbid me to make Alphonso my friend?" " Ah! be his protector and his guide! to you alone I dare wholly entrust him—condescend to conduct him to Paris, and endeavour to procure him an honourable situation." " Yes," replied Melvil, " on that I had determined before I knew that Alphonso had an intimate claim upon your affections. I can easily place him advantageously in the house of a noble lord, who will certainly be sent very soon as ambassador to Vienna. Alphonso by being with him will be early initiated in diplomatic concerns." " May I enquire the name of this nobleman?" said Melania, with apparent anxiety. " I think I have spoken of him to you already," replied Melvil, " It is the duke d'Olmène." " Never, O never!" cried Melania with impassioned tremor. " Why not?" " Attend—be acquainted with the whole of my misery—with the most hidden secrets of my bosom." " Fear not, Melania, to unfold your heart to a friend so faithful, so devoted, to you!" " The author of my shame is not dead." " Heavens!" " He, whom you just mentioned." " The duke d'Olmène!" " Is the father of Alphonso!" " Great God! O Melania unfortunate and estimable woman!" he burst into tears as he uttered this exclamation. Melania could not weep: the abhorred name that had just been uttered, impressed her with so much horror that all her tenderness was for awhile suspended. " Alphonso," said she, " has already cursed him who gave him birth, even while he is ignorant of the cirumstances of my fatal history. I would rather that he should suspect me of a weakness of which I am not guilty, than that he should ever be acquainted with all the atrocity of his father, should he ever, (but O may he never) become acquainted with his father! But he knows my age, and he justly despises the seducer of a child of thirteen.—" If he existed yet,—" said the youth to me, " I will pierce him to the heart." " Alphonso's exclamations in his first paroxysms of surprise and grief are of no consequence, replied Melvil, and you must be convinced that when he recovers his reflection, the idea of parricide must fill him with horror.' " No doubt," answered Melania " yet would he detest him, for he would never forgive him his own disgrace or mine!"—" Certainly, and I am of your opinion that it is best to conceal for ever from him, the existence of his father." " Is the Duke uninformed that you are in France, and that Alphonso is his son?" " No,

while Alphonso was an infant, he offered me a considerable income for the expences of his education, and he has since proposed to take the entire charge of him; but these offers I refused."—"You had no right to do so, and your principles are too correct to allow you to sacrifice the fortune of Alphonso to your resentment, however well founded it may be." At these words Melania broke out into a vehement exclamation. Melvil too much agitated to prolong the conversation, said no more, secretly determined to press the subject himself, when he should have well considered such reasons as ought to weigh with Melania. He took leave of her, engaging to return the next day at the same hour.

### CHAPTER VII.

When Melvil was again alone with Melania, he told her that the more he reflected upon her situation, the more he was persuaded that she could not without breach of her most sacred duty, persist in refusing a certain fortune for her son. "My uncle is of your opinion," said Melania, "but I shall never be able to prevail with myself to confide my son to the care of the most depraved of all mankind." I am informed that according to certain private political arrangements, the duke will not conduct this embassy long, and that he will not remain more than two years at Vienna; I will go there and reside the whole of those two years in that city; I shall, in that manner, be there his watchful guardian."—"Generous Melvil! if you knew the character of—!" "He has deceived you; of that I am well persuaded; indeed I never had a good opinion of him; he enjoys great interest, and a distinguished reputation; yet he is neither beloved nor esteemed. Dissimulation may conceal many vices, but the hypocrisy of that dissimulation cannot be concealed. The Duke d'Olmène by an exact observance of decorum, appears irreproachable in his conduct. In conversation he always displays the most rigid principles, and maintains the most exalted sentiments, but it is always manifest that he declaims according to a determined plan of policy, and that he is ever playing an appointed part. He speaks and acts ever by selfish motives, or for admiration. Several brilliant actions are attributed to him, but a good one has never been discovered among them. We may coolly approve what he does best, without esteeming him the more for it. I have sometimes heard him applauded for the policy of his measures, but never heard a word in favour of his principles. In short, the general sentiment of contempt is so strong against him, that notwithstanding his prudence and the regularity of his conduct, notwithstanding the high favour and fortune he enjoys at court, no one admires nor no one even envies him. "But," continued Melvil, "we can turn his hypocrisy very much to the advantage of Alphonso: he will certainly not betray a secret which would dishonour him, and may be sure that he will willingly second you in keeping it concealed from Alphonso. In delivering Alphonso into his hands I will inform him of the truth: he ought to understand that I am alone in your confidence; as the possessor of this secret I shall have him wholly in my power, and I will use that power to the advantage of Alphonso. By these means the prosperity of your beloved son depends only on your consent, both the interest and vanity of the Duke will ensure it."

This discourse shook Melania's resolutions, she promised to make up her mind when Melvil should be acquainted with her history, and when her uncle returned. In the meantime it was agreed upon that Alphonso, who could not prevail with himself to see her again immediately, should set off at all events for Paris, in company with Melvil the day after Dormeuil's arrival.

### CHAPTER VIII.

Alphonso would not, indeed, have been prevailed upon to revisit his mother so soon: he would have required some delay before he could have ventured to yield himself without trouble and without embarrassment to filial tenderness; but Melvil concealed from Melania, that Alphonso was confined to his bed by a violent fever, which the cruel agitation he had experienced had occasioned: he was not however dangerously ill: he wrote to Melania every morning, who had not the least uneasiness concerning his health.

The third day Melania according to her promise, consented to relate to Melvil her melancholy history: they both repaired to the wood, and seated themselves upon a bank of moss. Melania drew over her countenance a large muslin veil to conceal her suffusion and emotions, while with a soft and timid voice, she began in these terms, "I am a native of St. Domingo, my mother died at my birth; my father, the possessor of a large estate, was the sage Dormeuil's brother; by their mutual affection, these two brothers presented a most perfect model of fraternal love. Unfortunately for my uncle, they blended their property together, and by an irrevocable arrangement, united all their pecuniary interests for ever. This

treaty took place about three years after my mother's death; my father who had adored her, swore never to marry again, while my uncle who had always been desirous of preserving his liberty, took an oath that he would never enter into a matrimonial engagement. Thus I became the object of these two brother's fond tenderness, and of all their hopes of happiness.

"I was brought up at my father's house, a little distance from the Cape. My mother's aunt who resided with us, took upon herself the care of my education. She had been the successful instructress of my mother, and it was not the wish of my father that I should possess more information or more talents than her, who had rendered him so happy; I was therefore brought up on the same principles. My aunt was amiable, pious, and virtuous; but having never been married, and having always lived in seclusion, she had no knowledge of the world. Her mind was not much cultivated though she possessed a good share of wisdom and understanding. She applied herself in particular to form my character, to render my disposition mild, equal, and docile, and to preserve my thoughts in the perfect purity of innocence. The holy book, in which she taught me to read—the Bible, composed the whole of our library, and I never perused any other until her death.

"I was about six or seven when my father was obliged to go to France. This fatal voyage was much longer than it should have been!—That seductive spot—Paris made my unfortunate father forget St. Domingo, and his family! In less than six years he ruined himself, and remorse brought him in a short time to the brink of the grave!—My uncle who had remained with us, on learning the melancholy intelligence, was desirous of departing to his unfortunate brother, who he was informed lingered yet in a consumption, which might not be absolutely incurable: my uncle embarked for France. I was then about twelve years and half old, and I remained with my aunt. A short time after my uncle's departure, a new governor of St. Domingo arrived in the Island. His nephew accompanied him, the only heir to his title and fortune, desirous to give him this proof of his attachment, (or to speak more properly) anxious to satisfy his own curiosity, and to see that delightful part of the world; but intending to make only a short stay.—You guess the name of this nephew of the governor. He then possessed only the title of Count d'Olmène. The governor on establishing himself at the Cape, gave many splendid entertainments. A relation so earnestly requested permission of my aunt to take me to one of them, that my aunt reluctantly yielded to her entreaties; we arrived at the Cape, and entered the governor's palace. I had just attained my thirteenth year but was much younger in innocence and simplicity. My *naïveté* and the infantile character of my manners, were singularly contrasted with my person, which was perfectly formed: a thing far from uncommon in that climate. My features still possessed all the delicacy of my years. My countenance was that of a child, but my stature appeared to be that of a girl of seventeen. I attracted but too much attention at this entertainment! while I was entirely occupied with the splendour so magnificient and to me so novel, which it every where presented—the music wholly engaged my hearing—the elegant dresses—the decorations—the illuminations, and the dances fascinated my sight. The ball was not concluded until a very late hour, and I slept at the Cape. The next day I returned home: a dreadful spectacle awaited me; my aunt had been seized with an apoplexy. Timely assistance brought her back to life, and two days after she recovered her speech; but her memory and part of her intellectual faculties had suffered. At the same time she had reason enough left to make her sensible of her situation, and sufficient self-respect and understanding to disguise it, in which she often succeeded. For example, with considerable art she feigned to recollect circumstances which she had completely forgotten, and I was incessantly the dupe of this sort of artifice, so that I did not perceive any direct change in her manners, though she was absolutely become incapable of superintending the house, and still less capable of directing my conduct. As she was always suffering, and continually in a kind of stupor, she ceased to think in the least of me, and at thirteen I found myself entirely consigned to a negro slave who had been my nurse. Her name was Sanita, she was about thirty years of age, a native of Africa, and having been purchased by my father in her earliest infancy, she had never taken part in the labours of the other slaves. Intended for the service of the house, and brought up indulgently, she contrived to gain the good-will of those to whom she belonged. With all the ignorance of a slave, she possessed natural good sense, expressed herself in a superior manner, and often, when animated, spoke with a degree of eloquence, full of warmth and vehemence.

*To be continued.*

# REVIEW OF WORKS OF ART.

## EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE,

*Continued from page 226.*

Mr. Nathaniel Marchant, R. A. elect. No. 666. *An impression from a gem engraved from the painting of Raphael's Heliodorus, in the Vatican.* The subject is taken from the second book of Maccabees, chap. 3, ver. 25. The figure of Heliodorus is finely executed, every lineament is expressive of terror, and the anatomy is beautifully correct. No. 671. *An impression from a gem, of the head of Achilles, after an antique bust.* This is a rich and spirited specimen of miniature sculpture. Anger is strongly marked in these features, and all the dignity of the hero is manifest in the countenance. In the execution of this species of art Mr. Marchant is probably unrivalled.

Mr. F. Mackenzie has *three views* of very indifferent merit. Nos. 336, 353, 561.

Mr. G. Maliphant. *A Design for a Cenotaph.* No. 805.

Mr. C. Manning. Nos. 878, 879. The first is a *Bust of the late Sir W. Staines.* In this the markings of the features are bold, and the finishing is delicate, particularly the drapery and ornaments. The lace is executed with a tender and rich flow of undulating lines, that have seldom been surpassed. No. 879 is an excellent likeness of *Dr. Jenner.*

Mr. A. Martin has a *Design for a Chapel.* No. 770.

Miss E. Maskall exhibits a pleasing *View on the River Dove, near Ashbourne, Derbyshire.*

Mr. J. J. Masquerier has a *Portrait of W. Hastings, Esq.* No. 231. In this there is much good drawing, and the colouring is mellow and harmonious.

Mr. J. Medland. *A Design for Kingston Court and Market-house, Surrey.* No. 771.

Mr. F. Mikel exhibits No. 283, *a Vase of Flowers*, gaudy and inharmoniously coloured. Flowers must be exquisitely tinted, and arranged with the freedom of taste, or they are good for nothing.

Mr. J. H. Miller, in No. 306, we have *a View of Princes-street, Westminster.*—The chiaro'scuro is good, and the pencilling excellent.

Mr. H. Millett has a *Portrait of a Lady.* No. 688.

Mr. J. Minasi exhibits a *Portrait of a Lady.* No. 581.

Mr. J. T. Mitchell. Nos. 618 and 721. *Miniature Portraits*; the latter excellently painted in oil.

Mr. A. H. Monies has a *Portrait of a young Gentleman.* No. 514.

Mr. G. Moore. *A Design for a Park Building.* No. 762.

Mr. W. Mulready. "Familiar life," says Mr. Shee, in a note to his late excellent poem, "is the comedy of art; and though the Dutch dramatists of the pencil delight in the coarser cast of humour, yet their characters are so well preserved, their situations so well chosen, and their scenery so appropriate, that it is impossible to refuse them the praise of excellence in their peculiar sphere." This praise of excellence Mr. Mulready comes forward to share. He presents us with a picture that would do no discredit to the highest name of Batavian celebrity. The subject is a silly good-natured boor, in a state of intoxication, *returning from the ale-house.* (No. 148.) He is surrounded by children, among whom he appears to be making a scramble of his remaining money. The trait of foolish, yet unrestrained good-nature which characterizes his countenance is admirable, and his attitude displays all that ludicrous stagger of drunkenness, which has been so much extolled in the works of Teniers. The chil-

dren are also drawn with exquisite humour: their eagerness to obtain the money, and their sly laughter at the jovial stupidity of their benefactor, are pourtrayed with that discrimination which belongs only to a well experienced pencil. With respect to clearness of colouring, and all the secondary requisites of art, this is certainly superior to most pieces in the Exhibition; and in conception, whatever study Mr. M. may have bestowed on the Dutch originals, we think this too close a likeness to an English drunkard not to be purely original; and we felicitate Mr. M. on his progress in the study of nature.

Mr. D. B. Murphy exhibits four *Miniature Portraits.* Nos. 631, 686, 710, 711.

Mr. James Northcote, R. A. The following numbers distinguish a long list of portraits by this excellent historical painter. Nos. 38, 100, 115, 189, 192, 437. The common unimpassioned portrait is, however, not the *forte* of Mr. Northcote. If he is compelled to paint without energetic traits of character, his drawing becomes stiff, and his colouring cold and dull. Fortunately the subject of one of these portraits rises to that height of forcible expression which is congenial to the powers of the artist. In depicting the features of Sir C. Brisbane, the painter has set before us a brilliant and animated action—the attack on Curacoa. The attitude of the hero is perhaps defective; it wants ease, but it possesses intrepidity. Sir C. is certainly not entering a drawing-room, nor is he merely *playing* his part; yet might that enthusiastic courage that bends his brows and flashes from his eyes, have been mingled with dignity of position. We know that about some men there is an awkwardness of action, a peculiar stiffness of manner, which impedes the correct expression of their feelings; and we believe that this may in some measure be the case in the subject of the portrait before us; still we are dissatisfied, and cannot refrain from attaching some blame to the artist in whose power it was to have improved the deficiencies of appearance in the representation, without injuring the likeness. The portrait of Capt. M. Seymour, of the Royal Navy, is a free and energetic likeness; it looks like the principal figure in some historic composition, and makes us anxious to behold the subordinate figures that attend upon the heroic action. *The Portrait of Sir W. Pole, Bart.* is inferior to many portraits by artists of inferior reputation. *The Portrait of a Dog, the property of the Countess of Dysart,* is a master-piece in its kind.

Mr. F. Nash exhibits No. 538. *A View of the Albion Fire and Life Insurance Office in New Bridge-street.* By placing the horizontal line too high in this drawing, the perspective is rendered distorted in appearance. The centre of the picture can scarcely ever be the perspective centre in flat street views; and it should be recollected that when the perspective centre is a point assumed at pleasure, the view will always differ from exact representation. No person would obtain an idea of New Bridge-street, similar to that presented by Mr. N. unless he were to climb upon the booths or stalls of Fleet-Market. In other respects, we see little in this drawing either to praise or blame.

Mr. J. C. Nattes has *three Landscapes,* Nos. 419, 553, 560.

Mr. J. P. Neale has *four Landscapes,* Nos. 162, 242, 286, 587.

Mr. W. S. Newton exhibits *seven Miniatures,* Nos. 604, 617, 642, 656, 682, 693, 727.

Mr. W. Noble exhibits No. 281. *View of Machynlleth.* No. 520, *Montgomery Castle; morning:* and No. 575, *View of Dolgelly.* These views in North Wales are selected and executed with taste. The skies and distances are rich and soft. The effect of the rising sun behind Montgomery Castle is well imagined and well supported by the strong shadows thrown across the fore-ground. In the receding light and shadow, or the chiaro'scuro of the distance, this artist displays great merit: his fore-grounds want fulness of tone; yet what they lose in brilliancy, is in some measure supplied by accuracy, and delicacy of pencilling.

Mr. W. Novice. No. 425. *A Smith's shop.* The figures are rather caricatures than characters. The light and shadow are too undetermined, and the effect is confused.

Mr. W. M. Nurse has a *Transept of St. Paul's Cathedral*, No. 855.

Mr. William Owen, R. A. No. 78. *The Portrait of the Dowager Lady Beaumont* is Mr. Owen's best performance in the present exhibition. In this, a calm and interesting expression is blended with dignity. The colouring is well harmonized, and the effect elegantly produced without violent contrasts. The numbers of the portraits are 8, 48, 78, 88, 125, 332, 492. No. 188 is a *fancy piece* by the same artist; it is called the *Cottage Door: summer evening.* The light of the setting sun is excellently imitated in this painting; the long undefined shadows, and the soft clear brilliance against the cottage, are managed with great delicacy. The day subsides, and a tender tranquillity possesses the whole scene. At the cottage door a boy is sleeping with his head reclined in the lap of a girl who is reading. They are both true cottage children. The flesh, where it catches the sun, is perhaps too white. To our eyes, it has not a glossy but a chalky appearance.

Mr. James Archer Oliver, A. This artist also exhibits seven *portraits*, Nos. 194, 209, 211, 241, 257, 377, 516, and one fancy or historical piece from the *Inferno of Dante.* (No. 155). It cannot be from want of genius that the portraits of this artist are generally without expression. The tints are well harmonized; the drawing good, the likeness (where we happen to know the originals) correct, and chairo'scuro judiciously sustained, yet a cold vacant insipidity reigns in all the features. Mr. Oliver knows well how to pourtray emotions. He can if he pleases dip his pencil in the closest feelings of the human heart, and bid the almost stifled sensation vibrate along the undulating fibres of the lips, the brows, the forehead—" gleam in the eyes and glow upon the cheeks." But when Mr. Oliver does this, he has neither *Dr. Knox* nor *Miss Hurdinge* before him: no: it is such *morçeaux* of Dante as the following that then sit to the pencil of Mr. Oliver, and inspire him with the power of giving form and body to the most lively emotions.

" One day, to charm away the passing hour,  
We read of Launcelot, slave of amorous power.  
Alone we were: ah! fearless and alone,  
All sense of guilt unthought of and unknown.  
Yet soon our eyes were siez'd with strange delight,  
And soft effusion swam across our sight.  
The letters seem'd to fade;—and all my soul,  
Pierc'd with desires, admitted their controul.  
But when we read what joy the maiden prov'd,  
Kiss'd by the ardent lips of him she lov'd,  
Then he, the youth, who ne'er my side forsook,  
Kiss'd me, and kissing, all with tremor shook.  
Vile panders were the book, and he whose lore  
Compos'd the tale—that day we read no more."

Dante. Canto V.

In giving the *palpable imagery* of painting to this passage, Mr. Oliver has blended delicacy with the most impassioned expression. The figure of Francesca is exquisite: it has all the charms of hesitating compliance, of *modest immodesty.* There are so many excellencies in this composition, that we should to many appear fastidious in saying that those very excellencies are injurious to morality. Every expression of the human soul should indeed be the study of the pencil, but unless exhibited in the support of virtue and innocence, the viler and more servile passions of our nature should never be the principal and most fascinating objects of the canvas. Even if we admit that such subjects should be painted, still we think that the walls of a public and national exhibition should not offer them to the contemplation of the young, the lovely, and the innocent.—We should very unwillinly direct the tenor of the following lines to the talents of Mr. Oliver.

" Disdain the wretch, dishonour'd—damn'd to fame!  
Alike insensible to pride and shame!  
With plodding hand, unpalsied, who can trace  
His own, his patron's, and his *Art's* disgrace;  
Mean slave of *Vice!* who sins without desires,  
Promotes her cause and propagates her fires."

Shee's Elements of Art 6. 324.

Mr. Thomas Phillips, R. A. We have *eight portraits* from the pencil of this artist. The first (No. 67) is a whole length of *his R. H. the Prince of Wales.* This may be stiled rather a portrait of the Prince's *robes*, than a portrait of the *Prince*: nor seems it possible that the human features can be forcibly expressed amid the glare of so

much investing splendour. No. 106 represents *Mrs. Birch and Son.* In the countenance of the Mother there is much intelligence: the drawing and colouring are good. No. 134. *Portrait of Sir Joseph Banks*, is a splendid picture, in which the warmest tints are harmonized with great effect. It is a most excellent likeness, and Sir Joseph appears in his proper place—the chairman of the Royal Society. No. 176, *portrait of Mr. Whitmore*, is another beautiful specimen of the harmony of colouring. No. 195, *portrait of Earl Bathurst*, and No. 219, *portrait of Mrs. Cunynghame*, are well drawn and finely coloured. The *portrait of a Mathematician*, No. 304, has the air of intense thought: the upper part of the countenance and the arm are in shadow, while the principal light falls rather on the hand and on the objects of the mathematician's contemplation than on himself. No. 378 is *a portrait of Mrs Southerne.*

Mr. W. PAIN has *a design for a Church*, No. 807.

Mr. J. PARKINSON, (No. 783) *a design for the Library at the Surry Institution*, and No. 869. *the Reading-Room at the Surry Institution.*

Mr. S. PATERSON, (No. 870) *Wanstead House.*

Mr. J. PERRY exhibits No. 401, *the Governess.* A coarse, uncouth portrait.

Mr. J. PHELPS has *a portrait in crayons*, No. 438.

Mr. J. PHILLIPS has *a view of Upton house*, now building in East Kent, No. 774.

Mr. H. W. PICKERSGILL has *a view of Minster point, Isle of Sheppy*, No. 86, and a *portrait*, No. 564.

Mr. W. PICKET exhibits No. 533, *Intinerent ballad singers.* The drawing is good, but the colouring wants tone, contrast, and harmony.

Mr. G. F. PIDGEON has *an impression from a medal for the Highland Society* representing *the taking the invincible standard*, No. 662. There is energy and strength of delineation in this design. Also *the portrait of Gen. Sir. R. Abercrombie, on the reverse of the above medal*, is a correct and spirited likeness, No. 665.

Miss M. PIXELL exhibits a *view in the New Forest*, No. 168, and *a Cart House* No. 305. This lady's views are well imagined, but a harsh defective tone of colouring injures their general effect.

Mr. W. F. POCOCK, No. 737, *a Guard-Room for the main guard of a garrison.*

Mr. J. POCOCK exhibits No. 237, and No. 503. The former represents the subject of *Narcissus;* the latter is the *portrait of a child.* As the President exhibits also a composition on the story of Narcissus, it is perhaps unfortunate for this young artist that a necessary comparison unavoidably takes place between the two paintings. We think that Mr. Pocock's will be likely to please the greatest number, while the few admirers of Mr. West's production, will be those who have imbibed just ideas of classical purity, clearness of colouring, delicacy of touch, correctness of delineation, and all the secondary excellencies of the pencil, could not compensate for want of conception. Mr. P. displays nothing of that *vivida vis*, which like the fire from heaven, animates the painter's canvass. If his figures have flesh and blood, they have no souls; his light and shadow are tolerably clear, and tolerably well harmonized; yet a feeble insipidity, unconquered by the brightest tints that seem to array themselves against it, retains possession of the scene. The pencil of Mr. Pocock wants not *skill*, but it wants *mind.*—Of Mr. West's *Narcissus* we shall speak more at large in a future article.

Mr. N. POCOCK has *a Fresh Gale, with Ships, &c.* This is a clear well-painted piece. The waves are in some parts rather abrupt and *ridgy*, and the light is too harsh and settled, to convey the idea of swift motion on the water.

Mr. S. POLACK exhibits *a miniature portrait of Mrs. Polack*, No. 612.

Mr. A. POPE appears here in the character of a portrait painter, but has ventured to assume a particular part which peculiarly belongs to a very superior artist. If Mr. Pope did not court comparison with Mr. Edridge, his drawings would be highly respectable. Mr. P. exhibits Nos. 298, 310, 311, 316, 335, 340, 684, 698.

Mr. W. PORDEN has *an architectural drawing of Eccleston Church, near Chester*, The design is simple, in the Gothic style,

and much what a country church ought to be.

Mr. J. Powell exhibits *two Views*, Nos. 572 and 576.

Mr. C. M. Powell has *a Sea piece*, No. 224.

Mr. J. Pritchett, *a design for a Villa*, No. 820.

Mr. S. Prout exhibits *the birth place of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Plympton, Devon.*

Mr. John Richards, R. A. As this gentleman's name with the rank of Secretary attached to it, has been annually seen in the exhibition catalogues, but not among the list of exhibitors, it began to be suspected that he was, *vox et præterea nihil*. He has therefore proved the *entity* of his pencil at least this year by *a view from the West end of Rochester Bridge*, No. 97. This *view* creates in us no regret that the easel of Mr. Richards has of late years given place to his desk. Let him *resume the pen of a ready writer* among his brother acadamicians, his pencil will add very little to their credit.—The Secretary's style in painting approaches somewhat to that of Mr. Paul Sandby, but in strength of pencilling and spirit of colouring Mr. R. is very inferior to that venerable artist.

Mr. Charles Rossi, R. A. No. 875. *A bust in marble of Lord Thurlow, intended for his monument to be erected in the Temple Church.* This is an excellent likeness. The features are marked with strength and spirit, and the general style of execution is decided and masterly.

Mr. Phillip Reinagle, A. exhibits *the portrait of a Springer, bred at Syston park by the late W. Thorold, Esq.* This portrait of a dog is painted with spirit and fidelity. The colours are warm, and the shadows deep: the whole possesses a brillant effect.

Mr. J. Ramsay exhibits *three portraits* Nos. 52, 323, 333. In these the features are well marked, and the colouring is clear.

Mr. J. Randall has a *design for the conservatory of Col. E. Agar.* No. 818.

Mrs. Read. *The novel reader* (No. 4) by this fair artist is highly creditable to her talents. The interested and animated expression of the countenances on the two female figures in this picture is well delineated, and the attitudes are graceful and characteristic. The flesh has rather a hard and stony cast: this seems to proceed from a want of strength in the semi-tint. Indeed a general timidity of shadow induces a harsh and abrupt effect throughout this painting, which in drawing and conception merits considerable approbation.

Mr. R. R. Reinagle. *Portrait of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor* (No. 1). The first in place is not always the first in merit. This portrait of the first city magistrate possesses little dignity, although in the exhibition-catalogue it takes precedence of all others; nor from its pre eminent situation does it reflect much credit on the talents of the artist. There is a strength of colouring in parts of the drapery, but a want of breadth in the general tone disorders and breaks the effect. The flesh is chalky, and the demeanour stiff and ungraceful.

Miss F. Reinagle exhibits *a landscape with figures* (No. 96). This piece is rich in effect: it has the finish of a fine cabinet picture: a soft yellow tint tinges the mid-landscape, with a tender sunny light, while bold and spirited shades sustain the brilliancy of the fore-ground.

Mr. J. Rising. *Portrait of the Rt. Hon. Lord Melville* (No. 20). This is a good likeness, and the colouring is clear and forcible.

Miss Robertson has a *drawing: Portraits of her brother and sister* (No. 582).

Mr. A. Robertson. (No. 680) *a miniature*, and (No. 629) a frame of miniatures, containing the portraits of *Mr. Wilkie, Mrs. Cadogan, and a Lady.* These in drawing, colouring, and general tone are truly excellent.

Mr. C. Robertson has two *miniature portraits*, Nos. 652 and 702.

Mr. T. S. Roberts exhibits a *landscape and figures* (No. 258). The forms of the rocks and foilage that compose this picture are well defined, but the pencilling is minute and harsh. A disagreeable sameness of tint characterizes the colouring. The effect is broken and frittered away by little shadows and feeble brilliances.

Mr. S. Robinson has an *Architectural design for an hotel and suite of apartments near Vauxhall.*

Mr. J. E. H. Robinson a *landscape*. No. 473.

Mr. P. F. Robinson: a *banquetting seat to be erected at Yedmandale, for G. Osbaldeston, Esq.* No. 749.

Mr. J. Robson exhibits *two architectural designs*: Nos. 830, 836.

Mr. G. F. Robson: a very indifferent *view of Westminster Abbey, from St. James's Park*. No. 588.

Mr. W. E. Rolfe jun. exhibits *three architectural pieces* of considerable merit: we particularly commend *the sketch*, *a design for a bridge*, No 364. The other numbers are 321, and 769.

Master W. C. Ross. When we behold premature talent, we always are sensible of a fear that the perfection of such talent will neither be brilliant or lasting. It is the primrose or snow-drop of the mind; it blossoms before the beams of reason have acquired sufficient permanency of warmth to sustain its existence, and it withers long before the rich and splendid ornaments of taste and judgment have in the summer of manhood, put forth those beauties that demand and obtain our real admiration. But if premature talent can cause apprehension for the uncertainty of its duration, with what sorrow ought we not to see it plucked even in the bud, and offered as the *primitiæ* of genius at the shrine of Vanity? Such offerings are indeed sacrifices! A boy may undoubtedly excel other boys, and that superiority ought to be encouraged by praise, and supported by all the energies of emulation. Let him become acquainted with the works of art, and make him intimate with nature: but while you kindle in him an ardour to excel, you must repress that empty and idle pride, that indolence of vanity, which is ever overlooking the immense spaces of necessary study and exertion, and seeking to repose itself by the side of those, who by indefatigable labour have made themselves masters of perfection. The early shoots of genius must be kept from the public air. It is in the circle of judicious friends and advisers, that the best attempts of the juvenile pencil must seek its approbation or its censure. Let the plant be pruned lest it waste its strength in wild luxuriance, but set it not before public criticism, lest the interest of public taste, which it is the duty of general criticism to preserve, should arm the critic with pitiless severity. If a boy is exhibited as a young *man-monster* in art, of inordinate growth, it is certainly prudent to make your market of him while the wonder lasts: let him be the *Roscius* of painting at every fair, and obtain a niche for him at every public exhibition: but expect not that he will ever excel men by such means. By such cultivation you encourage the mind to outgrow its strength for a few years, and when it should possess the vigour of manhood, it will sink into a feverish and impotent inanity.—Sometimes these public displays of early merit are made in the hope of attracting the notice of such patronage as may support the expences attendant upon the studies of the painter. Such hope is futile. He who bestows his money on the arts is seldom contented with the mere reputation of a liberal patron: he generally thinks that he hires their subserviency; and when he sees the genius of the humble artist sink under the *sufferings of obligation* he hesitates not to accuse his pencil of negligence and ingratitude. Nature is open to every student, and nature is all-sufficient to the perception of real genuis. If the painters of the day are superior to the poets, it is because the works of art are more secluded from general study than the works of the best authors: the painter is therefore driven to the study of nature, while the poet contents himself with the study of books. Colourists and versifiers are made by contemplating the works of eminent men, while real painters and true poets are formed by the contemplation of the works of God. We have expatiated thus largely on the culture of early talent, because we should be sorry if Master Ross were to sink into *Roscian obscurity* before he has attained the perfection of which he gives considerable promise. His drawings are (No. 278) *Mordecai rewarded.*—(No. 468) *The judgment of Solomon.*—And (No. 609) *A portrait of a lady and child, in the characters of Venus and Cupid.*

Mr. W. Ross (No. 690) *portraits in miniature of Master Ross with his brother and sister.*

REVIEW OF WORKS OF ART.

Mr. Roth. *A portrait* (No. 669).

Mr. L. Roy exhibits *a view on Waltham-Green* (No. 498) and *a view near Kew* (No. 579).

Mr. P. Rouw has *three portraits in wax* (Nos. 676, 677, 678) representing the *late Lord Mayor, the late Mr. Pitt, and B. Howard, Esq.* These are modelled with taste and delicacy, and the likenesses are excellent.

Mr. T. Ruck has *a design for a college*, (No. 732,)

Mr. W. Russell. This artist has *a portrait* under the title of *Agnes*, which reminds us of the numerous misses with their darling lambs, that ornamented the halls and drawing-rooms of our great grand-mothers. It is a pretty smirking young lady, whose cheeks and eyes do no discredit to the observation of the painter. The portraits of *J. Pearson, F. R. S. and Judge Bayley* are better specimens of the powers of crayon-painting. There is more strength of tone and less chalkiness of tint, in the paintings of Mr. R. than in other crayon-paintings, which, however, at the best, are but garish and perishable toys. The numbers are 343, 365, 420.

Mr. Paul Sandby, R. A. The pencilling displayed in the works of this veteran artist, possesses all the vigourous outline of the old school, before the prevalence of *blotting in an effect* by undefined forms converted mere *brush-men* into artists. Yet this brilliancy of pencilling, when too closely pursued, becomes a serious defect. A timidity of shadowing, and a harshness of finishing, which preserves the outline with a stiffness of care, and leaves a wide vacant glare of light, are the consequences of this laboured attention to correct sketching. Mr. Sandby's *View from the back of No. 4, in St. George's Row*, (No. 195) is a rich specimen of the faults and beauties of this *manner* of using the pencil. No. 317, *view of an iron forge on the river Kent, in Cumberland*, possesses rather more breadth of shadow, and in the *view of the inside of the South Gate, at Conway*, (No. 336) we find a fine effect from the excellent keeping of the middle tint. The *view on Kilburn-Road*, has a rich broken *sunniness* very congenial with the subject, but the shadows want breadth, and the chairo'scuro is feeble.

Mr. Thomas Stothard, R. A. exhibits in No. 130, *an emblematical picture of Peace.* Though this picture bears a general resemblance to the works of Rubens, in colour, and style of composition, it is very superior to that master in purity of allegory. The descending figure of Peace, is not new, we have seen her before as Clementina, in Sir Charles Grandison, and as the lady in Comus, yet as she is Mr. Stothard's own, he has a right, which few will venture to dispute, to introduce her wherever he thinks proper, and she appears with peculiar grace in her own character.

Mr. Martin Archer Shee, R. A. This artist exhibits *two portraits*. No. 23, *Col. Sheldon*, and No. 133, *Lord Kensington.* Some artists know too well how a piece should be painted to paint it well. Their minds are more accustomed to precept than their hands to practise. They are so eager to teach, that they neglect that experience that would teach themselves: They set knowledge before skill: but *skill in the arts* is not the result of critical deductions, but of actual observation and habit, and true *knowledge in the arts* is the result of acquired skill. No critic, however judicious and systematical his disquisitions, hath since the creation of nature, created a painter or a poet, but critics are creatures, whose very existence with all their legislative codes of taste, depend merely upon the works of poets and painters. We may be suspected of saying this in allusion to Mr. Shee's poem: we admit the grounds of such suspicion, and we refer to our critique on that poem for our reasons, by which we think we have confirmed our right to these opinions. In brilliancy of wit, and in richness of figurative diction, we admire the poem of Mr. Shee: but his poem in some degree resembles his paintings;—it wants general conception as a whole, and consequently freedom of outline: its effect is not impressive, but like the chiaro'scuro of his paintings, broken and abrupt: it has force of expression and strength of colouring, (indeed these seem to be the principal aim of the author) but he does not always attain his object, and his expression some-

times degenerates into obscure metaphor, and his colouring too often glitters in the spotty brilliancies of epigrammic point.

Mr. John Soane, R. A. exhibits *a view of the North front of the Bank of England*, (No. 778) *and a view of part of the proposed design for a new House of Lords* (No. 828).

Mr. G. Samuel exhibits *a view of Powis castle, North Wales*, (No. 27). The green and blue hue of this painting is, to a certain degree, elevated into brillancy by strong shadow, assisted by some scattered tints of red and soft yellow. *A cottage near Tintern Abbey*, (No. 44) has a broad sunny effect. *In the view near Tintern, Monmouthshire*, (No. 360) the effect is not so good: the shadows are rather broken and confused, and the light is unsettled. *Brockwer, on the Wye, Gloucestershire*, (No. 385) is a clear and excellent drawing; the figures are graceful and animated. No. 391, *Cottage in Windsor Forest* has too much of a cold green tint unrelieved by shadow, which is rather more dissipated in patches than we should have expected from the other pictures of this artist.

Mr. F. Sandys exhibits *four architectural designs* of great merit, Nos. 799, 800, 839, 851.

Mr. J. N. Sartorius has *portraits of spaniels flushing a woodcock*, (No. 184). *Portrait of Mr. Butler's, Miss Coiner*, (No. 423). *Lord Folley's Comrade beating Mr. Goodison's Foxbury, and Mr. Butler's Epsom for the plate over Epsom*, 1808. These animals are drawn in Mr. S's usual animated and correct style.

Mr. J. F. Sartorius exhibits No. 453 and 470, *a partridge and a snipe*. The feathering is beautifully touched: the tinting is clear and correct.

Mr. H. Sass has *a Study*, No. 250.

Mr. R. Sass exhibits *three landscapes*: (No 368) *Ross Castle, and Lower Lake of Killarney*; this is a coarsely tinted green picture, which at a small distance has the appearance of a heavy green spot. The same fault may be found with (No. 413) *Princess Elizabeth's cottage, Old Windsor*. No. 435, *a view of Great Malvern, Worcestershire*, has more diversity of tint, and more brightness in the aerial perspective.

Mr. R. W. Satchwell has *four portraits in miniature* of very considerable merit. Nos. 637, 640, 689, 696.

Mr. J. Savage, (No. 845) *Richmond bridge, forming the approach to the four courts, Dublin*.

Mr. J. Saxon has *two portraits*, No. 338 and 540. The former is a well executed likeness of *Mrs. Astley*.

Mr. C. H. Schwanfelder, (No. 75) *a setter dog*,

Mr. G. S. Seares, (No. 280) *Launceston bridge*.

Mr. H. H. Seward, (No. 741) *design for an entrance to a market at Hereford*.

Mr. M. W. Sharp, (No. 164) *portrait of a gentleman*, very feeble and ill coloured.

Mr. W. Shepherd, (No. 344) *Thaxton church, Essex*. A mere outline, without any strength of shadow or colouring.

Mr. G. Shepherd has two moderately well finished drawings. No. 374, *an interior view of St. Albans*, and No. 469, *Netley Abbey*,

Mr. J. Sillett, *a flower piece* No. 430.

Mr. T. M Simpson exhibits in No. 293, a drawing entitled *Fallen Angels*. This is a masterly group: the positions are well chosen and well diversified: the expression is generally strong and correct, and the drawing, with some few faults, to which such a variety of subjects may be liable, is firm and good.

Mr. H. Singleton exhibits No. 159, *an Arabian soldier's return to his family*. An Arab, whose life is occupied in marauding, and who is seldom at any settled habitation, may probably consider a wife and family as encumbrances. The Arab of Mr. Singleton certainly sees them without joy, and they look at him with sour countenances, as if they were disappointed of some expected booty. If this be the painter's intention the expression is good, but it would have been as well to have given a hint to this effect in the Academy catalogue, because such as know but little of the Arabian turn of Mr. S's ideas in this picture, might be apt to expect a few traits of joy or of some such *human* passion on such an occasion. In No. 180, Mr. Singleton attempts the mythological subject of *Cupid and Phyche*, but not with any considerable success. Had he failed only in the conception of the design,

he would have failed with many; the beautiful Greek gems, that exhibit this story, have instigated numerous artists to an undertaking so little congenial with modern ideas. The mysterious interest attached to these imaginary personages is no more: we know them only from Apuleius, or as allegorical beings, that signify affection and intelligence. Under the latter symbols, the President has exhibited one of the finest compositions of modern genius, which has been already noticed in our account of the British Institution, page 16. The picture of Mr. Singleton is taken from the poem of Apuleius. His business was therefore to represent the incident independent of its allegorical interpretation; but this we do not think he has very successfully accomplished. *The Bard*, No. 197, is a much better picture: it represents a Grecian group; a female figure and two children listening to a youthful Rhapsodist. The colouring is rich and mellow, and the shadow more clear and forcible, and of more perfect breadth than in Mr. S's other performances. Mr. Singleton's other pieces are portraits, Nos. 174, 262, and 414.

Mrs. Singleton. *A miniature portrait*, No. 611.

Miss M. Singleton. *Two portraits*, Nos. 116, 547.

Mr. G. Sintzenich, Jun. *A composition of flowers and fruit, from studies after nature.* No. 326.

Mr. D. Skeaf. *A view of the Clyde*, No. 203.

Mr. J. Slater exhibits three frames containing *Portrait Sketches*, Nos. 291, 474, 475, and *a portrait*, No. 672. These are intended to be somewhat in the manner of Mr. Edridge; except that the finishing is in chalk. They possess some merit with respect to mere outline, with little gracefulness or expresssion.

Mr. J. Slater. A frame of portraits, No. 647.

Mr. G. Slous, an excellent *miniature portrait*, No. 606.

Mr. J. Smart, *a miniature portrait of Mrs. Smart*. A *smart* portrait, No. 680.

Mr. J. Smart, of Ipswich, exhibits *the portrait of a lady and the portrait of himself*, Nos. 406 and 450. We can say nothing *smarter* of either.

Miss Smirke exhibits *a view of Arundel Castle.* A fine majestic effect is produced in this piece by the force of shadow: the chairo 'scuro is excellent. The castle rises with rich solemnity from the bosom of a broad deep shade, while the sky and water, with a soft, yet hazy, brightness, relieve the massy grandeur of the scene.

Miss J. Smith has *a miniature portrait of a lady*, No. 643.

Miss G. S. Smith has *a botanical drawing of the Amaryllis vittata*, No. 279.

Mr. C. H. Smith has *a design for a Villa*, No. 842.

Mr. J. R. Smith exhibits (No. 380) *an Astronomer and Pupil*: this is a crayon drawing of considerable merit, the style is free, and the attitudes are graceful; but there is too much simplicity in the countenance of the female student of astronomy; it approaches very nearly to the expression of stupidity. Strength of tone is wanting in this picture, and in (No. 390) *portrait of a gentleman*.

Mr. C. S. Smith, *a design for a Cenotaph*, No. 554.

Mr. J. Soward, *two architectural drawings*, Nos. 731 and 822.

Mr. E. A. Spilsbury exhibits Nos. 14 and 95. The first, *Panthers and a Leopard*, the other *a Doe and her Fawn*. They are both good representations of animals: considered as pictures they want relief and breadth of effect.

Mr. J. L. Stebbing has *a design for a pavilion*, No. 867.

Mr. J. Steele has *two miniature portraits*, Nos. 639 and 657.

Mr. J. H. Stevenson, *a view on Hampstead Heath*, No. 460.

Mr. Stewart, *a miniature portrait of Mrs. G. Brown.*

Mr. T. Stewardson has *six portraits*, Nos. 21, 89, 137, 152, 239, 358. The colouring is feeble, and the drawing indifferent. The drapery has in general a harsh and dingy appearance from a want of clearness in the shadows. This defect often occurs in the works of portrait painters: Mr. S. extends it to the flesh. It is hard indeed when the artist can give his subject neither a clean face, nor clean linen.

Mr. W. T. Strutt has *a frame of miniatures*, No. 715.

Mr. S. J. Stump has *a miniature portrait, of Mrs. H. Johnson* in the character of a *fortune-teller*, (No. 694). There is much vivacity in the countenance and attitude of this figure: the colours are rich, and the finishing is clear and delicate. No. 706, a frame, containing among others, *the portrait of Mrs. Andrews*. This may be esteemed *a chef d'œuvre* in delicacy of finishing. The countenance is expressive, and the flesh beautifully tinted. The muslin dress and the lace are exquisitely touched, in the highest style of miniature.

## EXHIBITION OF THE WATER COLOUR SOCIETY, AT THE GREAT ROOM, IN SPRING GARDENS.

*(Continued from page 230.)*

Mr. E. Dorrell is evidently of the school of Cristall. He imitates that artist of original feelings, in his colouring; his mode of handling his pencil; his choice of subjects, and general habits of thinking upon the subject of his art. His first picture is,

No. 95, *Scene in Windsor Forest*. This is called a view, and we confess ourselves not sufficiently acquainted with the part of Windsor, where the artist has stationed himself, to say that it is otherwise; yet it has much of the dignified arrangement of well studied composition. The trees are of noble growth, grand in their forms, well massed, and judiciously generalised. They are the best trees we have seen from the pencil of Mr. Dorrell, and the deer, timber-wain and driver, are well introduced. Of the figure under the trees we cannot say quite so much.

But the friends of Mr. Dorrell, may justly object that we give no good reason for doubting the painter's veracity, when we say that his work possesses much of the dignified arrangement of well-studied composition. To this we reply, that we mean no more than a shade of doubt, which those who are better acquainted than ourselves with the topography of Windsor Forest, may perhaps, be able to clear away; and that our doubt has been chiefly suggested by the lofty station in the landscape, which is occupied by Windsor Castle—too lofty in our apprehension, even for,

> ——" the stately brow
> Of Windsor's heights."

The distant round tower, however, seen above and beyond the lodge, comes in so well, and this peep of the Castle gives so much grandeur and interest to the scene, that we have no wish to see it altered.

No. 130, *Is entitled the Village of Watenlath Cumberland*, but is rather a *Lake* than a *Village* scene. The wind sets into a bay of the lake; it is evening, and a storm is beginning. A rough road winds from the fore-ground, under the long line which terminates the bay, and gives grace and grandeur to the landscape; beyond this bay the village of Watenlath is indistinctly discoverable. It is embowered in wood, and rather indicated by the smoke from the evening fires of the cottagers, than shewn. The general effect has much of the gloomy magnificence of Poussin, and a single figure near the fore-ground, is placed much as he would have placed it.

No. 208, *Cottage Door, near Winkfield Berks*, and No. 212, *Cottage Door near Winkfield plain*. Are a very charming pair of drawings, wherein Mr. Dorrell has imitated Nature and Cristall with so much success, that we at first mistook them for Mr.

Cristall's performances. In one the incident of a girl watering flowers is well introduced. The subjects of both are simple, and truly English, and in both the colouring is mild, pleasing, harmonious, and the chiaro'scuro good.

No. 273, is a *Scene in Windsor Forest with Horses Watering*, by the same Artist.

Mr. W. S. GILPIN exhibits No. 81, a *Scene near Killarney*; No. 145, a *View of the lake of Killarney from Lord Kenmare's Park:* and No. 159, *View at Briton Ferry, Glamorganshire.* Of which the last appears to us to be the best. It is taken from a lofty station, the ferry being seen over the tops of trees, which form a nearly horizontal line across the picture. The landscape is bounded by lofty mountains.

When Mr. Gilpin's landscapes are surrounded by those of his fellow exhibitors, they appear to want depth and solidity of tone.

Mr. J. GLOVER. We have to regret that the Exhibition closing a week sooner than we had expected, has prevented us from paying that attention to some of this artist's performances, to which they are so eminently entitled. It appears to us that he has made some successful efforts to diversify his former practise, of which,

No. 3, *Farm Yard in Winter*, may serve as an instance. Here is a winter farm yard —a novel scene in a picture—with an Old Manor, now a farm house, seen beyond; cows are feeding in the middle ground, and on the fore-ground boys are sliding on a frozen pond. The branches of the trees, clogged with snow, and isicles are ably drawn, and the idea of the coldness of the season is kept up throughout. Even the little warm colour that is introduced in the old brick mansion, cows, hay, and where the cows have soiled the snow, is cooled and not contrasted violently to the whites and blues.

No. 43, is entitled *Twilight*. It is a small picture when compared with the generality of Mr. Glover's works. A dark group of trees is seen beyond a river; to the left of these, the light, which still lingers in the horizon, though the sun has sunk, is seen in gleams under a sky somewhat clouded, and is faintly reflected in the water.

No. 46, is *Conway Castle*. In this picture the chiaro'scuro is well suited to the subject. A stormy sky is rolling over the castle, and light gleams on its towers from beneath the clouds. We easily aud naturally associate the ideas of tempests and castles. That of Conway, in the view before us, occupies a commanding station on a rocky cape in the middle ground of the picture. It is seen from a woody fore-ground, beyond an arm of the sea. The distance terminates in lofty hills.

No. 51, *Falls of the Machno in North Wales*. This is at once a novel and a capital performance of an upright form. The side of a precipitous mountain, partially covered with brushwood, interspersed with a few trees of a somewhat larger growth, forms the right hand portion of the picture. To the left, the landscape is broken and rocky, and intermixed also with foliage. Between these, the river Machno enters the landscape, taking the character of a mountain torrent; it dashes from rock to rock along its interrupted course for a considerable space, increasing in impetuosity as it approaches the spectator, till at length it is precipitated, foaming and thundering, down the side of a rocky mountain.

Beyond the cataract, and opposed to a broad mass of shade, which envelopes the side of the nearest mountain, a brilliant light breaks into the picture with excellent effect. Here a distant mountain covered with verdure, on which the sunshine has settled, relieves-light from the dark grey of a tempest fraught cloud, and serves to conduct the light upward from the water-fall, and connect it with the brighter light of the sky.

Mr. Glover's colouring in this picture is mild and sober; his chiaro'scuro striking, and his sky very successfully composed to suit the landscape. Those who delight in feeling out the philosophy of the landscape painter's art, and tracing the analogical relations between form and sentiment, will, perhaps, perceive that the artist's intention in composing this sky, has been to lead the eye, and consequently the spectator's attention, upward; that this increases the idea of continuity, and that in this kind of cataract, continuity is grandeur.

REVIEW OF WORKS OF ART.

To the internal evidence of the truth of nature, Mr. Glover has here added the persuasive charms of poetry, and has even suggested those wild and wondrous sounds, which awaken our enthusiasm for the untrodden solitudes of wild landscape. The writer of these remarks cannot be surprised at the fondness of the English for this province of painting, when he sees such pictures as are the best of those which grace the present exhibition, and this among the number. A cataract is one of those objects where the dread magnificence of nature, sets the baby works of man, at an immense distance.

The three following pictures are among those which have escaped our more particular attention.

No. 55, *Moel Siabod in North Wales.*

No. 78, *Conway Castle with the effect of Morning.*

No. 86, *View of Greenwich.*

No. 100, *Coldicott,* (which we believe should be Caldicott) *Castle, South Wales.* The light of the setting sun here catches with brilliant effect on the towers of Caldicott. A dark bank constitutes the foreground, beyond which, cattle are reflected, with excellent effect, in the clear water. The opposite bank is variegated and enriched with those catching lights, which this artist so well knows how to express, and here sheep, &c. are reposing. The sun sets among light, flying, clouds.

No. 103, *View on the Heder.* This picture also is remarkable for those brilliant golden lights, which Mr. Glover has the art of representing with so much of the richness of nature herself. A small river which we suppose is the Heder, descends through a valley by gentle falls, and the fore-ground is broken into picturesque forms by foliage and fragments of rock.

No. 109, is entitled *Falls of the Conway.* A peaked rock, which lies in the bed of this romantic river divides it as it falls. The nearer part of the Conway is overshadowed by dark and rather lofty trees, from behind which the light streams with considerable brilliance on two rocky knolls, which form the more distant embankments of the river, and of which the summits are enriched with verdure and tufted foliage. The nearest and loftiest of these rocks impends over the waterfall in such a way, that a poet incontinently looks to see if it be *the* rock, (as it well might be) where Gray stationed his Bard,

> " whose haughty brow
> Frown'd o'er Conway's foaming flood."

The water even where it is broken into foam, is lowered to a grey, darker in tone though lighter in local colour, than where sunshine falls on the rocks, yet sufficiently white, from the opposition of shade by which it is surrounded.

No. 112, *Evening with Cattle.* Represents the placid close of a summer's day. On the further side of a piece of water, remarkable for its transparency and calmness, cattle have retired under the umbragous shelter of a spreading tree, and are reflected in the water with the usual felicity of Mr. Glover's pencil.

Mr. Glover's other performances are,

No. 118, *Llanwrst Vale.* A landscape wherein space is ably expressed. It seems of almost boundless extent. A river winds through the vale, and the scene is terminated by mountains beyond mountains gradually melting into air.

No. 176, *Llanrwst Market place,* and

No. 179, *Conway Castle by Moonlight,* are two miniature landscapes: studies from nature.

No. 223, is *A Summer's Evening with Cattle,* resembling No. 112, both in subject and mode of treatment.

No. 225, *Needwood Forest with Tutbury Castle in the distance,* is a Claude-like landscape, possessing all the amenity and repose, for which that master is so justly celebrated. From the forest of Needwood, which, we are sorry to learn does now really *need wood* (having been disforested of late), the spectator looks out on a richly cultivated country, over which the eye wanders for miles, and which is terminated by the hill on which stands Tutbury Castle, and the other more distant mountains of Staffordshire. The figures and cattle near the fore-ground are introduced much in the manner of Claude.

No. 231, is *A View near Melthorp, evening.*

No. 247, *Conway Castle.* The gateway

of the castle, occupies a large portion of the right hand side of the picture. The castle itself appears at some distance in the middle-ground, backed by mountains. Several vessels appear in the harbour, and on the fore-ground are numerous figures employed in various maritime occupations. The whole bears a striking resemblance—which it may be suspected was intended by the artist,—to the Sea Ports of Claude of Lorraine. The sun is sinking toward the horizon, and his golden light catches on the figures, rigging of the vessels, and edges of the waves. The subject of this picture is precisely the same with that of the miniature, to which Mr. Glover has given the effect of moonlight.

No. 250, *Cattle and Figures*, with the effect of the *Morning*. The massy tower which appears in this picture we believe is one of the towers of Chepstow Castle. We find it impracticable to follow this copious and abundant artist further in the present exhibition, except by adding the names of the remainder of his performances.

No. 269 and 271, are two *Views near Sutton, Coldfield*

No. 274, is *Chepstow Castle*.

No. 283, is *Conway Castle*, Evening.

No. 301, another *View of Greenwich*.

No. 314, *Caernarvon Castle*.

No. 317, *Boy and Ass*, a study from nature.

To the works of Mr. Havell we are, from the accident already mentioned, unprepared to do that ample justice which their merits might *severally* claim. Speaking generally, his pictures are this year more chaste than some of his former productions, and more free from the intemperances of modern landscape painting. They are somewhat less shewy than formerly, when seen among others, but would probably look better, on that account, if seen by themselves. While some other members of the Society, have been increasing the brightness of their lights, and deepening their shadows, Havell has been stationary in these respects, or perhaps has been lowering his lights, somewhat more than formerly, to the tone of the old maste[rs.] While they have been straining their powers, like certain players, to fill a large theatre, or split the nerves of the groundlings, he has been (to use more of the words of Shakespear) begetting a temperance: and we suspect that the purchasers of his pictures, will be still better pleased with them in their parlours, or drawing-rooms, than in that of the exhibition.

We regret to be able to set before our readers so little of critical remark to what we intended. With a partially descriptive catalogue of the works of Mr. Havell, and some other of the gentlemen of this society, we have been favoured by a friend, and we give it to the reader incorporated with such remarks of our own as we are now able to retrace with certainty. His four first productions, as they stand in the catalogue, are

No. 5, *Eagle Craig, at Westwater, Cumberland.*

No. 6, *The Thames, near Henley.*

7, *Cottage, near Waterford.*

38, *The Wood Cutters.*

The latter picture is a forest scene, with lofty trees on the fore-ground, whence a road ascends to a glade, where wood men are employed in cutting up and felling timber.

> " Here the rude axe with heaved stroke,
> " Is frequent heard, the nymphs to daunt,
> " And fright them from their hallow'd haunt.

A bright light falls upon this part of the picture, with striking effect: almost the whole of the remainder of the landscape is overshadowed by forest trees.

No. 42, *The Farm Yard*, is backed by a wooded hill: in the middle-ground are the barns and out buildings belonging to a farm-house: and on the fore-ground, are cattle, pigs, and peasantry at their rural occupations.

No. 63 presents us with a fine effect of *Sun-set.*

No. 107, is a *Scene from the Head of Windermere*, wherein the artist has introduced the effects of a commencing storm. At some distance is a mountain partly en[vel]... by rolling clouds, contrasted to [wh]ich a partial burst of sunshine illumines [a] more distant mountain, with interesting effect, while between the hills, the rain falls in torrents. At the head of Windermere, which appears violently agitated by the

tempest, is seated a village, and a cape, which projects into the lake: three horses are hastening for shelter.

No. 111, has a clear sky, and water of most beautiful transparency, reflecting the objects on its banks. It is the river *Brathay*, which divides the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland, and winds gracefully into the picture from behind a rich group of trees. The distance is closed by mountains.

No. 116, is a *view in a Wood, near Keswick.* A brilliant light falls on a rich gravelly bank, which is variegated with patches of verdure, and is well supported by a broad and sombrous shadow beyond. From this bank rises a tree, under which a shepherd is dressing, who has apparently retired from bathing in the water, which forms the nearer part of the picture. The water is painted with almost deceptive clearness, and reflects the aquatic plants, figure, and other bordering objects. Underneath the foliage of another tree a distant bridge is discoverable, and part of a woodland road: beyond these are seen glimpses of distant mountains, and a sky darkening upward from a bright horizon.

There is a certain robe of humid freshness which nature wears in her retirement—Collins, the poet, knew well how to write of these, not uncommon, but unobserved things, and Mr. Havell knows how to paint them, with truth, delicacy, and their peculiar attractive grace.—Of this knowledge and power in the artist, the picture before us is a pertinent example. It successfully describes a a moist and retired situation in a forest; and Mr. Havell has felt to keep his greens cool, without leaving them (what painters term) raw: the same discriminative feeling, and correct eye, have directed and enabled him to support his greens throughout the picture, with humid grey, and to combine the whole by an impressive chiaro'scuro.

No. 137, pourtrays the *bursting of a Cloud.* The cloud has burst over a lake, which is broken by jutting promontories, and is pouring down its contents [illegible]th great violence. A mountain which rises [illegible]d the lake is partially seen through the fa[illegible] rain.

No. 144, presents us with the *Manner of Ploughing in Oxfordshire.* and consists of fallow fields with a low, flat, distance, and heavy clouds: of course, ploughmen are at work near the fore-ground.

No. 157, is *the Lake of Windermere.* Above, and on the left of this picture are dark clouds, from which a bright light streams, on a distant part of the lake, and on a neighbouring mountain, with striking effect. The surface of the lake is placid, except where disturbed by a boat near the fore-ground.

No. 293 *a view at Troutbeck, near Ambleside.* Is a forest scene of considerable interest and some magnificence, through which a *beck* (or Cumberland mountain-river) dashes from rock to rock. A flock of sheep, followed by a shepherd, and partially overshadowed by lofty trees, gives a pastoral character, while it helps to enliven the forest gloom, which generally prevails through the landscape.

No. 245, is a *View on the Thames, near Reading*: a rich evening scene, with the light from a setting sun reflected in the river, along which is proceding a laden barge. The view is taken from Caversham bridge.

Nos. 320 and 327, are entitled *Making the Corn Rick*, and the *Straw Yard.*

No. 334 is *the Beck of Ambleside, after much rain.*

No. 336 is *Kentmere Hall, near Ambleside.* Kentmere hall is an old established mansion, in a secluded situation, and of a picturesque form, which Mr. Havel has relieved by warm and mellow tints from a dark wooded hill. Out of a bank, on the right hand side of the picture, arise lofty trees, at the foot of which runs a stream, in which boys are bathing. The whole forms a landscape of very pleasing character.

No. 337 is a *scene in Windsor Forest.* There is a certain air of innate majestic grandeur attending Mr. Havell in his forest scenery, which shews that he has known how and what to select from the landscapes of Titian and the Poussins, as well as from Nature herself.

Mr. Heaphy maintains his station as the water-colour painter of *Comedy*, though he sometimes degenerates into Farce, and is at others (in his choice of subjects) vulgar, without being humorous, or moral. To tell such truths as he has accidentally seen,

or sought for, and found, and been able to combine, and to repeat accurately with all their circumstantial details, appears to be his constant purpose. He seems to care little for the *kind* of truth: he paints a detail of wickedness, or a detail of virtue, with the same interest, or the same apathy. The sore leg of a suffering farmer, or the first kiss of a lovely maid, appear indifferent —more indifferent—than we could wish, to the pencil of Mr. Heaphy.

We have said he maintains his station: but in one respect at least he has advanced. He has this year produced a larger and more multifarious composition than any which he has formerly exhibited; and as far as merit in the fine art increases with the difficulties of multifarious composition— which difficulties do certainly increase in a very rapid ratio,—this circumstance entitles him to a larger share of public approbation than he has formerly enjoyed. With respect to intimate knowledge of the localities of nature, and accuracy of representation of individual objects, both animate and inanimate, we conceive it to be hardly possible to carry water-colour painting further than Mr. Heaphy had previously carried it.

No. 9, is a *Group of Game*; consisting of a hare, partridge, pheasant, and woodcock, lying in a game basket, the whole of which is judiciously composed, and coloured and pencilled, with most exquisite taste and skill.

No. 22, is a *Fish Market.* The scene is on the strand, at Hastings. The morning is lowering; Beachey Head is seen in the distance, and on a hill in the middle ground, are the ruins of Hastings Castle.

On the fore-ground is a well-dressed lady, apparently of the metropolis, who, with an expression of surprise in her countenance, and action, is bargaining with an honest-looking fish-monger and his wife for a turbot. Whether she affects surprise, as some ladies think it a duty to do, at the largeness of the sum that is asked, or really feels it, at finding fish so much cheaper at Hastings than in London, may admit of some doubt. We should incline to think that the painter intended the latter, if the fishmonger were not surprised in his turn: Yet the lady's purse is in her hand, which marks her evident intention to purchase, and can leave the fishmonger in no doubt on that point. Perhaps the liberality of the lady's offer renders it a real and an agreeable surprise on both sides.

Numerous other figures fill up this nearest and principal group, of which, those which attract most interest, is a female attendant of the lady—an English girl of credulous look and artless deportment, receiving a letter from a crafty French servant, while she listens to his whispers. The very physiognomy of this fellow to every impartial spectator, cries out beware! but the girl listens only to his whispers, and listens alas! with evident complacency. He is a fellow that appears formed by nature and education for carrying on intrigues, and marks the just physiognomical distinctions to which Mr. Heaphy's studies have led him.

Nor is this physiognomical accuracy less evident in the subordinate group, which may be said to constitute the underplot of this comedy, which consists of two fish wives quarrelling over a fish stall, to the great entertainment of the surrounding auditory. A glass and large gin-measure (the contents of which have doubtless given *spirit* to the dispute) are standing among the fish. On the countenance of the most vehement of the combatants, in this fierce war of words, nature has written *scold*, in her plainest character, she is obviously of the irritable genus, and her volubility has borne down her adversary for the moment, who appears of a sanguine temperament, and is collecting her rage.

A child, who is unheeded, is very naturally endeavouring to dissuade her mother from continuing the dispute, while a low-bred man is wickedly urging on her opponent. In a nearer part of the picture, a boy in a smock-frock of no very honest appearance, is passing with a mackarel in his hand, which we may suspect he has obtained by stealth; while in the left-hand corner of the fore-ground, a man and a boy are engaged in counting out fish. Beyond the figures, are the dwellings, probably of the fishermen, and a group of fishing smacks aground, while in a distant part of the bay, a boat is coming towards the shore.

For difficulty of composition, display of colours, and fidelity of detailed representation, the Fish Market is certainly Mr. Heaphy's master-piece. The characters and expressions of the figures, are minutely faithful to nature and the occasion, and are well associated: but the grouping and colouring of the fish are admirable! nobody, who would see this kind of art in perfection, should omit seeing these fish: The mackarel in particular, glisten with all the vivid and varying hues of nature herself.

> "Now—like a lobster boil'd—the morn,
> "From black to red begins to turn."

We should be glad to ask Mr. Heaphy why in a morning fish market on the sea beach at Hastings, where his mackarel and his turbot are evidently so fresh caught, he has introduced a *red* lobster? He has taught us to look narrowly into his beautiful performances. If he wanted a bit of scarlet to fill up his system of harmony, he surely might have elsewhere found it.—At all events, he must allow us critics a little lobster *sauce*, where there is so much good fish.

Mr. Heaphy has entitled No. 69 *Gleaners.* The scene is a corn-field, and the rich golden robe which nature wears at the glowing season of harvest, is profusely embroidered with the blue and scarlet of corn-bottles and poppies. Reapers are seen at some distance, and near the fore-ground, is a female gleaner, dressed with rustic negligence, wearing a black bonnet, and leading an interesting curly-headed boy. Both are laden with their gleanings, and the clear sunshine of a summer's day is here ably depicted.

The writer of these remarks is not very partial to that mode of criticism, which would measure the merits of a modern painter, by comparing his works with those of his contemporaries, and perhaps his fellow exhibitors; and has in general, purposely sought for other criteria of excellence. Yet when contrasts or resemblances more peculiarly striking, pertinent, or illustrative, are thus afforded, his scruples of delicacy must sometimes give way to his earnestness for truth. His first anxiety is for truth; his second, to convey it as he feels it, or in the most impressive manner. His desire not to be invidious follows, at due distance, and at a still further distance, his desire not to appear so.—Thus much of explanation appeared due to those *of whom*, and also to those *to whom* he writes, and to be not improper in this place.

Mr. Heaphy, then, must allow us to think (however highly we may prize those merits which are more peculiarly his own) that in the treatment of rustic subjects, where we compare his style with that of Cristall, it appears too refined and elaborate to be in perfect analogy with the untutored simplicity of rural life. Heaphy seems to begin, like the tempter of old, with courteously addressing our visual organs, and to win his way towards such of our affections as are the ultimate object of his hopes, by the assiduities of his art—not to say, by the artfulness of his assiduities. In the paradise of art, if he does not sometimes, like the serpent of Milton, tempt us toward forbidden fruit—(even from this imputation he is not wholly free)—he resembles him in the beauty, brillancy, and blandishments of his course and appearance*: he completely charms the sense, and if criticism were to stop here, Mr. Heaphy's success must be acknowledged and ratified, for it is on all hands acknowledged that he does what no other artist can do in the same perfection. Cristall on the contrary, leaving the fascinations of elaborate finishing and vivid colour, and neglecting the studied detail of minute particulars, goes straight forward, as genius directs him, to the heart. He appears to begin with that vigorous conception of his subject, toward which Heaphy is plying, and to steer with bolder hand, a vessel laden with the gems of intellect. There is a certain artless and even clumsy carelessness in his touch, which is in close

* We have heard that Mr. Heaphy is a man of a religious turn of mind. To such a man our simile may perhaps appear the *very devil.* We therefore beg to assure him that we speak of the beauty of Milton's serpent quite in the abstract—or at least as much so as possible—and leave the reader to trace such analogies as he may, between the art of Mr. Heaphy, and the wanton wreaths which were curled by the serpent—in the sight of Eve—to lure her eye.

analogy with rustic habits and apperances, and which seems to enable him without effort, and without any appearance of solicitude, to render manifest to others—not what an eye of curious research alone discovers, but—what the mind of a poet or a painter, who has steadily contemplated this portion of nature, alone conceives. In Heaphy, the work of the artist's hand and eye demands and obtains a large portion of the attention and surprise of every spectator: the pastoral poet will bestow spontaneous praise as he surveys the rustic productions of Cristall, because he artlessly renders back the image of the mind.

Not the poet, who is faithfully correct, is esteemed most competent to the treatment of pastoral subjects: but he, who governed by simplicity of taste,

"Pours forth the *unpremeditated* lay."

and with this principle, the practical energies of painting, are in strict analogy: yet Doctors it should seem do not differ more widely than painters; and Heaphy and Cristall, each in his turn, seems to dispense with, and almost despise, all that the other regards as professional excellence.

It may further be worthy of observation that the charms of art, when it is exercised in any degree approaching to perfection, appear to be so powerful, that they *severally* delight the eyes of truth. Whether the merits of these painters, each of whom deserves, and receives, a large portion of public encomium (if not of public encouragement) are compatible, and whether we should not admire a picture wherein the excellencies of Heaphy and Cristall should be combined, more than the works of either separately; are questions which we leave for the consideration of those who delight in the philosophy of fine art.

No. 72 is entitled *Gamblers*, by T. Heaphy. "My house shall be called the house "of prayer, but ye have made it a den of "thieves." Here are six young men and boys, of whom though it might not be easy to say which will come first to the gallows, no one will doubt that all will come there at last; and they are engaged gambling with dice, among the ruins of a religious edifice. The walls where some holy fraternity once chanted their daily orisons, has Mr. Heaphy taught to echo with the obscene oaths of the most wicked, vulgar, and abandoned disputants, that the art of painting ever presented to our view.

The picture is painted with the accustomed care of this artist, and his usual close observation of nature. But where (it will naturally be asked) can he have gone to make his observations? Zeuxis, as we read, selected six Grecian beauties from whom to paint his Helen, and Mr. Heaphy (one would be led to suppose) must have visited every cell of every prison of a corrupt metropolis, in quest of the six cheating young rascals which are here set before us. The characters and expressions of their countenances are judiciously varied with the varying shades of human depravity; and here is the broad and naked breast of a shirtless, and fearless, young thief, that is treated with masterly knowledge and skill, and is worthy of a better fate than inevitably awaits his physiognomy. Another, (who is seen in profile) appeals with considerable vehemence to his companions against the fraud which seems to be intended by his adversary. The stakes are lying by on the ground, and also the hat, on the top of which the game has been carried on.

Mr. Heaphy has before been admonished against painting "the crafty and mischievous tricks of evil-disposed boys.*" Perhaps, in arguing for the morality of his practice, he may say with the poet,

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
"That to be dreaded need be only seen."

At least this is the best apology we can make for him, when he lavishes the riches of his art upon thieves and gamblers, and boys blowing flour in the eyes of an innocent girl, that they may purloin her pastry with impunity.

But, let him reflect that there is much *energy* displayed in these occasions, and if what a modern philosopher has asserted is true, that whatever calls forth voluntary energy, m[illegible] give delight; and that hence ma[illegible]d to sympathise rather with

* [illegible] of Art, vol. I. page 188.

the general energy of an impassioned character, than against the particular passion by which he may be actuated. God knows how easily the tide of the mind when it it is once attracted, flows into the channels that example has hollowed out for it!' or, to speak without metaphor, how easily we are seduced by the passion, when we have once allowed ourselves to sympathise with the energy displayed on any given occasion.

We wish that this excellent painter would reflect on these things, and bear in mind the moral purpose that Hogarth, through all his satires, and through all his comedies, ever kept in view.

No. 91, is the *Family Doctress*, by the same artist. A detailed critique on the pictures here exhibited by Mr. Heaphy would fill a volume, and we regret that we cannot follow him beyond the present picture, to which we must allot but a few short sentences only.

The family doctress is an elderly woman, of considerable reputation in the healing art. Her nose is characteristically surmounted by spectacles, and she is employed in taking off the plaister from the wounded leg of a hardy-looking farmer, (who is perhaps her son-in-law). Her abstraction from all sympathy with the suffering patient, (whose pain is evidently acute) and indeed from all surrounding circumstances, save and except her ointments and gallipots, is complete. Cline or Heaviside could not be more completely absorbed in the pathology of the case before him: No, nor could the most merciless critical reviewer, be more strictly attentive to the duties of his office, or more abstracted from the sufferings of the patient or *impatient*, whom he might be probing.

The "microscophic wights," and the exclusive admirers of the old masters, may talk of the oil pictures of Denner, or the miniatures of Smart, but let them compare even the the most elaborate of their favourite works, with this head for exquisiteness of finish; while for an expression of unmoved, mechanical obduracy of nerve, not Hogarth himself, nor any painter whatever, has exceeded it: yet here is n[illegible] faintest trait of any species of affect[illegible]'d woman is simply and strictl[illegible] her business, and acting and moving in her proper sphere, as the farmer, whose face is not less admirably painted, is suffering in his.

Indeed, not a spectator approaches, but is compelled to sympathise with this suffering farmer: not a brow but is bent: not a nostril, nor a corner of a mouth, but is more or less plainly dilated. Mr. Heaphy absolutely stretches us on the rack, and obliges us to confess his merits.

Meanwhile the interest of the tragi-comedy is artfully kept up in the characters and expressions of countenance and attitude of the inferior actors. The farmer's wife, with a look of womanly affection, which marks her for one of the most virtuous females, we have yet seen frem the pencil of Mr. Heaphy, is attending with a bason, probably containing the restorative lotion on which the village doctress has placed (next to her own wondrous skill) her principal reliance. At the breasts of this mother is an infant, who is equally intent on *its* purpose with the doctress herself, and affords an additional, and very delicate contrast, (worthy an accomplished painter of human-nature) to the anxious commiseration which is shewn in the look and action of the eldest daughter, who witnesses the obstinate adherence of the reluctant plaister, and consequent pain of her father, with all the sensibility belonging to her age and sex.

The remainder of the picture is filled with appropriate accompaniments. The scene is the kitchen of a reputable farmhouse. The patient's leg rests on a kimnel, which is supported on a tub. On a a table which stands under a window on the right hand side of the picture are various medical and culinary utensils, selected and combined with Mr. Heaphy's usual judgment, and intimate knowledge, of nature; such as gallipots, bottles, a file of recipes, an old wine bottle, and brass skillet: among these we could but notice the bi-sected glazed dish, which, placed in the angle of incidence between the eye and the sun, glistens under the old ballad of "Death and the Lady;" these with the worn hat of the farmer, &c. &c. are touched with a felicity which has not been surpassed by the best of the

Dutch masters, and are held in due degrees of subserveney to the principal parts, while an ample breadth of chiaro'scuro combines the whole.

No. 140, is entitled "*Fisher Children*:" and very beautiful they are, but liable to the same general remarks as Mr. Heaphy's rustic children, on which we have have already commented.

No. 192, is grouped and touched with Mr. Heaphy's usual exquisite ability, and intitled in the catalogue "*Fish.*"

No. 224. is the *Offer Accepted*—companion to *Credulity*, which Mr. Heaphy exhibited last year. This is a very charming picture, and not liable to the exceptions in point of morality, which we have ventured to make to some of this artist's former productions. Restricted in our limits, we cannot dwell on it in detail. While a rustic lover would kiss his coy mistress, her faithful dog barks with instinctive alarm.—Or, is this a satirical reflection on human nature? and would Mr. Heaphy teach, that dogs know as little of human nature, and human feelings, and regard them as little, as man does the feelings of brutes!—but we must reluctantly leave off philosophising, or we shall never get through the exhibition.

The merits of Mr. R. Hills chiefly consist in the close attention which he pays to the habits, manners, and portraits, of domestic animals.

No. 47, is entitled *Stags near the Banks of Loch Lomond.*"

No. 50, is *Pigs*, and No. 54, *Ass and Foal.*

No. 56, *Mules on the Banks of the Wye.* In this picture the mules are excellent, and touched, as Mr. Hills's animals usually are, with much of picturesque feeling, but their driver appears to think them as obdurate and unruly as any he ever met with. Their panniers formed of plunk, are also good objects for the pencil.

The sky of this picture is more than warm, it is lurid, and the landscape altogether has too much of a foreign air, that we were surprised to hear it called the Banks of the Wye. We thought it had been a Spanish scene: so forcibly did it recall to our minds certain passes in the mountains, which are described by Cervantes, and which the mules and the fervour of a southern climate, as they are here painted, seemed to corroborate.

Nos. 87, 94, and 104, are various groups of *Cattle.* The latter has a *View of Bowdar Stone, near Borrowdale*, in the back ground.

Nos. 120, 127, and 135, are also groups of *cattle.* To the latter of which, a *scene near the Ganges* forms the back ground.

No. 194, is a *Portrait of a Stag*, and No. 156, those of a *Sow and Pigs.*

Nos. 191 and 254 are both views in *Cumberland*, their fore-grounds adorned with various groups of cattle. The former is *Borrowsdale and Derwent water, from Sprinkling Tarn*, and the latter is a *View at Ambleside.*

Nos. 256, 297, and 289 are groups of various *Cattle.* The landscape accompaniment to the latter is a *View of the Coniston Fells*, taken from Rydal Park.

Nos. 307, 308, 316, 322, 328, and 329, consist of various groups of *Sheep, Fallow-Deer, &c. &c.*

# CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ.

MILITARY.

*Essays on the Theory and Practice of the Art of War; including the Duties of Officers on Actual Service, and the Principles of modern Tactics. Chiefly translated from the best French and German Writers, by the Editor of the Military Mentor.*—3 Vols.

The scarcity of books on military subjects, in the English language, and the circumstance of those we do possess being chiefly confined to parade duties, has induced the collection of the detached Essays on the Art of War which compose these volumes. Many of the essays are copied from a periodical work, now out of print, called the Military Journal.

The *Archives Militaires*, published under the sanction of the French government, have materially contributed to enlarge these volumes.

It does not appear that any particular order has been followed, in the arrangement of these Essays; but a copious Index is added, by which every class of readers will be enabled to follow their own plan in perusing them.

There are a few plates, for the illustration of particular parts, where it has been thought necessary.

Notwithstanding the imposing appearance of these three volumes, we cannot help thinking that a new edition of *Cruso*'s Translation of *Du Praissac* would be more acceptable to military tyros, and be more likely to render them good soldiers, and therefore good officers.

The contents of the First Volume are as follow:

On Reconnoitring—Practical Observations on the different Sorts of Pontoons, and on the best Manner of constructing Pontoon Bridges—On the crossing of Rivers—On the Conduct to be observed by an Officer on an Advance-Post—On the Construction of small Mines—On Parallel Lines of Operation—On Military Operations in a mountainous Country—The best Mode of Attack and Defence in the passing of a Bridge—Mode of fortifying a Castle, House, or Palace—Of the Use of Spies, Deserters, Prisoners, and Travellers, for exploring the Strength, Movements, and Designs of the Enemy—On the Basis of Military Operations—On the Order of Battle, considered as the Basis of the Lines of Marching and Lines of Firing; and these last considered as Tactical Lines of Operation—Mode of Fortifying Villages—On the Coup d'Œil—The King of Prussia's Instructions to his Officers of Cavalry relative to the Coup d'Œil—Rules and Instructions for acquiring the Knowledge of a Country—On the Importance of exact Military Topographical Profiles—Method of Fortifying a Church and Churchyard—On the best Method of constructing Cisterns in fortified Places—Account or the Authors who have written on Fortifications—Practicable Method of making Inundations—On the Use of Artillery in hilly Situations—Of real attack from the Sea—Instructions relative to the Formation of Ambuscades—Instructions for Officers detached, in Time of War, with small Troops of Horse and Foot, to form advanced Posts, or Avant and Rear Guards—On the Manner of conducting or leading Columns—On the Duties of a Chef d'Etat-Major in the French Service, during Action—Account of the different Works by which Posts may be fortified—Attack and Defence of Posts—On Harbours—Of Corps in Ambush and Ambuscade—Observations on the Military System of Great Britain, so far as respects the Formation of Corps of Infantry—On Geodetical Operations.

Contents of the Second Volume:

The Military Institutes of Onosander—History of the Introduction of Horse, or Flying Artillery, into the Armies of Europe—An Account of the Battle of Prague

—Description of the Battle of Leuthen—Battle of Jemappe, 6th November, 1792, between the Austrian and French Armies—Battle of Freyberg, 29th October 1762, between the Prussians and Austrians—Account of the three great Victories obtained by John Duke of Marlborough, Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, with Military Observations—Battle of Torgau—Of the new Military System of the French—Instructions previously to going into Action—Of the Duties and Qualifications of Generals—Should Generals in Chief be young Men?—Of the Origin and Progress of Corps of Light Infantry, their Tactics, and Use—Of Marching—Of Camps and Quarters—Mode of passing Rivers—Exercise of Rifle Corps and other Light Troops, in the Field On the Attack of a Detachment of Foot in an intersected Country—Instructions for the Formation, Field Exercise, and Movements of the Troops, introduced into the Austrian Service—On the Defence of Posts—Mode of fortifying a Cordon on the Frontiers of a Country—On Lines of Operation—On Field Works—Materials required for their Construction—Instructions for intrenching an Army in the Neighbourhood of a Town or Village—The Military Service reduced to Methods and Principles—On the Attack and Defence of unfortified Heights—Observations and Preparations to be made by a General in Field Service; also concerning Intelligence and Spies—On Intrenching—On the means of taking Towns and strong Places—On the various Attacks of Cavalry—On Offensive War—On Defensive War—Of Artillery and Fire-Arms in general—On the Firing of Cannon—Definition of different Batteries—On the manœuvring of Cannon—On the Utility and Formation of Saps—On the Superiority which an Enemy may appear to possess, from Number, Situation, or Talents—Account of the Origin, Progress, and present State of the War Depôt in France—A Circular Redoubt—Description of the regular Fortification of Fort Querqueville.

Contents of the Third Volume:

On the Formation and Encampment of Troops, with relation to the Nature of the Ground—On the Formation of Guards in Camp and Garrison—On the Order, Police, and Discipline of an Army—Instructions to every Officer commanding in an inclosed Post or Place—Rules to be observed in cantoning an Army—On Reconnoitring Parties—Directions for Detachments and secret Marches—Instructions for Commanders of Detachments and Escorts of Convoys—Of the different Systems in Fortifications originally invented by Marshal Vauban, with Instructions how to describe and trace them—On the most eligible Mode of tracing and constructing the Outworks of a Fortress—Vauban's System of Defence for the Covert Way, in which are incorporated the last Improvements—Conduct to be observed by a Garrison, after opening of the Trenches—Vaubon on the Benefits and Operations of Sorties—Description of the Fortress of Strasburg—Of the comparative Merits of Cavalry, Infantry, Engineers, Artillery, and Light Troops—Final Judgment relative to Precedence, pronounced on the Claims of the Military Classes—Character of the Armies of the various European Powers, at the Peace of Amiens, 1802—The French—The Austrian—The Prussian—The Spanish—The British—The Neapolitan—The Russian—Account of Gibraltar, and its Capture by Sir George Rooke, in 1704—Account of the Sortie from Gibraltar, in November 1781—Account of the Grand Attack on Gibraltar, 12th September 1782, and Destruction of the Floating Batteries—Description and Properties of Mr. Gower's new Gun-Carriage—Observations on the late Work of Lieutenant-Colonel Armstrong, on the Errors committed by Generals and Field-Officers, in the Command of Armies and Detachments—On Military Education—Account of the Pike or Britannic Spear, and Boarding Pike—On the Study of the different Trades of Engineering—Manœuvres of Field-Pieces, applicable to those of Infantry—On the Conduct to be held, on a partial or general Attack—On Dwelling—Of the Square; its Formation, &c.—On the Art of Gunnery—Qualifications requisite in him who would arrive at Distinction in

a Military Capacity—On Field-Pieces and Ball Cartridges—On the Signs by which the Intentions of the Enemy are to be discovered—Ancient and modern Tactics compared—On the Difference between Stratagem and Tactics—On the Tactical Improvements of M. Du Puy-Lauron—On Deploying—On Star-Redoubts, Têtes-du-Ponts, and Entrenchments to secure them—Of the different Kinds of War—The Offensive, the Defensive, between equal Powers, Auxiliary, Civil, and Religious—Order of Battle, or general Disposition ordered by the King of Prussia to be observed by all Generals, Commandants of Regiments, and Subalterns, in his Service—Aphorisms on Military Etiquette, and the Duties of Officers in every Rank and Situation throughout the British Army—Parade, Field, and other Duties—Cavalry Regulations for Parade Duties—Review or Inspection Infantry Parade, &c.—Barrack Guard and Black Hole—Before, during, and after a March—Of Courts Martial and Courts of Inquiry—Staff—Military Maxims—As much of Geometry as is necessary for an Officer of Infantry or Cavalry—What are the Military Limits of the principal European States?—On Fortification, and the Manner of carrying on a Siege—Military Utensils.

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NOVELS.

*Susan, a Novel, in Two Volumes.*

This little story is evidently the production of a superior mind, whose first essay in this style of writing it appears to be. The author seems totally unacquainted with what we may term the stage-trick of modern romance-writers; and, strange as it may appear, not a single fairy, ghost, or even wizard, (though the Scene is laid in Scotland,) is employed to develope the intricacies of the plot, or stand as substitute for the author's ingenuity. Lord Kenheath, a Scotch nobleman who, in his youth, was extremely dissipated, seduces, and afterwards marries, Mary Maclaurin (the daughter of a Highland laird) whom he accidentally meets at Glasgow, while pursuing his studies at the University. Fear of his father's displeasure obliges him to keep his marriage a profound secret, and in a few weeks after the ceremony he is compelled to part from his beloved Mary, and accompany him to London. Here, with all the thoughtlessness of his age, he enters into the dissipation and excess of the metropolis, and ultimately involves himself in pecuniary embarrassments; from which his father peremptorily refuses to extricate him, unless he marries a rich heiress whom he had designed for his wife. Debts of honour must be paid, though at the expense of every honourable principle. This is the man of fashion's creed, and Lord Kenheath was too much the man of fashion not to adopt it. Poor Mary is deserted, and dies of a broken heart, bequeathing Susan, the heroine of the piece, to her unfeeling seducer, as the only pledge of their unfortunate love. Susan, unowned and disregarded, is sent with Mrs. Howard, her governess, to a small island in the Hebrides, the property of her father. She resides there till the age of sixteen, beloved by all its inhabitants, innocent as Nature can make her, and beautiful as the blowing flowrets the care of whose cultivation was her chief amusement in the island. Lord Kenheath pays it an unexpected visit about this time, and charmed with the beauty of his neglected child, insists on her accompanying him to his house in Edinburgh, acknowledges her as his daughter, and ultimately marries her to his nephew, Archibald Hamilton, to whom she was attached.

Such is the outline of a story, certainly interesting in its design, and fanciful in its execution. There are many incidents worthy of notice, which our limits compel us to pass over. The romantic passion of Donald Maclaurin, "the golden-haired laddie," for Susan, is particularly entertaining; and the *second-sight* sagacity of Mrs. Jane, his aunt, is diverting in the extreme. As a specimen of the author's style, we subjoin her description of Susan's first leav-

ing the island where she had passed her youth, and of her bidding adieu to the scenes of her infant solicitude.

"The important morning at length arrived. She left her room before any part of the family were stirring, and repaired to her little garden, to take a last farewell of it. The dew yet pressed down the flowers' heads, and she fancifully thought they were drooping at her approaching absence: every favourite plant was visited by her. She filled her bosom with the choicest blossoms, nor could she restrain a tear, as she closed the wicket after her, and took a last look at her favourite spot."

There are some grammatical errors in the work, which we are willing to impute to typographical inaccuracy rather than to the ignorance of the author, who has certainly shown much taste and talent in this little composition. We have little hesitation in recommending it as one of the few modern novels which may be read without vitiating the mind or depraving the heart.

*The English Brothers; or, Ancestors of the Howard Family. In Four Volumes.*

"Don't you know that a modern novel is above all price—of infinitely greater value than all our poets put together? For instance, what did Milton's works sell for? For what, now, do towers, castles, lakes, exiles, witches, recluses, and caverns sell? For more than ten times that sum. This is an enlightened age: people will not throw away their money on folly. The world is full of taste, and London is the centre of it." Thus does our authoress, in the commencement of her first volume, declaim against modern novels. It were devoutly to be wished that she did not, in practice, violate a doctrine which she has so justly supported by argument. If she considers, as no doubt she does, that her work forms an exception to the general rule, she is lamentably mistaken. It is precisely in the usual style of modern novellists—flippant, fashionable chit-chat, improbable loves, tender jealousies, sanguinary rencontres; nothing good but the quotation, and nothing natural but the folly—

Hæc est nostri farrago libelli!

Our readers must excuse us if we decline entering into a detail of this four-volume composition: we have actually read it through, and wish to save others the pain which we have ourselves experienced. The unfortunate authoress seems to be miserably infected with the *cacoethes scribendi*; and disdaining every dictate of Christian charity, has actually interwoven a second novel in the work, under the title of "Memoirs of the Abbess of the Convent of Santa Maria"! It is in the Monk Lewis style--- fiends, murders, and remorse haunt every page, in all the horrors of fashionable horrification!!! This style cannot be sufficiently reprobated: it seems the impudent attempt of some deistical quack, who, equally guiltless of nature and talents, seeks to refresh his empty purse or fading popularity by imposing on the superstitions of age, or the credulities of childhood. Conscious of inability to write from nature, he draws his materials from the calenture of an extravagant fancy, poisoning all who may be misled to read him, and justifying his pernicious falsehoods by the title of *Romance*. The growth of such productions is an intolerable evil; and we have little doubt, that to the delirious ravings and gross descriptions of this race of writers, who have lately sprung up to curse and disgrace the country, are owing, in a great degree, the vile exposures which our daily prints and law courts constantly exhibit. The giddy girl, just escaped from the trammels of a boarding-school, seizes on such publications with avidity; with beating heart, and insatiable curiosity, wanders through those fabulous ages of adventure, and often, too often, rises from the perusal sighing for the dear days of chivalry, or viewing in every passenger a knight-errant, and ready to yield her charms to the first who will take the easy trouble of the seduction. The present production, like all the rest, affects a virtuous moral, but love is the eternal burthen of each chapter; and we fear the force of the

conclusion will be very much weakened, if not totally destroyed, by the scenes which precede it.—Such for instance as that between the Marquis and Madame de Rivole. If we had not already devoted too much time to such a subject, we might notice many grammatical errors, and much affected phraseology, in almost every page; but, where all is faulty, it would look like partiality to give any particular folly the precedence. It is to be feared, the authoress will not give us much credit for our forbearance in this respect: we can assure her, however, that the task of criticism is extremely painful; and sincerely hope, that the modest concealment of her absurdities may spare us the trouble of it for the future.

*The Dominican, a Romance, of which the principal Traits are taken from Events relating to a Family of distinction which emigrated from France during the Revolution. In Three Volumes.—By Captain T. Williamson, Author of the Wild Sports of the East.*

Novels generally partake so much of the predominating feeling of the age, that if all other chronicles were lost, they would enable us to ascertain the principal events of the day in which they were written. The great event of our day has been the French Revolution, and we have, since its commencement, found our novels chiefly a description of the scenes and sufferings produced by that extraordinary catastrophe. The splendour of the French monarchy—the extent of its influence—the instantaneous ruin of its strength—the total decay of its ancient glory, form subjects of deep interest for the moralist and the historian. In the progress of the great national convulsion, and in the more private details of individual suffering, the novelist has found, and must continue to find, innumerable subjects for the most painful and powerful feeling. The Dominican purports to be founded on anecdotes of the nature of which we have spoken. The Count St. Hilaire, a man of rank and fashion, foreseeing the great events which were likely to follow the first burst of the popular mind, sets out on a tour through Switzerland. His anxiety to avoid detection betrays him into considerable embarrassments. The usual incidents of a Swiss journey occur to him with the most perfect regularity.—His carriage breaks down—his horses take fright—his servants get drunk at the inns, and discover his name—he gives alms to interesting monks, after the manner of Yorick, and loses no fair opportunity of listening to the songs of the peasantry, or moralizing on the happy state of a shepherd's life. This, with the requisite number of ruined castles, banditti, impenetrable forests, and supperless nights, complete the adventures of the Count and Countess St. Hilaire. There is an underplot somewhat more tragically varied.—The Chevalier St. Hilaire, brother to the Count, a man of desperate fortunes, and a captain of banditti, has monopolized, as Goodwin would say, the daughter of a veteran who has once served in his regiment and saved his life. His courage, or his condolence, softens the fair Annette, and she accepts her seducer for her husband. She lives with him, separated from almost all human society, at the head-quarters of his gang. The description of this fortress is extravagantly fanciful, but not without merit—its dark passages and frowning towers—its rooms of stately splendour, and the wild and savage race by which it is tenanted, are described in language, which, on higher subjects, might deserve strong praise. The work is spun out to three volumes, yet is hurried towards the conclusion: nothing however is omitted, to render it impressive. Like the renowned author of Tom Thumb, Captain Williamson has summoned all his characters in the last act, to kill or be killed. The distresses of a German tragedy must hide their diminished heads before the expiring agonies of the learned Captain's novel. Every person who has figured in the former part of the work, finds himself accidentally in the dungeon where the *denouement* is to take place. The Dominican, who appears, by a kind of right divine, to have been the incendiary of the piece—the "very root of all evil," is stabbed by the Chevalier, who dies in perfect ecstacy at this act of jus-

tice. Homer has been praised for his power of diversifying death—Captain Williamson's method of putting his heroes out of the world, though not perhaps marked by the coarse colouring of the celebrated Greek, is at least equally ingenious and varied. The Dominican receives the dagger in his breast, but scorns to make a speech about it, lifts up his eyes to heaven, and dies with his face in his mantle. The Chevalier closes his part more theatrically—throws himself into an attitude, harrangues at considerable length on the moral beauty of virtue, the purity of conjugal endearments, and sublime duty of forgiving our enemies—exults that he has put the Monk out of the world, kisses Annette, and dies with all the joy of a primitive martyr. The morality of the piece is, as the author professes it to be intended, of the best kind. We are regaled at intervals with those excellent maxims which no man doubts, and which no woman would take the trouble of disbelieving: but we confess that we are not anxious to see more of these attempts, to steal morality on us through the exciting medium of tales of murder and seduction. Let novels profess to be what they actually are,—works in which fancy is to arrayed against reason, and in which feeling is to triumph over virtue; an interesting employment for those who are vicious through idleness, and an exquisite instruction for those who are idle through vice; a pleasant remembrance for jaded appetite, and an easy initiative for infant passion. The French originated this admirable system of invention. In the eloquent but dangerous sophistries of Rousseau—in the gross and unfeminine exposures of Madame de Stael—in the witty but profligate and debasing impieties of Voltaire, we have had examples presented to us which we, with our Godwins, our Lewises, and our Owensons, have implicitly followed; it must be confessed, however, with more servile obeisance than successful imitation. By this language, we mean no injury whatever to the author's individual feelings—Captain Williamson appears to be a writer much above the vulgar rank; but we cannot help regretting, that his abilities are employed on a species of literature which must pervert the minds of the young, and may, in the end, poison the morals of the nation.

*Hours of Affluence, and Days of Indigence. A Novel in Four Volumes, by Miss Bryan, Author of the Englishwoman, &c.*

We think the title of this novel would have been more appropriate, if, instead of *Hours of Affluence* and *Days of Indigence,* it had been called *The Splendid Watch* and *The Moral Hour Glass.*

The incidents of the first part (for the work is divided into two separate and distinct parts, which have no relation to the events of each other) are not happily *selected,* but the dialogues are sprightly and dramatic. The folly, and the consequent misery, of unequal matches, are well described; and the character of Lord Querrulous is admirably drawn, if we except a strong inclination occasionally to caricature. The language and style are animated, and superior to the general run of novels. The moral is unexceptionable.

Of the second part we think even more favourably. As a composition, it is more correct than the former; the incidents are natural, and seem to arise out of one another with less constraint. Upon the whole, we may venture to recommend these volumes to such of our readers as are disposed, from habit, to while away their time in an unprofitable employment, without injury to their morals. We do not understand why the wife of a baronet is called Lady Bell; or the lady of a lord, Lady Harriett. It is wrong.

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MISCELLANIES.

*The Literature of Turkey.*

In the year 1803, there appeared, from the printing-offices of Scutari, which were established by the Sultan Selim III, a small work in the French language, composed by a Musulman. It was entitled, "*Diatribe de l'Ingenieur Said Moustapha, sur l'état actuel de l'Art Militaire, du Genie*

*& de Sciences à Constantinople*.*" Such a book may be regarded as a phenomenon in literature. The author has prefixed to it "*Precursory Remarks on his own Situation*," which contain many interesting details. Of this, we shall here present our readers with some curious extracts, well persuaded that all must be curious to know by what means a Turk became able to compose, in French, a work on the application of mathematical science to the art of war.

He commences by informing us, that from his earliest infancy he was sensible of a determined bias to the study of science and art. This leads him to an investigation of the opinions of those philosophers who deny the existence of innate predilections. He admits that science itself must necessarily be an *acquired* quality, but he maintains, that the tendency of the mind towards any particular science is a *natural and instinctive* quality. He quotes, as a proof of his position, Pascal, who, while yet an infant, guessed thirty-two of the propositions of Euclid; and, without pretending to place himself in comparison with that extraordinary genius, he ventures to cite himself as an example of early predilection and premature skilfulness in the mathematics. "Brought up among relations who were not only without the slightest mathematcal knowledge, but to whom it would have been impossible to impart to me the sound of any expression appeartaining to mathematical sciences, my infantile amusements consisted in describing, upon the ground, circles, angles, parallels, and other regular figures; while I endeavoured to give right or wrong explanations of these things in chattering to my companions. The necessity of *compasses*, to assure myself of the true proportions of my plans and figures, which hitherto I had traced by repeated trials, soon struck me forcibly. Compasses were unknown to me both by form and by name.—I shall never lose the recollection of that transport —oh! what delight did I experience, when I first contrived to fasten a string to two pointed pieces of stick, and with such an instrument to draw the proportional form of my curved lines! A very common telescope, belonging to my father, afforded me the opportunity of declaring to a large company, that the moon was certainly of a spherical form, having observed it that night for the first time. As I advanced towards manhood, I examined with avidity every instrument that fell into my hands. The construction of quadrants, and other instruments of this sort, was become familiar to me. It was then that I wholly occupied myself in the study of the mathematics. Euclid, and other ancient fragments translated into Arabic, were my highest sources of pleasure. Night and day I frequented the abodes of Turkish instructors, who were not without considerable theoretic knowledge in these sciences; among these, the late *Galenbey Ismaïl-Effendi* taught me the calculation of logarithms, which he had learned from a Greek. Still, without being satiated with the information I acquired, I felt a two-fold increase of insatiable ardour to arrive at the comprehension of an infinity of unknown truths, of the existence of which I was sensible in despight of my ignorance. The multitude of works and instruments which we received from the various countries of Europe, left me not long in doubt concerning that centre, where those sciences, to which I had devoted myself, might be found assembled together in active vitality. Immediately I formed the wish of approximating myself to them, and without losing any time, I applied myself to the study of the French language, as the most universal, and the most capable of introducing me to the knowledge of those authors who have written on these beautiful sciences. The desire by which I was actuated, so rapidly expedited my endeavours, that in a short time I found myself competent to the perusal of the Wolfs, the Ozanams, the Bellidors, and many other authors of the same class, with considerable profit indeed, but not to my entire satisfaction. These classical writers, more or less diffuse, did not satisfy my views."

* A Discourse on the Actual State of the Art of War, of Genius, and of Science, at Constantinople, by Saïd Maustapha, Engineer.

By the aid of these instructors, and above all, by the force of application, Saïd Moustapha rendered algebra an instrument easy and familiar to him, and was waiting impatiently for the first opportunity that might present itself of travelling into Europe, and of perfecting himself there in his studies, when the Sultan, Selim III. founded a mathematical-school near the arsenal at Sudlitz. Moustapha then renounced his intention of visiting Europe, and entered the new academy as a *permanent and stipendiary* * *student.* "We began our practical labours," he says, "in public: it was the first time that the ignorant crowd at Constantinople had heard of public mathematical exercises, or had beheld the instrumental practice of assembled geometricians. The voices of insensibility and ignorance were elevated on every side; we were molested; we were almost persecuted; they mocked at us, exclaiming, 'Why do they draw these lines on paper? What advantage can they expect to derive from that? War is not made with compasses and rulers!' and with a thousand similar expressions they perpetually assailed us."

The Sultan, to demonstrate clearly to all classes of men the great advantage of the mathematical sciences in their application to the art of war and to fortification, commanded the professors and the pupils of the academy to draw plans of regular and irregular fortresses, according to the positions of various scites that were pointed out to them, and afterwards to construct these places on a small scale in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. These works drew together an innumerable number of spectators from among the inhabitants of the city. In their presence, attacks and sorties were made; and, in a word, all the operations that belong to the besieging and defence of towns. "The best success crowned these attempts: general approbation ensued, and marks of satisfaction were substituted for malicious inuendoes and sarcasms." The academy attained the most flourishing condition; students flocked to it from all parts; they were everywhere esteemed, and everywhere entertained with festivity. Asia is little known to the best European geographers: the professors of the academy of Sudlitz, with Saïd Maustapha among them, undertook to lay down a map of all the countries in that quarter of the world which were under the dominion of the Grand Signior. "I shall not fail," says Moustapha, "to impart the fruits of my labours to my instructors the Europeans, whose works first discovered to me the high road of the sciences. The pleasure of seeing those sciences cultivated in every quarter of the world is the fond desire of every philosopher. It was with the following double intention that I undertook this little work—to appear grateful towards those masters of the arts from whose labours I drew the little knowledge which honours me, and to sketch a little picture of the state to which military art and genius are already arrived in these countries, and of the happy revolution which in so short a time they have undergone. The desire of being read leaves no place for false shame; I have therefore not hesitated to write in a language in which I have little hopes of satisfying my readers. They will always forgive the errors of a Musulman with benevolence, out of respect to his good intentions."

* The prejudices of the Turks against all scientific studies were so great, that Selim was obliged to *hire students* at the establishment of his military academy.

*The Bibliomania, or, Book Madness; containing some Account of the History, Symptoms, and Cure, of this fatal Disease. In an Epistle addressed to Richard Heber, Esq. by the Rev. Thos. F. Dibdin, F. S. A.* pp. 87.

In our last Number we gave a short account of Dr. Ferriar's poetical epistle, entitled "The Bibliomania;" we are now to examine a more explicit *prose* treatise upon this species of literary madness, which, if it has rendered some of its victims ridiculous, has undoubtedly inspirited many with an honest and ardent enthusiasm for the preservation of documents curious and useful both to the historian and the philosopher. The merit

which a very indifferent production acquires with posterity, is not merely accidental or suppository, but real and determinate: it is the merit of an existing testimony of the taste, manners, and pursuits of human beings who are no more: it is a fixed step in the progress of language, which may assist the grammarian to ascend the regions of etymology, and bring us thence the certain meaning of our ever-varying phrases: it always contains evidence, either direct or collateral, concerning the state of mind of our forefathers, and furnishes many facts relative to the progress of knowledge. But while we thus consider its utility in well-directed inquiries, we must not forget the silly avidity by which it is frequently misguided: when an *un-cut* copy or an *erroneous* edition of a work becomes the object of research—when *margin* and *binding* are the only digestible food of the feverish caterer, the desire, then, has undoubtedly degenerated into a disease; the virtuous passion is converted into the caprice of impotence, and true literature is certainly obliged to any mental physician who will point out the probable means of cure.

Mr. Dibdin has given a *synopsis* of his amusing little work, which we shall here transcribe, as it afford the reader a clearer idea of his subject than we could otherwise give by the most elaborate detail.

"SYNOPSIS.

*The Bibliomania.*

I. HISTORY OF; or an account of eminent Book-collectors who have fallen victims to it.

II. SYMPTOMS OF; being a passion for
1. Large Paper Copies.
2. Uncut Copies.
3. Illustrated Copies.
4. Unique Copies.
5. Vellum Copies.
6. First Editions.
7. True Editions.
8. Black-Letter Editions.

CURE OF;
1. Reading useful Works.
2. Re-prints of scarce and valuable Works.
3. Editing our best ancient writers.
4. Erection of Public Institutions.
5. Encouragement of Bibliography.

The History of the *Bibliomania* possesses considerable interest; for it presents us with anecdotes, both in the text and in the extensive notes that accompany it, of many illustrious characters. The first on the list is Richard de Bury, one of the tutors of Edward III. "It may be expected," says the ingenious author, "that I should notice a few book-lovers, and probably *Bibliomaniacs, previously* * to the time of Richard de Bury; but so little is known with accuracy of *Johannes Scotus Erigena,* and his patron Charles the Bald, king of France, or of the book *tête-a-têtes* they used to have together—so little also of Nennius, Bede, and Alfred, (although monasteries at this period, from the evidence of Sir William Dugdale, in the first volume of the Monasticon, were "opulently endowed," *inter alia* I should hope, with magnificent MSS on vellum, bound in velvet, and embossed with gold or silver) or the illustrious writers of the Norman period, and the fine books which were in the Abbey of Croyland—so little is known of *book-collectors previously* * to the 14th century, that I thought it the most prudent and safe way to begin with the above excellent prelate." Richard de Bury was the friend and correspondent of Petrarch, and composed a bibliographical work under the title of *Philobiblion.* Henry VII. is the next Bibliomaniac mentioned by our author. "The British Museum contains a great number of books which bear the royal stamp of Henry VII's arms. Some of these, printed by Verard, UPON VELLUM, are magnificent memorials of a library, the dispersion of which is ever to be regretted.

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* This word *previously* is erroneously used by the Reverend Antiquarian in both these places. He certainly means to speak of the *Bibliomaniacs previous* to the time of Richard de Bury and the 14th century: he cannot now *notice* them *previously* to that time, nor can they now be known *previously* to that æra. The *adverb* applies to the *verb*: Mr. D. wishes to qualify the *noun*, and should therefore have used the *adnoun.*

As Henry VIII. knew nothing of, and cared less for, fine books, it is not very improbable that some of the choicest volumes belonging to the late king were presented to Cardinal Wolsey." The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt follow, who are said to be "a little attached to book-collecting," while Dean Colet, and his friends Sir Thomas More, and Erasmus, are styled "downright *Bibliomaniacs*." The illustrious and unfortunate Leland is the next on the list; then follow Bale, Roger Ascham, and his pupils; Lady Jane Grey, and Queen Elizabeth; the great Secretary Cecil, and the "right skillful mason of Coventry," (Captain Cox,) are next in order, with the two Harringtons, and the illustrious Spenser.

Among the more modern victims of this *mania*, we find Harley, Earl of Oxford, and Richard Smith, who "was as constantly known every day to walk his rounds through the shops, as to sit down to his meals;" and "while others were forming arms, and new-modelling kingdoms, his great ambition was to become master of a good book."

In this interesting tract, the reader meets with so much entertaining information relative to these book-collectors, their enormous collections, and the sales by which these collections were again dispersed, that we venture to suggest to the learned author the utility of a more extensive work on the subject. The history of books, of which this forms a principal feature, would be the true mirror of the history of the mind. He who has made himself the master of a large library, deserves as much notice in the history of mankind as the monarch who has acquired the dominion of a mighty empire. They both possess the accumulated energies of millions of human beings;—the difference is, that the latter frequently employs that congregated force in the destruction of his fellow-creatures, while the former cannot use it (if he use it at all) but for the real benefit of man.

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MEDICAL.

*Medico-Chirurgical Transactions, published by the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London, Vol. I. 8vo. p. 289.* 1809.

The Medical and Chirurgical Society was instituted about four years ago. Its members, though not numerous, are very respectable, and amongst them will be found some of the most distinguished names in the kingdom. When a volume of Transactions was announced for publication by such a society, the public naturally expected a work replete with interesting information: the character of most of the contributors was established, and there was no necessity to publish before a sufficient quantity of valuable materials had been collected. It is therefore with sincere regret that we cannot pronounce a favourable judgment of this work. The papers, of which it consists, were doubtless interesting as communications to the society, and some of them might have been worthy of insertion in some of the periodical journals; but the greater part of them are of trifling importance, and unworthy the high sanction under which they appear. We shall briefly notice some of the most important articles. Mr. A. P. Cooper has contributed two cases of aneurism of the carotid artery, in both of which he operated. The first terminated unsuccessfully, and the cause of death is stated to have been "the inflammation of the aneurismal sac and the parts adjacent, by which the size of the tumor increased so as to press on the pharynx, and prevent deglutition; and upon the larynx, so as to excite violent fits of coughing, and ultimately to impede respiration." The second case was attended with more favourable circumstances, and the operation completely succeeded. A few years since, this would have been deemed impossible, and a patient so unfortunately situated would have been left to perish according to nature. Mr. Cooper, we believe, has the merit of being the first who ever ventured to tie the artery in carotid aneurism.

Dr. Stanger has communicated a case of violent and obstinate cough cured by a preparation of iron.

Dr. R. Pearson, some observations on the treatment of hooping-cough, in which, after an antimonial vomit, he prescribes a medicine compounded of opium, ipecacuanha, and prepared natron.

Mr. Abernethy has given an account of a diminution (in consequence of disease) of the area of the aperture by which the left auricle of the heart communicates with the ventricle of the same side. "In such cases, there existed a great mechanical impediment to the circulation of the blood, producing considerable enlargement of the left auricle, and a proportionate diminution in the capacity of the left ventricle."

Dr. Bostock has communicated a valuable Essay on the gelatine of the Blood; in which, after an able sketch of the opinions entertained by preceding writers on the subject, he states his own, and points out the circumstances in which they differ from those of his contemporaries. Dr. B. has ascertained, that the uncoagulable part of the serum is not jelly, but rather a proper mucus.

A case is related by Dr. Marcèt, of a young man recovering after having swallowed six ounces of laudanum: the chief remedy was blue vitriol.

Dr. Babington has given an interesting paper on the effects of exposure to the vapour of burning charcoal.

Three cases of sudden death are related by Mr. Chevalier. Upon inspecting the bodies, he ascertained that the cause of dissolution was the heart having lost its muscular power, and being consequently unable to contract.

Those who are interested in the canine species will find an excellent account of the distemper in dogs, from the pen of Dr. Jenner. The distemper is frequently confounded with hydrophobia, in consequence of which, much alarm is often unnecessarily excited.

*The Annual Medical Register, for the Year 1808, by a Society of Physicians. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 392. 9s. Boards.*

We have great satisfaction in announcing the publication of this volume, because we deem its contents particularly valuable. The plan is comprehensive and original. The first part contains a review of every work upon medicine, surgery, and other collateral sciences, as chemistry, physiology, &c. which has appeared during the year; thus forming a complete digest of the medical literature of the present times. As much of the interest and value of the Register hinges on the manner in which this department of it is executed, we perused it with anxious attention; and the result of our labour is decidedly favourable to the ability, judgment, and impartiality of the editors. Of the numerous works which issue from the press in the space of a year, it is singular to observe how few really deserve attention; medical literature, especially, is much lower than the known talents and liberal education of its professors would induce us to suppose. Of ninety-two articles reviewed in the present work, scarcely six can be selected as being important or original. The editors justly observe, "Unfortunately it has fallen to our lot to commence our labours with a period which is marked by no discovery of importance; in which no improvement, of any magnitude, has taken place in our art; and in which the majority of the publications, which have been presented for examination, have been distinguished more by their faults than by their excellencies.' We begin to dread that the age for observation is gone, seeing that so few writers appear, who join to a profound and comprehensive judgment the talent of accurate discernment; and that the great portion of our books consist of nothing but endless repetitions of what others have thought and said." If the soil was barren, and seemingly unprofitable, the labourers have contrived to impregnate it with rich manure, and to till and plough it into something productive; and we doubt not that the harvest will prove sufficiently ample:—their husbandry may be deemed rough, but the ranker the weeds, the stronger should be the instrument of eradication.

The second part begins with an historical sketch of the progress of medicine, surgery, and chemistry, in the year 1808; and we quote the first paragraph as a fair specimen. "In a science constituted as medicine,

where the mind of the inquirer is so apt to be perplexed by the multiplicity of the observations which lie scattered before him, nothing can be more useful than to pause from time to time, to review the different additions which have been made to the stock of knowledge, and to determine with accuracy their respective importance. By such an exercise we shall be able to separate our real acquirements from those which are imaginary and useless; and disencumbering ourselves of the latter, to proceed with fresh vigour in the path of investigation. By such an exercise, the study of an intricate art will be simplified, its principles will be methodized, and its practice reduced to a rational system. To the neglect of such retrospective views, we are inclined, in some measure, to ascribe the long reign of error in the medical world; the ascendency, which hypotheses the most absurd, and systems the most puerile, have at different times acquired; the not less baneful influence of the authority of great names;—in short, most of the deviations from the true road of inquiry, which have hitherto imped-ed the advancement of the art, and which still continue to interrupt its progress."

The third part contains an accurate and comprehensive "Report of the State of Health and Disease in London, during the Year 1808;" from which it appears, that though the metropolis has been extended in all directions, and its inhabitants have multiplied exceedingly, during the last fifty years, the mortality has considerably diminished. Some maladies, which formerly raged with dreadful violence, have either become extinct, or their severity has been mitigated. The causes which have chiefly combined to effect these salutary changes are ably stated, and illustrated by unquestionable facts.

The fourth part of the Register is devoted to miscellaneous intelligence, of which the first article is a biographical memoir of Dr. Hawes, who was distinguished as one of the founders of the Royal Humane Society, and whose exertions in the cause of suffering humanity were strenuous and unceasing. The remaining subjects treated of in the present volume are, "a Proposal for instituting a Dietetic Dispensary;" "the National Vaccine Establishment;" and "Remarkable Cases."

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### POETRY.

*Kenneth and Fenella, a Legendary Tale. By the Rev. T. S. Whalley, D.D.* 1809. *Small Octavo. pp.* 55.

The phraseology of *Scott's Lay of the last Minstrel*, and *Marmion*, entices imitation from its apparent facility: but the *servile pecus* ought to know, that nothing palls the public palate so certainly as their *bis cocta* phraseology, unseasoned with originality. Dr. Whalley has striven to escape the reproach of imitation, by restricting his measure to an unpleasant *quatrain-stanza*, in which the first verse rhymes with the last, and the second with the third. This is a clumsy disguise, which betrays rather than conceals him. The opening of his Poem, in circumstances as well as phrase, recals the commencement of the *Lay of the last Minstrel* so strongly to the recollection of the reader, that we are instantly aware of the stratagem. In *Fenella* we have a female monster, but it is a monster with a few of the features of Mr. Scott's *Countess*. The story is horrid: it is the murder of *Kenneth II.* of Scotland, by the orders of *Fenella*, at her castle of Dnnotter, in the district of Mearn. Deadly and inextinguishable vengeance is her peculiar characteristic; and we are told of very little good belonging to the murdered king, (except in a short note,) to attach our pity to him as the victim of such vengeance. The plot of the Poem degenerates into the mere detail of a murder, and its connection with history elevates it very little above those incidents, much more congenial with the style and versification, which the Doctor might have selected from the Newgate Calendar. Still however there is some approbation due to many parts of this *Legendary Tale*. The unsettled confidence of *Fenella*, in the spells of her necromantic book, is well pourtrayed by the anxieties with which she awaits *Kenneth's* visiting her

castle, whom she perceives hunting amid the distant hills.

"In all her pomp and pride array'd,
She hasted to the highest tower,
*From whence* * her eager eyes devour
The country far and wide display'd.

"To hill she look'd, and verdant vale,
To barren heath and shady wood;
Look'd to the rocks, and Carron's flood;
Till, rising on the distant gale,

"Is heard the hunter's chearing horn,
And halloings, and the stag-hound's cry;
Now faint, now full, now high, now low,
As on the varying breezes borne." &c.

*The Four Slaves of Cythera, a Romance, in Ten Cantos. By the Rev. Robert Bland, Author of Edwy and Elgiva, and Sir Everard. 8vo. pp. 276.*

By some quotations from various Reviews, with which the author terminates (rather ostentatiously) his notes at the end of his volume, we learn that he has been complimented as a close imitator of Dryden's most interesting, or, at least, most entertaining work, *The Fables*. If versification tolerably smooth, but never elevated---if the introduction of some of the most lazy alexandrines in the least interesting passages, and the interspersion of a few feeble triplets, constitute this *strong resemblance of the style of Dryden* †, the poetasters of the day may proceed in their labours of imitation with success. How many Drydens and Miltons and Popes we may obtain at this rate, is incalculable. The worst of it is, that this sort of praise is very poor encouragement. The public, through all posterity, will be contented with *one* Dryden, *one* Milton, *one* Pope; and when Mr. Bland published, they undoubtedly would have been glad to have added a *Bland* to the number of their *poets:* but a poet, and an *imitator of a poet* are two very different beings. No man ever became conspicuous, by walking behind another. A *poet* runs his course through ages, but he does not run like a cur with a kettle at his tail. But enough of imitators! *Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile.*

The story of this Romance is not uninteresting, and in that compass lies all its claims to merit. No delineation of character, beyond those common-place features which the romance and novel-writers of the day are so obliging as to hand to one another, and to borrow and return every day, perfectly unaltered, is attempted. Some very weak political allusions are introduced, with little spirit; and however they may be intended, they are certainly very far from savouring of the strong and pungent satire of Dryden.

* This species of *pleonasm*, in spite of every critical endeavour to extirpate it, is found in many of the best modern works.

† Anti-Jacobin Review, Oct. 1808, as quoted by the author.

*Elements of Art, a Poem, in Six Cantos, &c. &c. By Martin Archer Shee, R. A.*

*(Continued from page 249.)*

We resume our observations on Mr. Shee's Poem with much pleasure. To those who feel an interest in the progress of the arts, so many objects of contemplation arise in every page of his work, that a close analysis, interspersed with frequent critical remarks, must necessarily occupy considerable space in our pages. But if it be the duty of public critics to combat error, and to support truth, that duty can never be more imperious than when a preceptive poem, replete with diffuse and varied observations on every subject connected with the *second* of the great expressive arts, is before the public.

"There are few subjects" says Mr. Shee, in a note on line 137, Canto I. "upon which so much has been said, to so little purpose, as on *painting*." Why? because every writer upon the works of Taste has made his deductions rather from observations on those works themselves, than on their prototypes: we are not taught from Nature, but from Rubens, from Raphael, and from Michael Angelo. Hence painters

are not made, but the imitators of painters. Every pupil of genius will form his own method of expressing his ideas, although he may, as we have before observed, form that method by frequent attention to precept, and to the works of the best masters. But after all, the theory of Taste is Nature herself, and not any critical system. The imagination of each individual reflects the appearance of Nature in a different manner: each mind may be said to be a mirror, of different degrees of convexity or concavity, and it is to this diversity that we owe so many and such varied representations of Nature's most striking features. The reversed or distorted images of Humour may therefore be genuine pictures; and the sublime figures which emanate from Genius may resemble those forms of natural objects that near the focus of a concave mirror float in the air with præternatural magnitude. We therefore do not lament, with Mr. Shee, that

> "Preceptive lights afford a feeble ray,
> And meteors flash delusive on his way."

True precept may be of the highest utility; but the best must be frequently examined and corrected by the pupil's own observations on Nature. Mr. Shee is certainly wrong in asserting that this deficiency of theory attaches to Painting, rather than to any other art: it attaches to *Taste*, and therefore to every art which is not purely mechanical. Poetry and Music are as irreducible to laws as Painting; and as much has been written concerning them, or more, and to as little purpose, as Painting.

The *contrarieties* of that partiality for habitual pursuits in the practice of the art of Painting, which Mr. Shee has very erroneously styled *contrarieties of taste*, are well exemplified in the characters of Timanthes, Panæus, Euphranor, and Torso. Timanthes concentrates his ideas of perfection in *outline* alone: and for Panæus,

> "In *tone he* triumphs--rich in surface shines,
> And *models* Nature, rather than *designs*."

* * * * * * * * *

> "Through his dark mind his meaning works
> its way,
> As Satan grop'd thro' Chaos into day;
> He loads, he labours, scratches, scambles,
> scrapes;
> The rude conception takes a thousand shapes;
> 'Till, *piteous* of his *pains* and *perils past*,
> Kind midwife Chance delivers him at last;
> While Plagiarism prepar'd at hand attends,
> To aid the birth, and all her plunder lends."

This may be very good satire, but is certainly very bad poetry; but the object of it, however he may be possessed by the whims of dullness, has certainly no claims to any of the contrarieties of *taste*. Didactic writers should be very careful in the use of metaphysical terms. *Taste* is frequently used, in the vulgar acceptation of it, for *whim* or *irrational liking*. Mr. Shee ought to have been aware of this, and to have guarded against any such vague interpretation of the actual *subject-word* of his Poem. *Plagiarism*, in the above passage, is a hard-mouthed word of four syllables, and very unwillingly submits to contraction: The line might have been

> "While Plagiarism *well prepared* attends."

*Euphranor* is the cold copyist of Nature's external forms:

> "His muse, his layman; copying, his part;
> The passive looking-glass of life, his art."

While *Torso* banishes Nature, with indignation, for the *antique*, and is thus correctly and humourously characterised:

> "A firm believer, travell'd *Torso* took
> His faith on trust, nor look'd at Nature's
> book;
> The pure antique, his creed in ev'ry part;
> The ancients, his evangelists of Art;
> *Their works the gospel of his taste* RECEIVES,
> And Rome's infallibility believes."

These "sectaries in art" are certainly well depicted, and we think that in portraits "*done in this manner*" Mr. Shee excels. We wish that his Poem had more abounded with them: perhaps there is more utility

in holding the pretenders to art up to ridicule, than in *pretending* to direct the pursuits of Genius.

Having asserted that "*Free-thinking is philosophy in Taste*," our author expatiates largely, in two succeeding notes, upon what he terms "the *intellectual* rights of mankind." We agree with him entirely, and we gladly recommend his observations as well to the advocates of submission to dogmatic criticism, as to those who think that Nature is to be indiscriminately followed through all her most common forms. Criticism may be useful to the student: it offers observation for his contemplation, but for his contemplation only. When it presumes to become his *arbitrary* guide, its pretensions are absurd, and ought deservedly to be rejected. The following metaphor is at once brilliant and correct, and may be produced as one of the many proofs that Mr. Shee writes *poetry* much better in *prose* than in *verse*. "The pedant erects an altar, at which we all offer incense at the idol of Erudition: the worship spreads through the inquisition of Criticism: few have the courage to question a faith at once so fashionable and formidable; and every school is a church that preaches the religion of Learning."

The latter part of the First Canto contains many judicious observations. Where they are accompanied by terse and animated point, which is frequently the case, we are willing to overlook the common-place matter out of which they are formed. Among these there are, however, some passages that aspire, with no feeble wing, to the sublime. Speaking of ancient Greece, Mr. Shee appositely says,

"Like Moses, erst on Sinai's summit plac'd,
Her favour'd hand receiv'd the laws of Taste,
With holy zeal fulfill'd the trust assign'd,
And broke the barb'rous idols of mankind."

Nor is the following simile unworthy of our approbation:

"As mountain summits still the day retain,
When light, declining, quits the darken'd plain,
So, in her Arts, those altitudes of mind
That tower above the level of mankind,
Benighted Greece still shews the beam sublime,
The sun of glory shed upon her prime."

In this last there is indeed both quaintness and turgidity of phraseology: "*those altitudes of mind that tower*," &c. is almost nonsense. An altitude cannot be said to rise above a level, because it must be necessarily above a level to be an altitude.

To acquire skill in the actual process of producing a picture, or to acquire the faculty of uttering our ideas by the pencil, is undoubtedly our first desideratum in the study of Painting. Mr. Shee says that "it must be confessed that correctness of design is not the most prominent characteristic of British Art." Our students, it appears, are not allowed sufficient time, or sufficient opportunities, for that practice, on which the first rudiments of correct design wholly depend. "The young votary of Taste has commonly more genius than money; hence he is obliged to pursue the *trade*, before he has had time to acquire the *art*, of painting." To depict the human figure with accuracy, the pupil is recommended to study those remains of Grecian sculpture which have escaped the devastation of time—

"Yet not on Sculpture lavish all your care,
Your labour let the *living model* share."

The distinctions that mark the works of him who studies from the antique only, and of him who blends "the ease and pliancy of life" with the correctness of statuary forms, are well delineated; and with them the First Canto concludes.

*(To be continued in the next Number.)*

# CRITICAL CATALOGUE OF MUSIC.

*Kitty of Coleraine. Sung at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, by Mr. Johnstone. Price* 1s.

The principal feature of this Melody is its humour. This is not only characteristic of the melodies, but of the natural feelings, of the Irish, particularly the lower classes, who are distinguished by a peculiar archness. The words are well set; and really they deserve it more than nine out of ten of what are called comic songs. The harmonies are of the most simple description, and consist chiefly of the common chords, of the key note, of the dominant, and subdominant. The only modulation is to the fifth of the key. With these simple harmonies, however, the composer has contrived to produce a song, very tasteful in its construction; and we have no doubt it will become a favourite in convivial parties.

*The Butterfly's Ball, a Canzonetta, arranged for One Voice and the Piano-Forte. Written by W. Roscoe, Esq. and composed by G. T. Smart. Price* 2s.

This is one of the prettiest songs that has fallen in our way for some time. Mr. Smart has conceived the words with great judgment, and has discovered a considerable share of ingenuity in expressing them, particularly from the words "Then the sly little dormouse," to "went in his own little chamber to bed."—The change to the minuet time is very happily introduced. There is great variety, which seems to arise naturally from the words, and not to have been forced artificially. The accompaniment is likewise excellent. Upon the whole, we venture to recommend it to our fair readers as an elegant and tasteful composition, whether we consider the poetry or the music.

*Love in a Tub, a favourite Pastoral Ballet, by H. R. Bishop. Price* 6s.

We were disappointed, on opening this work, not to find an Overture. The general excellence of those compositions, in this way, with which Mr. Bishop has favoured us, makes us regret the want of one still more. If there be not so many traits of originality to be found in this production as in others by Mr. Bishop, there are several which distinguish it as a composition of considerable merit. A great number of the movements are in the true ballet style, and are highly characteristic of the scenes that are supposed to be going forward on the stage. No. 2 is particularly of this description. The finest piece of modulation occurs in No. 1: but we believe Mr. Bishop is indebted for this exquisitely beautiful transition to a duet by Winter, in *Il Ratto de Proserpina*, which will be found in the printed music.

This is, without being a most masterly production, a very pleasing one. Although the style be light, we have no right to find fault with it upon that account, being intended to accompany a dance. Mr. Bishop is a composer of no ordinary talents, and we hope the theatrical managers will have the good sense to avail themselves of his great abilities.

*The Musical Calendar, or Vocal Year; for one, two, or three Voices; with Introductory Symphonies expressive of the Four Seasons. By James Fissin.* 8s.

Solomon has said "there is nothing new under the sun:" but even a succession of bad seasons might have furnished variety. In these Seasons, however, we meet with nothing but old acquaintance, some of which we have long since *cut*, and never wish to recognize again. What is more unfortunate, we have nothing by which the sea-

sons can be distinguished from one another: the same congregation of clouds, without a ray of sunshine.

Indeed if it had not been marked over the symphonies *which are said to be expressive*, we should never have guessed what was intended to be expressed. They are very like the exercises which little school girls play, and for which alone these compositions are calculated.

In page 1, bar 1, 5, and 6, the passage must have revolted against the science and ears of Mr. Fissin; at least we should have thought so. At any rate, his ear, if not his science, should have taught him to correct it.

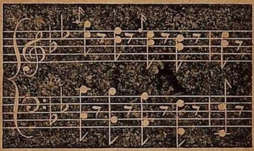
*Sonata for the Piano Forte and Violin, or Flute, composed by George Eugene Griffin.* 6*s*.

We are much pleased with this specimen of Mr. Griffin's talents. The introductory largo movement is bold and masterly; and in the following, which is an allegro moderato movement, are several passages that are highly indicative of superior taste: but the best movement is the *andante*, which is a species of *tema*. The subject, although in several parts it *breathes the spirit of Mozart*, is yet original, and Mr. Griffin discovers no inconsiderable skill and science in the manner of treating it. The chord of B, or the submediant, is beautifully introduced; and that part is particularly good, where the *mottivo* is introduced, with a florid bass moving in divisions of triplets. The conclusion is also excellent. It has much of the feeling, sentiment, and freedom of an extempore performance: it appears to flow from the fountain of unpremeditating genius rather than of reflecting judgment. Mr. Griffin has very judiciously inserted the most essental parts of the violin accompaniment so as they may be taken by another performer on the piano forte. The last movement is rather long; but, upon the whole, this Sonata is of a description so very superior, that we wish to meet this excellent composer *and performer* again and again.

*Le Triomphe; pour le Piano-Forte. Composé, et dedié a Mademoiselle Beveridge Duncan, par H. J. de Michele.* 3*s*. 6*d*.

We think, whoever has the patience to travel through the whole of this *Triomphe*, as we have done, will have very little inclination to enquire where the rest of this author's works are to be had.

It is merely a compilation of commonplace passages, selected without taste, and huddled together without judgment. The following *scientific* passage is to be met with in bar 22, page 2:



*Overture to the Circassian Bride.*

*The Linnet in the Hawthorn Bush; a favourite Song from the Opera of the Circassian Bride. By H. R. Bishop.* 1*s*. 6*d*.

*Helena; sung by Mrs. Bland. By the same.* 1*s*. 6*d*.

*Sweet Maid; ditto ditto.* 1*s*. 6*d*.

*The Blind Minstrel; sung by Mr. Braham.* 1*s*. 6*d*.

*Why should Man, at Fate repining; a Duet, sung by Mrs. Mountain and Mr. Banister, ditto.* 1*s*. 6*d*.

*Welcome, Despair; a Duet, sung by Mr. Braham and Mrs. Bishop.* 2*s*. 6*d*.

*Simon Supple; sung by Mr. Matthews, ditto.* 1*s*.

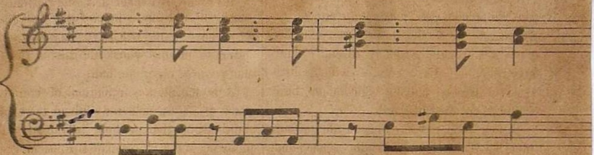
*I love thee; a Duet, sung by Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Braham.* 1*s*. 6*d*.

*Every Bullet has its Billet; by Mr. J. Smith.* 1*s*.

The introductory adagio to the Overture is not unworthy of Mozart himself. It is original, and scientific in the highest degree. If there be any fault, it is, perhaps, that Mr. Bishop has wandered, in his modulations, so far from the original key, as to

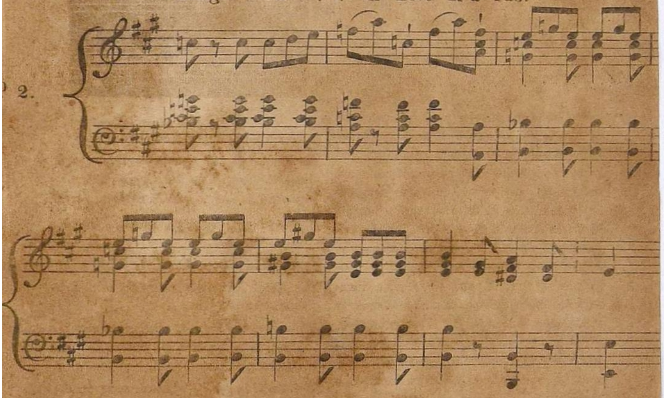
Passage from Fisin's Musical Calender.

1.



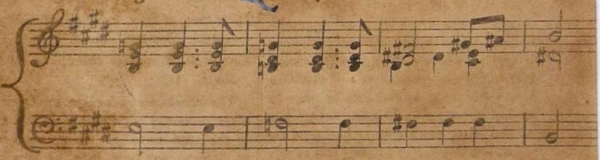
Passage from Nº 1. in "Love in a Tub.

2.



Passage from a Duett by Winter.

3.



leave the hearer in uncertainty as to what that key really is. There is a maze of modulation, which would puzzle some of our *soi-disant* composers, and we think they would find some difficulty in extricating themselves from the "*regular confusion.*" After this noble and masterly movement, what was our disappointment—we had almost said disgust—At the allegro moderato? which we should have thought better calculated for the meridian of Astley's, or the Circus, where a solo upon the fife or the octave flute, with the dancing-bear-like accompaniment of the drum, has more admirers than compositions of real excellence. The common-place Andantino, and country-dance-like Rondo, which immediately follow, are still worse. We are prepared, by Mr. B's. Preface, for some sacrifice to the vitiated taste of the public, but certainly not to the extent here discovered. Mr. Bishop is calculated, by his genius and science, to lead and direct the public taste, and to improve it, and he should disdain to follow, where Nature designed him for a very different employment.

Of this selection from the Opera of *The Circassian Bride*, we give the preference to the Duets, *I love thee*, *Welcome Despair*, *The Blind Minstrel*, and *Helena*.

The symphony of *I love thee*, is original, and the passage marked *dolce* is extremely well contrasted with the preceding staccato passage. There is something very masterly in beginning the Air with the harmony of the second of the key. The chord of the diminished seventh is afterwards introduced with much effect, at the words *By heavens;* and its subsequent resolution to the 6-4, upon the dominant, produces a pleasing and satisfactory effect upon the ear. The melody is altogether extremely elegant; and the feeling manner in which the words *I love thee*, are expressed, evidently shows it was written *con amore*. The passage where the voices unite is introduced with very great skill; and upon the whole, we are happy to express our highest approbation of the taste, feeling, and science which are combined in this elegant production.

In the duet of *Welcome, despair*, Mr. Bishop has aimed at the grand style, but we do not think with success equal to his efforts in the last production.

The time is *allegro agitato*, and there are certainly several passages which correspond with this impassioned species of movement, and evince Mr. Bishop's science: but we think that it *hangs upon the ear* in some parts. One of the most beautiful features is the sudden burst into the major mode, after the last cadence. Probably Mr. Bishop had in his recollection a similar passage at the end of Paisiello's exquisite duet, *Nei giorni tuoi felici*.

The first part of the song entitled *The Blind Minstrel*, is excellent. The minute directions which Mr. Bishop has given, for performing the several passages, and for expressing the different words, discover the attention shown by himself in the composition. The manner in which he has varied the passage at the words *Sweetly told*, discovers the most classical taste. The accompaniment is in every part managed with the utmost skill, and in one part imitates very successfully what we apprehend to have been the "roll of a drum," in the score. The Allegro moderato is inferior, with the exception of one passage, at the words *The lover's story*, marked *dolce*. There is nothing that should entitle it to follow so closely upon so fine a movement as the first. We admire the ingenuity with which this song has been adapted to the peculiar style of Mr. Braham.

The melody of the song entitled *Helena* is in the cantabile style; and there is some originality in beginning the melody with the chord of the 6-4, upon the key-note.—It is a composition which is admirably calculated to display the beautifully simple and sweet manner of Mrs. Bland. The transition to the relative minor is charmingly plaintive, and is in perfect unison with the sentiment expressed in the words. The compass is perhaps to low for the generality of treble voices; but with those voices it will suit, we have no doubt of this song becoming a favourite. The effect of it is considerable heightened by the violoncello accompaniment, which *flows* throughout.

We regret that Mr. Bishop has not published a very fine Trio which we heard at Mr. Lanza's Concert. It would, in our opinion, have formed the principal beauty of this Opera. It is in Mr. Bishop's best style, and would not disgrace the pen of Winter, to whose manner it bears a considerable resemblance. The words *'Twas Echo*, from the beauty of the passage, and the manner in which Mrs. Bishop gave them, were particularly impressed upon our recollection. It would be only repeating the now useless regrets of the musical world to say, we join in sincerely lamenting the accident which deprived it of great part of the music of this Opera, and the opportunity of hearing it with the advantage of the masterly instrumental accompaniments which Mr. Bishop had adapted to the several pieces. So far as we are able to judge from the remains, we are called upon to congratulate Mr. Bishop upon the production of an Operas, which, with respect to music, is superior, in point of originality, science, and classical taste, to any that have appeared for many years.

## SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

THE most important incidents of our domestic history, since our last publication, have been the speeches of Sir Francis Burdett and Colonel Wardle at the conclusion of the Parliamentary Session; the trial at Westminster-Hall, in which Colonel Wardle was sued by an upholsterer for the expense of furnishing a house in Westbourn-Place for the celebrated Mrs. Clarke; the attacks which have been lately made on the character of Mr. Cobbett with respect to his Court Martial; and the preparations which were made for the grand expedition. Each of these subjects, in its turn, attracted a considerable degree of public attention, and therefore each of them demands some notice in this part of our Work which we devote to the domestic history of the month.

We have already noticed the collision which took place during the last session, between the third party in Parliament, and the leaders of the two old parties. Sir Francis Burdett, who is generally considered the head of the third party, had frequently spoken of the necessity of parliamentary reform, both in the House, and at public meetings, and from the hustings when he stood as candidate. Mr. Wardle had also spoken in favour of reform, on the 23rd of May, at a public dinner at the Crown and Anchor, and also at the same time stated, that he had paid some attention to finance, and was convinced that if the House of Commons were but reformed, there might be a saving in the public expenditure, the very first year, equal to the whole amount of the income tax. In consequence of this expression, he was pointedly called upon in Parliament to shew in what manner such a saving could be made. Sir Francis Burdett also heard, every day that he took his seat in the House, general charges against mischievous demagogues misleading the people, and holding forth visionary schemes of parliamentary reform which could never be realized, and which would deprive the country of all the blessings it enjoyed under its present happy constitution. Rouzed by these insinuations, Sir Francis said he perceived that it was at him that these sarcasms and charges were levelled, although his name had not been mentioned; he would therefore take an opportunity of removing any doubt that there might be as to his opinions, by bringing forward a motion for parliamentary reform, in which he would take care to state, most explicitly, what he really did wish for, and what he did not. He ac-

cordingly took an opportunity, on Thursday the 15th of June, to move, that the House should pledge itself, at an early period in the next session, to take into consideration the state of the representation. He declared, "that he was anxious to prove that he did not entertain the sentiments that had been often imputed to him, by expressing clearly what were his real sentiments. His idea of the constitution was only such as was found in the statute-book, and in the common law of the land. A new doctrine had lately been openly avowed, that corruption was necessary in a constitution like ours: this was a doctrine which he never could agree to. This principle was not to be found in the original frame of our constitution, but only in the modern practice of it, where every thing is confounded. He conceived that the House of Commons, as now constituted, did not represent the people, and that they usurped the prerogatives of the crown. The faction of borough-mongers was never thought of when the constitution was framed, but they had now acquired a most preponderating influence in the state. Of all the tyrannies by which mankind were bowed down and oppressed, the most grievous despotism was that which was carried on under legislative forms. He never could hope that the borough-mongers would of themselves restore the constitution to its original purity. The rotten boroughs were abuses which proceeded from the change of times, and it was now absurd to expect that the voice of the people was to be collected from St. Mawes or Gatton. To break the corrupt and unconstitutional power of the faction of borough-mongers, and to unite the King and and his people in an indissoluble bond, were his great objects. It had been offered to be proved at the bar of the House, that 157 persons could return a majority of the House of Commons. If that were so, these 157 persons were the real sovereigns of the country; than which nothing could be more contrary to the constitution." After a variety of observations of a similar tendency, he proceeded to state his plan of reform, which was, 1st that freeholders, householders, and others subject to direct taxation to the state, should be entitled to vote. 2ndly, That there should be a convenient division of the places entitled to send members to Parliament, and that each subdivision should send a member. 3rdly, That the elections should be taken in the several parishes, and Parliament reduced to a constitutional duration. By this simple plan, they would get rid of the number of statutes now in force with respect to elections, and the Grenville Act among the number. It would put an end to the rioting and bribery which now prevails at elections. He concluded by making the motion which he had stated in the commencement of his speech, which, after some short debate, was negatived by a majority of 74 to 15.

Whatever may thought of the advantages of such an alteration, and whatever objections it may liable to, Sir Francis at least attained his object of expressing clearly his sentiments on the subject.

Mr. Wardle, in consequence of pointed calls from different members, to state in Parliament the means by which he had supposed that eleven millions could be saved to the public, resolved, at length, upon making the statement required, which he accordingly did on the 20th of June. He began by quoting several expressions of Mr. Pitt, in the year 1782, when that statesman conceived (as *he* now did) that the burdens of the country were principally owing to the defective state of its representation. The first thing he should observe, was, that the expenditure, in the year 1808, amounted to 71 millions of money; whereas, in 1809, the estimate was 79 millions. The first saving that he proposed was in the horse-guards and cavalry. He conceived that the two regiments of horse guards, and the regiment of blues, were of hardly any use, as they were kept principally for parade, and that the duty of attending the King could be as well done by any other regiment of cavalry which remained in the country. He was convinced that 15000 cavalry were sufficient for any service we could require, exclusive of those employed in the East Indies. The saving which might be made in this respect amounted to 1,276,000l. annually. He ob-

jected altogether to the foreign corps, which cost the nation 1,800,000l. annually. He thought 300,000l. might be saved in the militia expences, by allowing the men a month's absence in harvest time. He disapproved altogether of the local militia establishment, and thought that the 800,000l. which was allowed for the staff was a useless and profligate expenditure. The waggon train, which cost near 50,000l. annually, appeared to him quite unnecessary, as it could only be employed at home, where it was not wanted. He inveighed against the system of fortifications, and thought that 500,000l. annually might well be saved on this head; and 300,000l. more in barracks. After stating many articles of military expence, he proceeded to the civil expenditure. He could not see why the expence of the post-office establishment should be now 400,000l. when it was not more than half that sum in Mr. Palmer's time. He objected much to the expence of the collection of the revenue, which appeared to have increased in a much greater proportion than the revenue itself; and as to the expence of auditros of the public accounts, for the auditing, or rather non-auditing of which, the public paid 70,000l. annually, he thought that they should be audited by committees of the House of Commons, without any expence to the country. He objected to the enormous military expenditure for Ireland, which he conceived was only made necessary by the bad system of governing it; and quoted an opinion formerly delivered in that House by Admiral Markham, that one-third of the expences for the navy might be saved. He then entered into a great variety of details upon the items of the expenditure in which he conceived that there might be a considerable saving, without injury to the public service. He concluded by moving for a variety of papers which would be necessary to confim his statement.

Mr. Huskisson stated in reply, that as to the eight millions increase in the expenditure in the present year, it would be recollected that about one million was occasioned by the loan, one million and a half had been paid to the East India Company, and that another million and a half had been owing to the increased expenditure of the navy, from the advanced price of hemp, pitch, tar, &c. As to the first retrenchment which was proposed, that of reducing the cavalry from 23,000 to 15,000, that must certainly produce a saving of expence; but the Hon. Gentleman (Mr. Wardle) could not suppose that the House would merely, from the statement of his opinion, be convinced of the necessity of such a reduction. The next thing which he proposed, was getting rid of the foreign corps; this, however, could not operate any saving of expence, unless by diminishing our disposeable force by the disbanding of 20,000 of our army; for if native troops were to be put in their place, the expence would be still the same. He could not see upon what principle it was that the Hon. Gentleman had laid it down that 500,000l. was the sum which might annually be saved under the head of fortifications. As to the increased expenditure of the post-office department, the increased revenue must also be taken into consideration. A small increase of salary was judged proper to be given to the many persons employed by the Post-office; and it was known that a considerable increase of expence must necessarily have taken place from increasing considerably the number of post-towns and lines of communication. As to the saving in the naval expenditure, it must be recollected that the person who first made the assertion, that one-third of the expences in this department might be saved, (Admiral Markham,) was himself afterwards the *managing* Lord of the Admiralty, and in his own administration discovered that the assertion which he had made was a rash one. It appeared to him, that it was much to be regretted that the statement had not originally been made in the House of Commons, and that when it was made, it was upon the last day of the session, when assertion could only be met by assertion. Some more conversation took place in the House upon the various details of Mr. Wardle's statement, of which our limits only allow us to give the general heads: the papers for which he moved were, however, granted.

Mr. Wardle therefore remains pledged to substantiate his statement early in the next session. As to his making the statement so late in the session, it must be considered that it was only on the 23d of May that he stated, at the Crown and Anchor, that he thought that in a House of Commons really representing the people, the income tax might be taken off the first year. He did not then say that he thought that there would be any use in making such a statement in the House of Commons as it is now constituted, but when challenged in Parliament to make his statement, he did so in less than a month after that expression at the Crown and Anchor which gave so much offence.

The principal savings which he pointed out were in the army and navy, and in the manner of governing Ireland. Although the assertion of Mr. Wardle appeard at first sight to be very rash, yet when we consider the vast expences of our navy and army, we think it by no means improbable that a very considarable reduction of expenditure might take place, without at all diminishing our security, or rendering us less able to assist our allies, and join for the deliverance of Europe. With respect to our navy, we may venture to say that it is much more than double what all our enemies together could possibly put to sea. We by no means intend to give our opinion respecting the precise point to which any of our establishments ought to be carried, but we think it a very fair subject of discussion in the House of Commons, (the guardians of the nation's purse,) whether or not any particular establishment is not on too high a scale. There is a certain degree of naval and military establishment which the security and honour of the country require; but if that line be past, instead of increasing our security, an unnecessary expence, and exhaustion of the resources and strength of the country, takes place. There is no country (excepting France) which pays for so large an army as we do, and yet when armies are wanted against France, Great Britain, hitherto, has hardly appeared a second rate power. It appears unaccountable to all the nations on the Continent, that this country, which pays for an army of above 300,000 men, besides local militia and volunteers, should, while it professes the utmost anxiety for the deliverance of Europe, keep the bulk of its army inactive at home, and leave the Continent, in a great measure, to itself. We are happy, however, to find, that this system of inactivity is now to be abandoned, and that ministers do sincerely intend to send a respectable force to the Continent. The people of England would never grudge the expence, which might be necessary to give effectual succours to our allies, to free them from the tyranny of Bonaparte, and to restore to the world the blessings of peace. As long as our armies are thus employed, the nation will not complain of the pressure of its taxes; but if, at a time when invasion is absolutely impossible, and other nations are imploring our assistance, our assistance, corresponding to our means, should not be given, then indeed the people might justly complain of the enormous sacrifices which they were called upon to make, to support an immense military establishment, the value of which would in such case bear no proportion to the expence.

It was not, however, by the statements which were made in parliament, but by the facts which transpired at a trial at Westminster-Hall, that the character and popularity of Col. Wardle have been considerably shaken. It appeared, from the evidence of Mrs. Clarke, confirmed by that of Mr. Wright, that Col. Wardle had made himself liable to a bill of 1900l. for the furnishing Mrs. Clarke's house in Westburn-Place. Mrs. Clarke stated that the furniture of that house, and many sums of 50l. had been given to her for assisting Col. Wardle in the late investigation; and Mrs. Clarke has since stated, that he had also made her great promises which he had not performed. The manner in which the verdict of the jury affects the character of Col. Wardle is, that it appears to the public, that giving such immense sums to a witness, and making such large promises, is very like bribing that witness. Whatever may have been the motives or the conduct of Col. Wardle, the Duke of York, General

Clavering, Dr. O'Meara, and many other persons implicated in the transactions alluded to, must still remain in the same situation: they cannot get rid of the letters in their own hand-writing, merely by stating that Mrs. Clarke received large sums from Col. Wardle. That gentleman, when the verdict was given against him, seemed completely to lose his temper and discretion. He published in the newspapers, "An Address to the People of the United Kingdom," in which he stated that he would prove that the verdict against him was obtained by *perjury*; and that at the trial, he earnestly requested his counsel to call as his witnesses, Major Dodd and Mr. Glennie, to contradict the story told by those witnesses; but that his counsel (Mr. Serjeant Best) would not call them. As to the first charge, it appeared ridiculous that Col. Wardle, who had made Mrs. Clarke his principal witness on another occasion, should suppose that a jury would not believe her upon her oath, when her testimony was corroborated by an unexceptionable witness, and in no degree contradicted. There is no man in the kingdom who can believe that Serjeant Best, or any other barrister of great eminence in his profession, would resist his wish of calling Major Dodd and Mr. Glennie, if, in the sound exercise of his professional judgment, he did not conceive the cause of his client would have been made much worse by their production. These gentlemen were in Court; the Attorney-General challenged the defendant to bring them forward, and they were *not* brought forward. There can be no doubt but that the reason of their not being brought forward was, that they would have been then liable to a cross-examination, which the defendant's counsel considered would be most injurious to his client.

By Colonel Wardle's letter, charging the witnesses with perjury, he has provoked Mrs. Clarke to come forward and expose other facts, which bear against his conduct. It appears to us that it is not the money he spent upon Mrs. Clarke, or the verdict against him, which has shaken, if not destroyed, his popularity, but that this effect is principally owing to his own indiscreet and foolish letter.

Mr. Cobbett has also been handled with excessive severity, of late, in consequence of two publications which lately appeared. The one was a book called "The Elements of Reform," selected from Mr. Cobbett's own writings; the other was a publication of a Court-Martial which Cobbett had formerly called for, against certain officers; but when the time of trial came, he absconded from the country. The first book, selected from Cobbett's own writings, about seven or eight years ago, is full of doctrines decidedly opposite to those he now inculcates, and delivered with equal violence and acrimony. It certainly does lessen the value of any opinions he may now profess, when it is shown that within a few years the same man has been equally violent and furious in support of opinions diametrically opposite. When a politician's creed is completely changed in a few years, the world will generally believe that the miraculous conversion has been effected by private interests and private passions. The other accusation against him (of his having brought several officers to a court-martial on charges which he dare not himself follow up, and which were found, upon the trial, to be false and groundless) is certainly an accusation so materially affecting his private character, as to make his motives extremely suspicious. If the public believe a political writer to be really an honest man, expressing no other sentiments but what he really feels, those sentiments have considerable weight: but if they believe him neither to be an honest man, nor writing from any conviction of his mind, but only guided by his private interests, and private views of ambition and aggrandisement, the opinions professed by such a writer would cease to have any weight. It was therefore naturally to be expected that the political opponents of Mr. Cobbett would avail themselves of every opportunity to attack him, both on the score of consistency and private character.

The grand expedition has also been a subject which has occupied a good deal of

public attention. It certainly is an expedition on that grand scale which becomes so great a nation. As it is well understood that its destination is not for any distant part of the continent, it must afford us, for our next Number, news of a nature most peculiarly interesting to British feelings.

Although no decisive actions have taken place in Germany, since the ever-memorable Battle of Asperne, yet the general prospect of affairs on the continent has been much more favourable since that great battle was fought. The first good effect was, that the Bavarian army was immediately recalled from the Tyrol; and no sooner had they left it, than the brave Tyrolese rose again in formidable insurrection, and not only beat General Duroy out of their country, but invaded Bavaria and Suabia, levied large contributions, and even threatened Munich. During the last month they have had great success, and have been always strong enough to act on the offensive. In order to defend the countries in the rear of his army from their incursions, Bonaparte has been obliged to divide the army under the Duke of Valmy, which was intended for the north of Germany, and march one half of them to the south, to oppose the Tyrolese. There is now, therefore, every reason to hope that the troops which he has left in the north of Germany will not be able to defend it against the Austrians, and the spirit of insurrection which appears to manifest itself all over Germany. Another great advantage which has resulted from the battle, is, that the Archduke Charles felt himself, after the action, to be in such a state of security, that he ventured to detach a considerable force from the north of Bohemia into Saxony, which soon made itself master of Dresden, and the greater part of the Electorate. Other Austrian corps penetrated to Bayreuth and Bamberg. Several partial insurrections against the French have already taken place, upon the approach of the Austrians; and we have reason to flatter ourselves, that when our grand expedition shall arrive upon the continent, the insurrection will be so general and so formidable, that Bonaparte will begin to fear for his retreat. In his 23d Bulletin, dated June the 28th, he neither announces any success of his grand army, nor does he flatter the French nation with any prospect of soon being able to strike a decisive blow. He has even ceased to repeat the stories so so often inserted, of the advance of the Russians. The success of his armies in Hungary is the only subject of which he can boast.

The army of the Archduke John, which was at first so successful, must have suffered considerable loss upon its retreat, as at the battle of Raab, the Austrian bulletin states the regular troops to be but 20,000; and the Hungarian levy, which had afterwards joined him, did not exceed 15,000. This account is certainly very reconcileable with the French bulletins, which state that they made from 20 to 25,000 prisoners from the Austrians during their retreat. We were informed, by French statements before the battle, that the Archduke had only brought with him into Hungary 25,000 men of that fine army with which he had entered Italy, and that the rest were killed, taken, or dispersed. This statement appeared to us incredible at first, but the smallness of the Archduke's force, at the battle of Raab, is a proof that he must have suffered considerably on his retreat. Ten days after the battle of Raab, the strong city which bears that name surrendered to the French. Since that time, the French have cannonaded and bombarded Presburg from the south side of the Danube, but as yet they do not evince any intention of crossing that river. The superiority of the French in Hungary has been ascertained by the victory of the 14th of June, and the subsequent capture of the city of Raab. The Hungarian insurrection has also been found not to be so numerous or well-appointed as it was generally supposed; for after the long notice which had been given of the danger, the Archduke Palatine only led about 15,000 of them into the field. We hope, however that the rising spirit of Hungary, and the events which we anticipate in

the north of Germany, will prevent the enemy from making any serious impression in those parts where he is now undoubtedly superior.

The Austrians have now published their official account of the battle of Asperne, and they have the manliness to confess, that out of an army of 75,000 men, they lost 21,000 in killed and wounded during the two days of fighting.—The loss of the French must have been considerably greater, as they were obliged finally to retreat, and, as they themselves confess, that they were exposed to a tremendous fire from the Austrian artillery, without being able to answer it for want of ammunition. If, then, we suppose that the loss of the French in killed and wounded amounted to 30,000 men, it sufficiently accounts for the state of inactivity to which both of the grand armies have been since reduced. No general would, a second time, expose his army to such dreadful slaughter, unless he had reason to calculate on a decisive victory; and the two grand armies appear so balanced that neither of the commanders would be justified in expecting a complete victory, unless his army should be strongly re-inforced, or that of his opponent weakened. The French emperor, therefore, seems to rest his hope on the success of his other armies, and on the arrival of the Russians. We are sorry to state, that his Westphalian army, commanded by his brother *Jerome*, has succeeded in obliging the Austrian army in Saxony to retire from Leipsic and Dresden. Notwithstanding, therefore, the two grand central armies remain equally inactive, Bonaparte has been successful on each of his flanks both in Hungary and in Saxony. As to the march of the Russian troops, we at present know little. but if, in the present state of the war, forty or fifty thousand Russians were to unite with the Polish army, the situation of the Archduke Charles would become extremely critical, and we should tremble for the existence of the Austrian monarchy. If, on the one side, the Russian army has made no movement in favour of France, on the other side the Prussians have been equally inactive. We had hoped that they would have been in the field before this time; and if they had joined the Austrian general, Kinmayer, in S xony, we believe the north of Germany might now have been freed from the influence of France.

It would be vain for us now to speculate upon the effect which our army will produce in Germany, but we think the expedition must be productive of good, and operate as a diversion in favour of our allies. Upon the whole, looking at the extended theatre of the war in Germany, we think that there is every reason to hope that the final result will be favourable.

As to the war in Spain, the French are decidedly unsuccessful. The Gallicians, by astonishing exertions, have compelled Marshal Ney to evacuate Corunna and Ferrol; and Romana, who commands the Gallician army, is now at the head of a considerable force, from which the French generals in the north of Spain are retreating. Intelligence has been received that Sir Arthur Wellesley has at length effected a junction with the Spanish general, Cuesta. Their combined armies amount, as we believe, to 60,000 men, and are said to be marching to Madrid. We suppose it impossible for the French general, Victor, to oppose an army so far superior to his own, and we therefore expect that the combined armies will reach Madrid with little opposition. The French forces in Spain will therefore probably soon fall back to their defensive positions in Biscay and Navarre, but which we trust they will not long be allowed to retain.

The circumstances which have succeeded the Battle of Asperne, up to the unfortunate and destructive armistice which is said to have been concluded between the two Emperors, (the knowledge of which has reached us since this Summary of Politics was prepared for the press,) would involve details far beyond the limits of our Work for the present month; we therefore propose to enter upon them more fully in our succeeding Number, and to accompany the discussion with a MAP, that will explain the progress and movements of the two armies, and comprise the whole seat of war, from Strasburg to Buda.

# DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS.

## MR. MUNDEN.

THIS comedian is the son of a respectable tradesman: he was born in 1758, and at the age of twelve years was placed with an apothecary; but neither the pestle and mortar, nor afterwards the quill, which for a few years he drove in the offices of two law stationers, were congenial to the disposition of young Munden. The *stage mania* has seldom infected a subject so perfectly prepared to admit its *humours*. No sooner had it entered the blood of our hero, than he seems to have run with almost canine speed to Liverpool, in hopes of an engagement. It was, however, with difficulty that he could be permitted to find any employment in that theatre; and had not the despised *talent of quill-driving* stood him in stead, he must have decamped from Liverpool, and have left *more* than his *hopes* behind him. At the moderate stipend of eighteen-pence *per diem*, he wrote out *parts or characters* for the performers, and thanked God that he was not writing out *briefs!* Sometimes he enjoyed the supreme felicity of appearing on the stage as a mute attendant or silent processional figure: it is said, that so eager was his desire to display himself before the audience, while denied the use of his tongue, that he could not refrain from those contortions of muscle which have since rendered his comic performances so valuable to the British stage in its present degraded situation, when grimace supplies the place of wit, and aids the puns of our *puny* authors to raise the risibility of the audience. Indeed it would not be asserting too much to say that there is more wit in one muscle only of Mr. Munden's visage than in all the bodies, and all the souls together of all our present authors. Mr. Munden was, however, released at length from the tyranny of silence, and in the character of *Bardolph* in *Henry IV.* first opened his mouth, and spoke with applause. But the three theatrical branches of *copier* of parts, performer of *mute* parts and player of *speaking* parts, were insufficient to the bare maintenance of our poor hero, who was obliged to have recourse to quill-driving in a more *legal* form, and therefore engaged himself in the office of the town-clerk. It would exceed our limits were we to follow this eccentric performer through all the eccentricities of a stroller's pilgrimage. Disappointment and poverty could not however depress the spirits of Munden. Merriment had marked his features for her own service, and calamity contended in vain to rob her of her votary. He was a very young man, when he obtained at Canterbury a more permanent theatrical situation than any he had before held. There he frequently ranted in tragedy, and in tragedy he would have perhaps have ranted still, had not his tutelary goddess *Thalia* laid her irresistable claims on him, and shewed *her marks* so manifestly on his features, that it was impossible for the managers of the Canterbury theatre to refuse any longer to let him laugh, and be laughed at by the good people of Kent. His comic powers had no sooner displayed themselves than they gained him many friends. The great admired him, and the liberal encouraged him: in short, he had every day more and more reason to look the world in the face with a merry countenance. This countenance he carried to Brighton, to Newcastle, to Chester, and to Sheffield, and found every where a good market for mirth: his *means*—those pecuniary springs of a light heart and a cheerful visage—daily increased. He became manager and proprietor of various country theatres, and soon found an opportunity to appear where his fame had appeared in his favour him, before a London audience. In 1790 he was received with great applause in the characters of *Sir Francis Gripe* in the *Busy Body*, and *Jemmy Jumps* in the *Farmer*,

The various excellencies of Mr. Munden, as a comic actor are well known. In the personification of *cunning old age* he is unrivalled, but we think that in the simple rustic he is always defective: the honest blunt seaman is quite out of his line of merit. Indeed caricature rather than character is his *fort*: it is Reynolds rather than Shakespear who can owe anything to his exertions. We have, however, presented the public with a portrait of him as *Autolycus* in *The Winter's Tale*. This character is extremely well adapted to his powers—the low cunning and facetious manners of *Autolycus* are genuine traits of the pencil of Shakespear, although many parts of this play certainly fall far beneath the usual energy of that great master of human nature. The mixture of court and pastoral life, nevertheless, is pleasing, and though the extent of the supposed duration of the drama is extravagant, yet the story and incidents are highly interesting. The scene in which *Autolycus* in the disguise of the drunken courtier (whom he had found "retired from rest, sobering himself with sleet, under the side of a hawthorn,") cajoles the shepherd and his son is replete with humour. The low, *sharpening*, pedlar is a character that ever must attach itself to society, and is therefore always true to nature, and always original. It was these general features which Shakespear delighted to draw—it is to them that he owes his literary immortality. Human nature is perhaps known in every age by a different stamp. Shakespear copied at once the man and the stamp of his age; our modern writers are contented to depict the stamp alone, and leave the human nature which belongs to it, and which gives it permanency, quite out of their *dramatic medleys*.

# THEATRICALS.

### *THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.*

#### KILLING NO MURDER.

Farces are *play-things* it is true, but they are play things of the *Comic Muse*. Mr. Theodore Hook having *no* acquaintance with the Comic Muse, seems to consider a *farce* as the rattle of absurdity. Thanks to the pervasive power of folly, every provocative to laughter is now honoured with the name of *wit*, and every *ideot* who, with our pity for his condition, excites a smile at his stupidity, may set himself up as a man of *humour*. Happy age! emancipated from the fetters of sense, and the toils of thought, we laugh *we know not why, and we care not wherefore!* In such an age it is no wonder if we find an Aristophanes in Theodore Hook, a Menander in Thomas Dibdin, and the second Terence of England in Mr. Cherry! There was a time when the minor drama, or *farce* of England abounded in broad and strong traits of character; when sterling wit sparkled in the dialogue, and when the incidents, unassisted by the grin of buffoonery, were replete with genuine humour. An author did not then poach for puns in old jest books, or pillage the walls of Moorfields, where *funny folly* is strong in sheets, for *public study*, to the great advantage of such readers as *Mr. The*, whose mulplicity of engagements we are told, oblige him, to "read while he runs, and to write while he eats."

It would be setting out too seriously were we to attempt to define *what a farce ought to be;* but we may surely venture to ask this question of that good-natured and indulgent being, Public Taste, *what is expected in a farce?* Poor Public Taste, who is daily imposed upon by the numerous *men of genius* with whom this metropolis abounds, and who good humouredly puts up with all these impositions, whether they come from picture-dealing daubers, or their subscribing patrons in Pall Mall; whether they spring from the paste pot of book-making authors, or their benighted publishers; whether Mr. Ackerman, in his double capacity of print-broker and magazine-monger, puffs her almost blind, or the two knight-errants of Ireland and Russia, Sir John Carr and Sir Bob Cur, throw the spoils of all her former travellers in pictured bundles at her feet; whether *this quack* fiddles, or *that quack* physics; still poor, indulgent Public Taste, we say, will hardly allow us to ask *what is expected in a farce?* Debauched, disordered, and diseased—drunk at night, and dram'd in the morning, Public Taste can answer no questions. Let her then be told *what is not expected in a farce.*

Since she is become the public prostitute of every flippant fool whe can raise a laugh, let her be told of the things which she hath left undone, and let her be sent to repent in sack-cloth an l ashes, in some Female Penitentiary, for her present sin and iniquity with that punning plagiarist Mr. Theodore Hook.

*A Farce ought not to be without wit.* True —but Theodore's wit being otherwise engaged, in private parties, and select entertainments, he is compelled to find a substitute for public service. Substitutes for this sort of Militia are always ready at the offices of Messrs. Joe Miller, Tom Brown and Co. *A Farce ought not to be without character.* True again. Theodore acknowledges this, and had instantly an expedient for it: "Let every performer appear in his own character," he exclaimed, "and the devil's in it if it can want character when *Mathews* and *Liston* are in it."—*A Farce ought not to be without incident.*—Very true. But the invention of incident being in itself of too serious a nature, and requiring so much thought, *Theodore* swore that it would hurt *his natural vivacity* to attempt such a labour; he therefore left all incident to accident. He could not have done better. The recollections of *Mathews* and *Liston* were better than all the inventions of twenty *Theodore Hooks*; and by thrusting in a bit of one Farce in one place and a bit of another in another, no incidents could jumble more ludricrously together than the incidents of Theodore's Farce! Perhaps the public (as well those who *have seen it* as those who have not seen it) may be curious to know the *story* of Theodore's Farce, and why it is called Killing no Murder. Patience, gentle readers.—*Ex nihilo nil.*—Our invention will not bear any more racking than that of Mr. Hook's; all we can do is to tell you what we have heard and what we saw, as we sat before the stage and joined in what the play-bills call the *re-iterated bursts of laughter*—at the author.

After a noisy and discordant *overture* the rising of the curtain discovered to us the scene of a village. We had a public house on our left, and we saw a considerable large party arrive, loaded with portmanteaus and ban-boxes. This party with the assistance of the landlord and his sister, and a certain Mr. Mathews, (who it seems was a guest and a resident in the house, under the name of *Billy Buskin*, gave us some tolerable singing, and—we saw no more of them. Then we understood from *Billy Buskin* that he was an itinerant actor, and was cheating the landlord and debauching his sister. This was told us in the titles of plays strung together in that sort of way which used to amuse our grandmothers, and of which some whole sheet editions may be seen by the curious in the afore-mentioned library of Theodore Hook, the wall of old Bethlem. There used to be an excellent public library of this sort under the auspices of the Duke of Buccleugh's old brick buttresses, and since their removal we find that many walking members of the House of Commons have been in want of that pointed argument called a *pun*. We are happy to learn, however, that many of the best pieces were preserved by the retentive memory of a facetious Secretary of State. But to return to our story: we found out that another stroller (a poor devil whom we think was called *Bradford*, and who ought to be a real stroller under the name of *Wharton*), was in love with a young lady, a ward of *Sir Willoughby Wilton*, then in the care of the lady of the manor. *Sir Willoughby* arrives, determines to marry his ward himself, quarrels with his lady of the manor, and retreats in a huff, without servants, to a little ale-house, where he can get no attendance. If the over-curious reader wishes to know why *Sir Willoughby* travels without servants, and goes to a paltry alehouse, when it appears that there is a good inn in the village, we will tell him, that it is for the very best reason in the world,—it is to introduce *character* and *incident* at once! Mr. Mathews, alias *Billy Buskin*, who is known to all the village as a strolling player, except the prying landlord of the public-house where he has resided, and where he has run up a bill in the character of a country squire, now acknowledges himself a swindler, and offers to become boots, waiter, hair-dresser, and cook, at a minute's warning. Here, then, is a host of character and a volley of incident let loose upon us at once: and all without any trouble to Theodore, for, dependant on his own exertions, and on what he has performed in half a dozen other farces, Mathews acquits himself with admirable dexterity—and we laughed—good gods! how we laughed! The pretty sister of the landlord, however, up to her ears in love with *Billy Buskin*, is to be married to one *Apollo Belvi*, a country dancing-master and ballet-maker to a Welch theatre. *Apollo's* brains are any where but in his head: what Theodore has done for him is little indeed; he has not even given him *conceit*, that absolutely indispensable ingredient in the composition of every *dancing-master*. Liston, however, has made him out. *Billy Buskin* belies the chas-

tity of his mistress, to prevent his friend Apollo from espousing her, and the *Maitre du Ballet* agrees to feign himself dead, and to be the bearer of the intelligence of his death to his intended brother-in-law. Some excellent comic acting, rather bordering on buffoonery, supplies the deficiencies of wit, and we laughed again, again and again, but *no thanks to Theodore*. Ridicule upon the singing and ballet-dancing in vogue, is inimitably displayed through the mimicry of Mathews and Liston in song. And, in another song, describing the humours of Bartholomew fair, Mahews pours in so many auxiliaries of irresistable humour, that Theodore's little wit shone like the emanations of Momus himself from the countenance of Mathews—and the thunder of the God of Laughter rolled in reiterated peals through the house. To tell the conclusive circumstances of this tale would pose the powers of any unraveller of intrigues from Bishop Burnet to the Countess de la Motte; we must content ourselves with saying, that the young lady of the Manor (personated by Mrs. Mathews), gets a booby like lover for a husband, and *Billy Buskin* marries the fair maid of the Inn.

*Broad accident* (for incident is rather too distingushing a name for the occurrences of this piece), must not be received for *broad character*. It is the caricature which is allowed in farce that distinguishes it from comedy: that caricature consists in strong marked eccentricities, in the extravagant burlesque of fashionable follies, in a medley of risible situations, and must never be sacrificed for unmeaning whim, childish witticisms, distorted humour, and downright manual buffoonery. The Lord Chamberlain is said to have objected to *sneers at religion*, which, as substitutes for wit, had been enlisted by Corporal *The*: These have been discarded, and a *few sneers at the Chamberlain himself* pushed into their place. We were ashamed that a British audience could laugh and applaud such petty petulence, expressed with the spiteful insolence of a corrected school-boy. "But he shall hear of it yet," is the magnanimious threat of this dramatic caterpillar—of this literary insect, generated in the blight of taste! If the Lord Chamberlain had sat as the dramatic as well as the moral censor of this farce, the *Killing no Murder*, of Mr. Theodore Hook, would certainly have been crushed out of existence, before it could have had an opportunity to call forth such *re-iterated bursts of laughter* as strengthen the cause of absurdity, and support dullness and noisy folly in their contest with the almost vanquished wit and spirit of genuine comedy.

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THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST.

THE new play of *The Foundling of the Forest*, which was brought forth with great applause, on Monday, the 10th, of July, at the *Hay-market Theatre*, is an excellent specimen of the perfection of the *Modern* Drama. From many scenes of it we may without hesitation conclude, that if the author ever knew nature, he has completely lost sight of her in the bewildering mazes of Romance. For character, expression of sentiment, and display of passion, he has rummaged the German, French, and *Modern* British Drama-manufactories with great success. Their copies of each others patterns, he has copied again, and his theatrical tapestry exhibits the figures of men and women as unlike any human beings as any of the monstrous forms in the antique hangings of our ancestors. The principal personage of the piece is a being under the influence of inextinguishable grief. Poor *Young*, who performs this *high-finished* character, is sometimes driven to contortions and wildness of gesture, so truly contradictory to every natural emotion, that we really felt for the man, whose powers of expression might suit the obsolete dramas of *Shakespear* or *Rowe*, but are far beneath the romantic theatricals of the present day. We advise him not to dispute the palm of superiority in this line with *Jones*, *Eyre*, and *Farley*, who are wonderfully improving in this species of sublimity, and do not merely "tear a passion to rags," but throw the very fragments above the clouds.

*Mr. Dimond* is the author of this successful piece. Our readers will perceive what sort of merit it possesses, from what we have already said. A slight survey of the plot and characters will shew that we have not *praised* it too highly. The *Count de Valmont* (Mr. Young), had entrusted his nephew the *Baron Longuerville* (Mr. Eyre), with the protection of his wife and infant son, on his departure from Languedoc during the Hugenot-wars. This nephew is one of the most consummate villains that the stage ever displayed. He is actuated by avarice; and in hopes of securing the possessions of his uncle, he suborns *Bertram* (Mr. Farley) to fire his uncle's chateau in Languedoc, and to murder the Countess and her child. The Count returns during that dreadful transaction, and witnesses the apparent destruction of all which he held dear in the world.

In a neighbouring forest, through which he wanders in despair, he finds an infant. This child he rears to manhood, and then determines to marry to his niece *Geraldine* (Mrs. Gibbs). How *Geraldine* and not the *Baron* is to inherit his estates the author has not informed us; but was necessary that we should see a little more villiany, and therefore that the Baron should have a new impulse. Love and avarice together instigate him to destroy *Florian the Foundling* (Mr. Jones). It happens that *Florian* is returning from the wars where he has gained great reputation. Strange as it may appear, the *protégé* of the Count de Valmont returns *alone* and *unarmed*. A French soldier in the sixteenth century, without a sword, was rather an uncommon animal. But the *modern* drama delights in *uncommon* animals; and we should not be surprised at hearing that Mr. Harris had made an engagement with *Pidcock*, as well as with *Catalani* for the new *unrivalled national* theatre. The murderers employed by the Baron trace the Foundling to a cottage in the forest, where he has taken refuge from a tremendous storm. The *Cottager* (Mrs. Davenport) has afforded shelter to a wretched female *maniac* for many years past. This maniac rushes between the murderers and *Florian*: among the murderers is *Bertram*, who is startled at her appearance; and, repentant before, now desists from his purpose, for he recognizes in the maniac, the *Countess de Valmont* (Mrs. Glover). It is now apparent that Florian is the son of his preserver, and nothing remains but the natural termination of the piece. O! vile suggestion! A *natural* termination to a *modern* drama!—No.—Mr. Dimond knows better the *taste* of the *public*. From *Nature* he flies as if he was afraid of her, and, with *modern* skill contrives to tack a *truly modern* third act, without the least trait of natural interest in its composition. Of the actors, we thought *Young* and *Mrs. Glover* much too natural for their parts. If they continue to act n that chaste and elegant manner, *punning Theodore* will absolutely set them down for *naturals*. Farley is a fine *modern* actor: he ranted out the ravings of remorse in the newest style of impassioned expression. Jones *stared* through *the Foundling* as if he imagined it was necessary to look wild. His being found in a forest gave him the idea of Peter the Wild Boy; and he really looked *that* character extremely well. *Liston's* part was a very slight sample of *modern* comic; and Mrs. Liston's still *less*, if we except some expressions bordering upon balderdash. Mrs. Davenport's part was played with too much *nature* for the modern drama; though she certainly possesses some *squalls* in her tones of exclamation, which *human* nature has certainly nothing to do with. The music by Kelly was exactly conformable to the character of the piece.

### *LYCEUM.*

#### THE RUSSIAN IMPOSTOR.

If there was a foreigner possessed of any musical taste or science, who has witnessed this piece, with what sensations must he have been filled, when the fall of the curtain, at the conclusion of this Opera, was succeeded by bursts of applause. An English Opera! and this he might have said is an English Opera!! For our own parts we feel, as Englishmen, degraded, abused, and even libelled by such miserable productions, being designated, arrogantly designated English Operas. We do not know how to express our disgust and disapprobation of the Russian Impostor, in terms adequate to our feelings, and at the same time to preserve that respect and decorum, which we owe to the public. It is deficient in Plot, character, sentiment, and expression. It is a string of conceits and clap traps, miserably strung together, and we feel as much for our audience who could endure with patience, such a tissue of silly improbable nonsense as we feel for a writer, who could seriously sit down to cater for a taste so wretched and abominable. With regard to the music, which is by Mr. Addison, it is almost as bad as the other parts of the Opera. We think it would be difficult to point out *one original bar*. With the exception of a single passage in the first trio of the second act, and the song "*On the Banks of the Wolga*." There is nothing of which a composer of any pretensions would wish to be considered the Author.—The songs allotted to Mrs. Mountain are sombre and uninteresting, and any thing but pathetic. The choruses!! as they are *miscalled*, were such as we could scarcely pardon at Astley's or Sadler's Wells. We do know, that, Mr. Addison is capable of writing better music, and we regret exceedingly to find, that it is becoming fashionable among composers of merit, to degrade themselves to a level with those pretenders who write trumpery things, because they cannot write better, and who are seduced into this practice by the ignorance and depraved taste of the public, who applaud and censure with the same indiscriminating want of judgment. Of the performers, we think, Mrs. Mountain has the preference with respect to style, and

Mrs. Bishop as to voice, which is perhaps one of the finest on the Stage; but the latter had no opportunity afforded her of displaying it. Mr. Horn appears to be an excellent musician, and exhibits considerable judgment in making the most of a voice, which is naturally far from good. Mr. Phillips is more indebted to nature than to art; at present there is something unclassical and unfinished in his performances, but we have no doubt he will improve. We caution him, however, against imitation. "*Whoever follows another must necessarily be behind.*" Of the other Performers the less is said the better.—The Band is certainly a good one, *as far as it goes.* If they did not exert themselves so much as we could have wished, we very readily account for it, by supposing them to have experienced feelings similar to our own at the wretched music they were obliged to *undergo.*

# MODERN COSTUME.

THE lovely birds of fashion have now flown from the smoky atmosphere of the metropolis to wave their plumage in the sea-breezes or the soft sylvian air of their rural retreats; we have therefore less to say concerning the variations of that inconstant goddess, *Modern Costume*, this month than usual.

Yet novelty does not wholly rel inqush at dominion over dress which is so willingly yielded him; but while the elegance of the drawing-room no longer excites emulation, we find that lighter objects and individual caprice are pursued through indescribable varieties. It is in this season that taste in dress becomes free from the influence of example, and while it changes with every whim of every moment, it is lost before it can be depicted.

If we can speak of any particular mode of *habiliment* being more usual than another, we would mention the *crape mantle*, which is frepuently seen distended in luxuriant folds on the Steyne at Brighton, and on the Esplanade at Weymouth. Its form varies according to the inclination of the wearer, and admits of different modes of adjustment. *Chemise* dresses in *muslin* are much worn, and as they loosely throb over the lovely forms which they can be *barely* said to invest, they indulge the glass-eyed insects that buzz about the beach, with more than a *glimpse* of those charms which chastity without any of her ancient fortfications is left by herself to defend. The *Barclay* hat and bonnet made of moss and fine plaited straw, are much admired: but the most elegant companion to the light, walking, *Chemise*-dress is the *Satin Cap* and short veil, with a bunch of silver or coloured grapes. The *Crazy Gypsey hat* of chip, worn over a small laced cap, and tied down with a bunch of white ribband on the left side, has an exquisitely simple and engaging effect.

The only novelty which may be said to be generally received is the *morning breakfast dress.* It is a French jacket, made of fine muslin elegantly embroidered with Guernsey lillies and rose buds, or with large spots, worked flat, in silk or lamb's wool: and occasionally goldfinches are elegantly introduced with all their various shades in the borders. The back is high, and not more than half a yard in the length from the waist, with full plaits on the hips. The front is crossed in the conic form, confined with a gold button. It is worn with a corresponding train petticoat. Nothing can exceed the elegance of this beautiful and attractive dress, when worn over an elegant form. In full dress, the backs are made to lace: the trains are very long: lace and Italian trimming adorn the front, to which the sleeves are made to match. The materials for full dress consist of vellum gauze, crape, or Italian net. Yellow, blue, and white are the prevailing colours. Plain clear muslin frocks, with short twisted sleeves, looped up on the shoulder, and ornamented with a narrow border of stertia flowers in colours, worked in satin stitch, have a simple and delicate appearance.

DANCING DRESS, formed of a Biscayan coloured or white silk gause, over a white satin slip ornamented from the bosom to the feet with pearl loops and buttons; the neck, sleeves, and bottom of the dress with pearl rosettes to correspond; sleeves very short, with a white satin sleeve to appear below; waist moderately long. Silver ornaments may be worn with this dress. White silk shoes with pearl buttons. French gloves and fan.

# BIOGRAPHICAL CHARACTERS.

Mr. Daniel Lambert was born at Leicester, in the year 1769: during the younger period of his life, no particular circumstances worthy record occurred. He was apprenticed to an engraver, and until he arrived at the age of nineteen, he was not of more than ordinary bulk,—neither were his parents, or any of his family above the common stature.—The rapidly increasing size of Mr. Lambert, after this period, cannot be attributed to want of exercise, for he was on the contrary, remarkably active, and took great pleasure in field sports and particularly delighted in shooting.—To the breed of dogs, Mr. Lambert paid the most marked attention, and the delight he received from that celebrated Leicestershire Nimrod, (Mr. Meynell) first impressed his mind with the love of that faithful and sagacious animal.

Mr. Lambert perceived that there was no hound in Mr. Meynell's pack, whose *tongue* his master did not instantly recognize, nor any one which did not obey his master's voice.—Until Mr. L. became too corpulent for riding on horseback, he partook of the pleasures of the chase, with inexpressible delight; and even after that event, frequently accompanied the hounds to *cover*, receiving high gratification from a *view halloo!* The improvement of the breed of spaniels and setters was the peculiar object of Mr. Lambert, and to such a degree of celebrity had his name attained in consequence of his exertions, that a brace of puppies was sold at Tattershall's for seventy guineas, and for a small white terrier bitch, which he had at the time of his death, and which was supposed one of the most beautiful in the kingdom, he had refused the astonishing sum of nearly one hundred guineas. Mr. Lambert had also been much attached to coursing, and he was equally celebrated for possessing some excellent grey hounds, which were patterns of symmetry, and high breeding: in the most distinguished parts of the country through which he passed, his dogs were constantly running with those in the neighbourhood where he was staying, and they were justly allowed to have been of tried bottom. Mr. Lambert himself occasionally went in his carriage to see the matches.—Before he left Leicester he was the keeper of the goal, as his father previously had been, and frequently when sitting at the door smoaking his pipe, many a stranger, attracted by his extraordinary size, would enter into conversation with him. Indeed in his own neighbourhood he was greatly respected and more especially amongst the sporting part of it. This circumstance, added to the knowledge he had acquired by reading and otherwise cultivating his mind, rendered Mr. Lambert a remarkably pleasant companion, and few men were better calculated to add to the pleasures of the festive board. His person was tall and his countenance manly. His disposition and general suavity of manners very prepossessing, and he sang with much taste. He was also a good judge of painting, and more particularly of the portraits of animals, from the great attention he had paid to the breed of dogs, and the observations he had been accustomed to make on that nobler animal the horse, in the first field of sportsmen in the United Kingdom. He well knew the different proportions of symmetry, and whether or not the painter had depicted nature in her truest colours, and if he had caught her in her happiest moods. Replete with anecdote and of a lively turn of mind, possessing a genius naturally mechanical, and with a choice selection of words, and a variety of subjects, to which his active thoughts were ever inclined, it is not to be wondered that Mr. Lambert was respected by those who were in a higher rank of life, and beloved by those who were his most intimate acquaintances.—There is one circumstance in support of this assertion, which we particularly wish not to pass unnoticed as it also shews that he

entertained that high sense of honour which will ever command respect from *all* ranks. Mr. Lambert, at an early period of his life, was riding to view some coursing matches, and just before he arrived at the appointed spot, he met a brace of greyhounds coursing a hare, which they killed very near him; not far behind and much a-head of the rest of the company, was a person of considerable property, who was much interested in the match, and who declared his own dog had won the race. Mr. Lambert immediately contradicted him, observing that he was surprized, he should make that declaration, when there was any one present, who must have known that such was not the case. Mr. Lambert was answered in so rude a manner as to call forth from him some menacing words, and he appealed, to his sporting friends present, to say if they ever had any reason to doubt his word, adding that he neither knew the dogs which had been running nor the persons to whom they belonged. Their reply was "Mr. Lambert, we are perfectly satisfied that you never will tell an untruth, and we shall abide by *your* decision." Mr. Lambert left the town of Leicester to the great regret of many intimate friends, on April 4, 1806, in a very handsome carriage, the dimensions of which were accommodated to his convenience and comfort; and wherever he went, he was received with the greatest civilities, and had every attention shewn him from all ranks, so highly was he respected. One nobleman, Lord S., during Mr. Lambert's stay in his neighbourhood, every day sent his keepers to know what game he would like, either at his own table, or to send to his distant friends. Numerous are the occasions which could be related of similiar attentions which were shewn him, and never was a frown seen on Mr. Lambert's countenance, except it was justly raised by the impertinent remarks and rude observations of those whose situation in life should have taught them a better behaviour. Amongst this number, Mr. Lambert often mentioned, that when a *distinguished* nobleman paid him a visit, he asked him such unmanly and such disgusting questions, that he looked at his *distinguished* visitor with ineffable contempt, and would not condescend to answer him. Mr. Lambert was enabled not only to discern a well bred man, but also by his own deportment and polite acquiescence in the wishes of others, to shew that he himself, was well acquainted with both men and manners. With all that corpulency which at an early period deprived Mr. Lambert of his life, yet he did not give way to sloth. Though latterly he could not walk, and evidently was a burden to himself, suffering much pain in his legs, yet was chearful in the extreme. He rose early in the morning, and appeared at breakfast refreshed by his sleep, and either read or sang. In the forenoon, when free from visitors, he read the news of the day, or some recent publication, from which he could obtain information. At dinner, he was particularly abstemious, but his friends partook the chearful glass with him, and the evening was often devoted, not only to the enjoyment of society from the ability of others, but also by his own exertions, to add by his vocal and mental powers to the pleasures of those around. In his political sentiments, Mr. Lambert appeared like a true Englishman, to have no other view than that of applauding or condemning measures, and not men, being satisfied with whatever he believed was for the welfare of his native land, and regretting those public transactions which he conceived brought either disgrace or misfortune upon his country. Mr. Lambert certainly was well aware, that every hour "his mortal coif was likely to be shuffled off," and the thought of another and a better world, frequently occupied his mind. He was well aware, that in all probability his death would be sudden, and that his life would be short. Yet the chearfulness which ever accompanied him, and his general character, leave no room to doubt but that he was *prepared* for this awful event, although he had no immediately previous warning of its approach. When indeed his astonishing weight is recollected, and it is known that his bones were not larger, nor his frame higher or more gigantic, than that of much smaller men, when it is recollected that he was incapable of that activity and of partaking of those pleasures which he had engaged in the

earlier periods of his life, it may by his friends be considered a happy release for him from a world of trouble and fatigue. yet his relatives must ever regret that Providence did not a short time longer spare his life, to enable him to reach that home he was anxious again to visit, and which he very soon expected to behold, after an absence of more than three years. He would there have been welcomed with all the ardour of sincere affection, and with the heartfelt salutations of his numerous friends.

Mr. Lambert had determined that Stamford should be the last town in which he would publicly receive company, and he went here on Tuesday the 27th of June, the Races commencing at that period. Mr. Lambert came from Huntingdon to Stamford, and in the evening, sent for the printer that he might have hand-bills published immediately, announcing his arrival. His orders were given with his usual cheerfulness, and he retired to rest fatigued with his journey, but apparently unusually anxious to have his bills printed, that he might admit his visitors by nine o'clock on the following morning. Till within a few minutes of the expiration of that very hour, he had no reason to suppose that it was to be the last of his life, that he was not to survive its duration. At about half past eight o'clock, nature worn out with a trespass she could no longer endure, sunk beneath the pressure of such unusual corpulency, and after a faint struggle yielded to that power which no mortal can resist. Mr. Lambert was in his fortieth year, and his weight a few days previous, at Ipswich, was found to be fifty-two stones eleven pounds-(14*lbs.* to the stone), which is ten stone eleven pounds more than the great Mr. Bright, of Essex, ever weighed. As might naturally be supposed, within a few hours after Mr. Lambert's decease, all identity of features were lost, and in forty-eight hours it was become necessary to remove him to his mother earth. His coffin was six feet four inches long, four feet four inches wide, and two feet four inches deep, the immense size of his legs making it almost a square case, which was built around him upon two axle trees and four clog wheels. The window and wall of the room in which he lay were obliged to be removed to allow of his exit, and having thus been extricated, his remains were drawn by eight men with ropes to the burial ground, for into the church it was not possible to take him. A regular descent to the grave was made, by cutting away the earth slopingly for some distance, and thus were his remains rolled into it, amidst an immense concourse of people, besides whom, during the day, hundreds attended to visit the place of his interment.—The circumference of the body of this astonishing man, was three yards four inches, and that of his leg, one yard one inch; and his height five feet eleven inches. Indeed, we may with great propriety, exclaim of Mr. Lambert, as did the royal Dane of his mysterious father, that—

" Take him for all in all,
" We shall not look upon his like again."

# REPORT OF DISEASES,

IN THE PRACTICE OF A PHYSICIAN TO A PUBLIC MEDICAL INSTITUTION, FROM THE 20TH OF JUNE TO THE 20TH OF JULY, 1809.

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| ACUTE DISEASES. | |
| Cynanche Tonsillaris | 7 |
| Synochus | 8 |
| Quotidiana | 1 |
| Catarrhus | 5 |
| Pertussis | 6 |
| Peripneumonia | 2 |
| Pleuritis | 1 |
| Rheumatismus Acutus | 4 |
| Scarlatina Anginosa | 2 |
| Variola | 6 |
| Cholera | 3 |
| Podagra | 1 |
| Morbi Infantiles | 5 |
| CHRONIC DISEASES. | |
| Tussis | 12 |
| Tussis cum Dyspnæa | 11 |
| Tussis cum Pleurodyne et Hæmoptoe | 14 |
| Phthisis Pulmonalis | 2 |
| Scrofula | 2 |
| Asthenia | 12 |
| Scorbutus | 1 |
| Rheumatismus Chronicus | 4 |
| ——— Arthriticus | 2 |
| Lumbago | 4 |
| Gastrodynia | 7 |
| Enterodynia | 3 |
| Coxalgia | 1 |
| Cephalalgia and Vertigo | 13 |
| Dyspepsia | 5 |
| Dysuria | 3 |
| Vermes | 2 |
| Icterus | 2 |
| Anasarca | 3 |
| Paralysis | 2 |
| Diarrhæa | 3 |
| Hæmatemesis | 1 |
| Hæmorrhois | 2 |
| Cancer Uteri | 1 |
| Menorrhagia | 2 |
| Amenorrhœa | 6 |
| Leucorrhæa | 5 |

Coughs with pleuritic pains, difficulty of breathing, copious expectoration of mucus, and in some instances hæmoptoe, have prevailed more than is usual at this season of the year. The weather has been variable and often cold; people who live in cities are very susceptible of indisposition from such changes, and great caution is requisite to guard against their hurtful effects. Those who live by rule, and at a certain fixed time of each succeding year, extinguish their fires, and exchange their fleecy hosiery for fine linen and silks, often suffer severely when the state of the weather does not correspond with their expectation. Nothing can be more absurd than to prescribe rules of regimen from which no change of circumstances may induce us to depart: the constitution of man is continually changing; his feelings, his inclinations indicate the necessity of adapting himself to his altered condition. Yet we daily see men advance in years unmindful of the infirmities inseparable from age, act with the indiscretion of youth, and thereby abbreviate the term of their existence; whilst striplings, before they have attained their full growth, become enervated by premature excesses.

If the physical nature of man demands new and varied agents to sustain his vigour and ensure his health, his moral nature requires them yet more urgently. The same stimulus constantly applied loses the power of exciting sensations. Material objects are the stimuli which act on the body and produce sensations; the representations of those objects or ideas, are the stimuli which act on the mind and cause it to exercise its several faculties. Now, experience amply proves, that when the same ideas are constantly presented to the mind, it becomes enfeebled, dormant, and, ultimately, incapable of acting; and we then, sometimes, witness a lamentable state of ennui, of torpor, of melancholy; even some of the mightiest evils which infest human nature have flowed from this unsuspected source. Insanity and suicide would, in many instances, be prevented, were people sufficiently impressed with the conviction, that the active mind of man requires a succession of pleasurable ideas, that it should never be suffered to repose long on the one hand, nor be too much exercised on the other; that when fatigued with one pursuit, another should be suggested; that one species of study should be relieved by another; that amusement should intervene at due intervals, whilst change of scene, of habits, and of company should occasionally be indulged.